CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI, NO. 17. CHICAGO, ILL. SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1918 5 CENTS A COPY.

Elmer J Frost 28Sep18
Rural Route 3

TRAILING *The* RED HERD

IS A SMASHING
TALE OF GUNS,
MYSTERY, AND
A FEARLESS BAND
OF CATTLE THIEVES

IN THIS ISSUE

NO-PUNCTURES

To make punctures and blowouts IMPOSSIBLE, take out air and inner tubes and fill your casings with Essenkay Tire Filler. It rides with wonderful resilience—is not affected by heat, cold, water, sand, mud, pressure, friction, atmospheric or climatic conditions.

Essenkay
A TIRE FILLER

DOUBLES TIRE MILEAGE

Essenkay Tire Filler makes tires stand up full and round till worn out evenly down to the very last layer of fabric—thereby doubling or tripling usual mileage. Tires that run 7,000 to 21,000 miles on Essenkay are the rule, not the exception.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

We'll send Essenkay for ten days' Free trial on your own car. Overload if you wish, and drive over all kinds of roads. Give it every test. If you are not convinced that Essenkay will banish your tire troubles, double mileage and ride like air, you will owe us nothing.

Write for Free Booklet and particulars of our 10 Day Free Trial Offer.

THE ESSENKAY PRODUCTS CO.
347 W. Grand Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

NO-BLOWOUTS

STARTLING OFFER

Right NOW as other manufacturers are advancing prices on watches we are slashing OUR PRICES TO ABSOLUTE ROCK-BOTTOM. WE ARE FORCING WATCH PRICES DOWN. We can do this simply by sacrificing all profits and through the special co-operation of Boyce's Weeklies. Take advantage of this GREAT OFFER before it is withdrawn.

The ILLINOIS' Famous $2.50 Santa Fe Special 21 JEWEL RAILROAD WATCH A MONTH

—the one standard railroad watch "That's Guaranteed for Life," thin model, all sizes, adjusted to positions, adjusted to isochronism, adjusted to temperature, adjusted to the second

Write for FREE Watch Book Today

shows newest watch case designs in 4 colors. READ the so-called SECRETS of watch making. READ how you can save from ONE-THIRD to ONE-HALF of your money—Buy "Direct," cut out the wholesale jeweler's profit.

SEE WATCH FIRST

Beautiful combination name and emblem cases SENT WITHOUT ONE PENNY DOWN. EASY PAYMENTS to suit you. Write today. Your name on a postal brings the FREE watch book.

Santa Fe Watch Co.,
Dept. 433, Topeka, Kan.

New Case Designs Out Every Day

[illegible] Free To You!

Would You Like Such a Result as This?

Do you want, free, a trial box of Koskott, that has proved successful in so many cases? If so, you need only to answer this adv. by postcard or letter, asking for FREE BOX. This famous preparation is for dandruff, thinning hair and several forms of BALDNESS. In many cases, **FREE** a new hair growth has been reported when all else had failed. So why not see for yourself? Koskott is used by men and women; it is perfectly harmless and often starts hair growth in a few days. Address:

Koskott Laboratory, LA 178, Station F, New York, N.Y.

SUGAR 2 CENTS PER LB.
Grow It Yourself

SUGAR
2¢
POUND

Don't let the scarcity of sugar worry you. Grow your own sugar. Our Early Northern Grown Sugar Cane can be grown anywhere. You can make your own syrup, which is just as good as sugar for cooking purposes, and equal in price to sugar at 2 cents per lb. Grow some of this Early Northern Grown Sugar Cane this year and reduce your living cost. Big package of seed 20c; 3 for 50c.

W. MAGE, Dept. S. C., 337 W. Madison St., Chicago

$2.00 and You Get This Superb Cornet

An astounding offer. Pay the balance at the rate of 10c a day. Free trial before you decide to buy.

WURLITZER FREE Band Catalog!

200 years of instrument making. Send us your name and address. The 194-page book is free. Thousands of instruments are shown. Rock-bottom prices—easy payments. Generous allowance for old instruments. We supply U. S. Gov't.

Free Carrying Case with this Superb Triple Silver Plated lyric cornet, genuine leather. Write today.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
Cincinnati, O. Dept. 5014 Chicago, Ill.

THE WESTERN STATES OIL NEWS

Telling of the wonderful development of the oil industry, and the large fortunes made from small investments in oil.
Three months trial subscription FREE.
537 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Denver, Colo.

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH

Don't matter if broken. I pay $2.00 to $15.00 per set, also cash for old gold, silver, platinum, dental gold and old gold jewelry. Will send cash by return mail, and will hold goods 10 days for sender's approval of my price. Mail to
MAZER TOOTH SPECIALTY, 2007 S. 5th Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

When the Postage Goes Up

HAS the high cost of war affected you? Foolish question, isn't it? High prices have hit us all in everything we must have to live. Those who are in business find it more and more difficult to make ends meet, and no business has been hit harder than the publishing business. Everything which is required for getting out a newspaper or magazine has gone up in price tremendously. Paper, ink, type, and metal cost a great deal more than they did a year or two ago and the end is not yet in sight. Your Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade are produced at greater expense than ever before. On the first of July the Postoffice Department puts into effect a new second class mailing rate which will wallop the publishers again. You no doubt have read in other magazines warnings that on that date their prices will be raised in order to meet this new postage expense. You haven't seen anything of the kind in the Ledger or the Blade because we are not going to raise the price.

MR. W. D. BOYCE, publisher of the Blade and Ledger, does not propose to pass on to the readers of these papers the additional expense which will be incurred thru the higher postage rates. The prices of the papers will remain the same, 5 cents a copy or $1.50 a year. Not only that, but Mr. Boyce proposes to continue making the papers better every week until you find them just as necessary as you do your bed or your meals or the clothes you wear. Uncle Sam wants his people to read while this war is on. He wants them to keep in touch with what is going on, both in this country and in Europe, and he wants them to sandwich in with their more serious reading the lighter matter that entertains and keeps up their spirits. It is not patriotic to sit at home, moody and worried, because the nation is at war. It is our duty to keep up our own spirits, to be as cheerful and contented as we can while our loved ones are "over there." That means that, [illegible] far as possible, we must continue our lives as we have lived them in the past.

THE Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade offer you the opportunity to do what Uncle Sam wants you to do. The Blade, [illegible] with its carefully [illegible] news, keeps you in touch every [illegible] with the things that are going on all over the world. A weekly newspaper has a better chance to do this than any other publication. Events have happened and their full extent is known. You do not have to wade thru a lot of reports, surmises, rumors, garbled gossip and comment to get at the truth. It is boiled down for you with nothing but facts given. It tells you in a complete story all that has happened. In other words, it keeps you posted. The Ledger gives you the lighter reading that takes your mind off the more serious things of life, that amuses you, that keeps up your spirit. There are the two kinds of reading which every one should have. Think of it, ten cents a week is all it costs.

PRIMARILY, you who are reading this are interested in the Ledger. But when the editor gets to talking about one of the papers he just must talk about the other. One helps out the other so splendidly that he hopes that all who read one will become acquainted with the other. There is one thing to be gained by telling you all this. When you find that other reading matter is costing you more and more you can remember that the Blade and Ledger are yours for the same nickel a week apiece which you have been paying right along.

WELL, let us get back to the Ledger. Last week we told you that we were proud of that issue. We could repeat every word for this number and if enough of you agree with us we will feel that we have done an excellent job. The number which will reach you next week will be another splendid selection of stories. It will contain among other things one of the railroad stories for which you have asked. "A Held-up Holdup" is the title and it is an unusual story, one that combines thrills with deep interest. "The Message in Her Glove" is another story which you are sure to like. It has to do with a fearless man, one who has just come thru the ordeal of a trial in court and is offered a most perilous mission, which turns out to be something he had not expected. In a moment it changes him from a friend to an enemy and events move quickly. It is a glove which does this, a woman's glove, tossed upon the floor at his feet. In that glove is a message and, acting upon that message, he makes a discovery which leads to startling adventures.

THESE are the two best short stories in the next number, but there will be several others which we want you to read. There will be no new serial in the May 4 number because at the last moment we received another which was so different and so good that we decided to rush it into the Ledger at the earliest moment. The first installment will appear in the May 11 number. We will tell you all about it in the May 4 number. Just take our word for it that you will enjoy it as well, if not better, than anything we have published in the serial line for some time. We were so enthusiastic that we wrote to the author and asked him to send us some more of his work.

ONE of our readers wrote the other day to ask why in these talks we did not mention all of the stories which would appear in the following issue. To tell the truth, we don't always know just how many of the ones which we have picked are going to be published in any particular issue. The advertising may be heavier than we anticipate or other things may come up to keep out a story, so that we tell you only about the ones which we know will appear. Otherwise we might promise to put in a story and then be compelled to leave it out. At that, we must mention one story which now is in type and will be published in either the next number or the one following. The title is, "The Other Woman's Good Name." It deals with the lack of sympathy or pity which people display toward a woman about whom there is gossip, whether it be true or false. Involved are a likable young chap, a baby and another woman and the ending is unexpected.

Among the Things in This Number

WHEN MANHOOD STOOD IN LOVE'S PATH — Page 3
A Love Story
TRAILING THE RED HERD — Page 4
Beginning a New Serial
THE GIRL AND THE GAME — Page 7
A Story of Love and Baseball
THE KIDNAPED FEUDISTS — Page 9
Third Installment of a Great Serial
THE HUNS' IDEA OF A GOOD JOKE — Page 11
A Little Bit of German Brutality
A STRANGER IN THE NIGHT — Page 12
WHAT A FELLOW LEARNS OVER THERE — Page 12
WHEN YOU ARE UNDER FIRE — Page 13
Three Little Stories of the War
IS SHE A GERMAN SPY? — Page 19
Another Installment of a Thrilling Serial
LOVE KEEPS A MAN STRAIGHT — Page 22
The Story of a Woman Who Did Not Wait in Vain
ALONG THE OLD BEATEN PATHS — Page 23
Necessity Called and a Woman Used Her Head
HOW ELEANOR PROPOSED — Page 24
It Wasn't Leap Year, Either, but She Acted
WHEN KNITTERS FALL OUT — Page 28
This Might Have Happened in Your Own Town
THE TEACHER BECOMES PUPIL — Page 29
How a Mothers' Club Showed the Lecturer

The Regular Departments Will Be Found on the Usual Pages.

$4,000 Home FREE

GET FREE PLANS QUICK

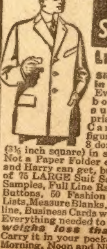
Own your own home—be independent—stop paying rent and cut the high cost of living. We are going to give away absolutely free this beautiful 7-room, strictly modern home. We buy you a lot, build the house on it and turn the keys over to you. Write quick for free plans, blue prints, specifications and information about this big amazing offer.

SEND NO MONEY

Send me your name today—a post card will do. It does not cost you a cent of money, and there is positively no chance to lose. Life's success confronts you now. Act quick—rush me your name today.

W. W. Rhoads, Secy, HOUSE & HOME CLUB,
930 Capital Building, Topeka, Kansas

TAILORING AGENTS, GET THIS NEW WAY OF SHOWING SAMPLES



LEATHER WALLET FREE

Slickest Outfit in the World. Everybody surprised. Can't figure how we squeeze 8 dozen BIG Samples (3½ inch square) in such small space. Not a Paper Folder every Tom, Dick and Harry can get, but a costly outfit of 75 LARGE Suit Samples, 6 Outing Samples, Full Line Raincoatings, Real Buttons, 50 Fashion Plates, 3 Price Lists, Measure Blanks, Envelopes, Tapeline, Business Cards with Your Name—Everything needed to take Orders. *All weighs less than a Pound.* Carry it in your pocket. Grab orders Morning, Noon and Night.

World's Greatest Offer

Best Clothes. Lowest Prices. We pay Express or Postage on Clothes. Linings Guaranteed for TWO years or Reline Free. Money Back unless Satisfied. More Free Features than any Other House. No Extra Charges. Cash Profits and Your Own Clothes FREE.

We don't ask you to spend your cash profits to get
Your Own Clothes FREE
Our's is a New and Better Plan

We don't want the man who only orders for himself, we want EXPERIENCED Tailoring Agents. When writing tell us whose samples you sell from; let us "DOUBLE" your Business—"TRIPLE" your Profits.

1½ Yds. Long

The HANDY DANDY Line, 616 W. Jackson St. Chicago

MAKE YOUR BIKE A MOTORCYCLE

at a small cost, by using our attachable outfit. Fits any Bicycle. Easily attached. No Special Tools Required.

"Used His Four Years"

Harry A. Hyatt, of Boreas River, New York, writes: "About four years ago I received my Motor Attachment, and wish to say that I am satisfied with it in every way. It has certainly given me good service. For anyone wanting a Motorcycle or Attachment, I recommend the Shaw Mfg. Co."

FREE BOOK Write today for bargain list and free booklet, describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles all makes, new and second hand, $35.00 up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 214 Galesburg, Kansas.

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. If this is satisfactory pay postmaster $1.25 to cover postage boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If not satisfactory return at our expense and money refunded. Only 10,000 rings given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, DEPT. 245.
MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO.

Catch Fish, Eels, Mink and Muskrat in large quantities SURE with the new, folding, galvanized Steel Wire Net. It catches them like a fly-trap catches flies. All sizes. Parcel post or express. Write for Price List & special offer of $1.00 box of Fish Bait Free, to help introduce. Agents wanted.

WALTON SUPPLY CO., R-4. St. Louis, Mo

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF THE AGE. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton goods, ribbons, fabrics of all kinds, kid gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, stockings, etc. Package, postpaid, 15 cents, two packages, 25 cents. Address,
PENN PUBLISHING CO., Blairsville, Pa.

Be a Detective Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write
C. T. Ludwig, 120 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FOUNDED 1873
Single Copies—5 Cents
Delivered by Agent
One Year (52 issues)—$1.50
By Mail Direct to You

CHICAGO LEDGER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET.

NEW STORIES
Of Mystery,
Adventure,
Humor and Love
Every Week.

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., APRIL 27, 1918. No. 17.

When Manhood Stood in Love's Path

By M. J. Phillips

Love leads Big Bill Harris into strange paths, bringing him temporary misery, but the sun shines thru the clouds and blazes the trail to lifelong happiness.

"THIS," said Harris, "is no place for a minister's son."

It was not—nor for any person not so clearly connected with the dissemination of the Gospel. Two hungry wolves, that looked as big as steers to Harris' excited imagination, were charging down upon him. His rifle was strapped on his sledge, and the beasts refused to wait until he could unlimber.

There was nothing for it but to run, and he swung into the branches of a little oak not three jumps ahead of his pursuers.

It was 3 o'clock, and the short winter afternoon of the north country was drawing to a close. It was not very cold, tho much too cold to roost all night in a tree. Harris, known to college friends as "Big Bill," took stock of his situation.

"Nice place for the heir of the man who owns the whole county!" he grumbled. "It's a wonder Dad hasn't some influence with these blamed wolves; they must be his property. Scat, you brute!" as one of the pair, formidable teeth gleaming, barely missed his snow pack.

"Shall I shout? I hate to do it, this early in the game. If only I could get to that rifle——" Another leap from below, and he nudged his feet hastily under the scanty limb on which he sat.

"Well, if I must whoop——" But, as he expanded his lungs for the cry, there was a scattering volley of shots.

One of the wolves changed ends in mid-air as he leaped, and thumped back to earth again with a howl. The other ran several paces, fell down, staggered up again, and tried in vain to continue his flight. Three or four more shots, and both animals subsided to final quiet.

As Harris slid down the tree three persons emerged from a clump of jackpine some distance to windward—a middle-aged man, a girl, and a tall, younger man. All were armed with rifles.

Harris greeted their arrival with a profound bow. "Thank you, friends," he said fervently. "I was elected to stay up there, and that tree isn't exactly a boudoir."

The older man grinned silently, with the taciturnity of the woodsman. His male companion stared at Harris impassively. But the latter did not mind their silence, for he was looking at the girl.

She was worth the look, with her fair hair, rosy cheeks and deep blue eyes.

"I'm glad we were in time," observed the girl, demurely.

Harris had an uncomfortable feeling that she was laughing at him.

"Why, you have a rifle!" cried the younger man, speaking for the first time. He had just discovered the sledge where Harris had abandoned it, some rods distant. Harris felt a glance of amusement pass between two of his rescuers.

"I know it," he replied drily.

"Why didn't you use it, then?"

"Preferred to climb a tree; thought I needed the exercise." He turned his back and faced the other man of the party. "I can't express my obligations, Mr——?" He paused deliberately.

"Bradley; my daughter Blanche." He nodded toward the girl. "And Mr. Young."

"My name's Harris."

"Harris?" repeated Young, quickly. "An eastern capitalist of that name has bought all the timber in this section, I hear."

"Correct," acknowledged Big Bill. "He's my father. He sent me up to get acquainted with the country. First thing I meet is wolves."

"Don't you like wolves?" There was a sneer in Young's tone.

"Nope," replied Bill, cheerfully; "neither two-legged nor four-legged ones."

Young was rather good-looking, and somewhat of a dandy, despite his woodsman's garb. His eyes were cold and gray. He chose to see the offense in Harris' remark, and was sourly silent.

Bradley had produced a long hunting-knife, and quickly he scalped the two carcasses. Wolf-pates were convertible into legal tender. When he had finished his task they set off toward Pere Chene together.

The village was a scant three miles away; they sighted it from the next ridge. On this ridge occurred an incident that gave Harris cause for reflection.

Young paused to roll a cigarette. As he opened his "Mackinaw" for tobacco, a letter dropped from his pocket. Propelled by the wind, it scurried to Harris' feet.

The latter picked it up. As he did so, unconsciously, he glanced at the address: "Gibbon Stancey, Amidon, Luce County, Michigan." Young snatched it angrily from his hand with an ungracious word of thanks.

Tho Pere Chene is a typical pine-barren town, miles from a railroad, and the severity of the winter at times shuts off all outside communication, it did prove lively for the city-bred Easterner. He found that the power of money, which automatically made his way smooth back home, was not so effective here.

The frontiersmen wigged him heartily because he had run from two wolves and left his gun behind. That was a breach of the etiquette of the barrens; one man should whip two wolves empty-handed, they declared.

But soon they began to regard Big Bill with affectionate respect. His sunny good nature and physical prowess made him a favorite in the little settlement. He wrestled or boxed all those who craved for a joust; and as four years' hammering on the football field had fitted him for such pastimes, he gave a good account of himself.

There was plenty to keep him busy. He ranged the barrens hunting, visiting the lumber camps and locating his father's scattered tracts of timber and—he fell in love with Blanche Bradley.

But the girl insisted on regarding him as a joke. She would not be serious. And she never let him forget what a ridiculous figure he cut huddled in the little tree, with the wolves jumping at him from below.

Young, who seemed to have plenty of money and no occupation, had been the girl's shadow. The idea that she could love the sneering dandy was abhorrent to Harris; yet everything pointed to it.

"I guess it's up to me," sighed Big Bill.

Reaching the hotel, he went straight to Young's room and knocked. Young opened the door, and at sight of his visitor surprise and the old dislike leaped to his eyes.

"Well?" he questioned harshly.

"I'm coming in," returned Harris, coolly. "I have a letter from my father that I want you to read. Begin there."

He handed a typewritten sheet to Young, and the latter, with bloodless face and trembling hands, read:

"You are right in feeling that the name Gibbon Stancey is familiar to you. Stancey was the manager of our Chicago office. I hired him while you were in Europe, and he skipped with $6,000 of my money.

"I've set the Pinkertons after him and they have trailed him into Michigan. They will probably come to Pere Chene from Amidon in a few days. They are sure he has been up in that country, if he isn't there now. If you run across him give them all the help you can to nab him."

Then followed a description of the defaulter that fitted Young like a glove.

"There's no use in denying it," said Harris, breaking the long silence; "this and the letter you dropped that first day——"

"I don't deny it," interrupted the other, wetting his dry lip; "I'm Stancey. What are you going to do?"

"How do things stand between you and—Miss Bradley?"

"She—she has promised to marry me," he said at last.

It was the answer Harris had expected and feared; yet, it did not seem convincing. Instinct, or hope, told him the man was lying; reason assured him it was the bitter truth. It was reason that dictated his reply.

"For—her—sake, I'm going to make a man out of you. We'll keep this a secret between us. Dad will withdraw the comp[illegible]

The crumpled Stancey crou[illegible]ward in his chair. His masking sneer had fallen, revealing what a pitiful coward he was. "You—you don't mean—you're not going to prosecute? I'm to have a chance—another chance?"

"Yes." The pain in Big Bill's breast made him brusque. "But you've got to be a man. You've been living here on the money you—took?"

"What's left of it."

"You must get to work. Go up to Thirty-five-mile Camp and hire out. They need men and they won't ask any questions. Stay there till spring. By that time everything will be squared away and you can come back to civilization."

"Why must I go up there?"

"To prove to me you are in earnest. Would it look like reform if you stayed here and spent the money you stole? And the Pinkertons may be here, any time."

"I'll start—tonight. You'll head the cursed detectives off, Harris? Man, you don't know what it's been! I've wakened up night after night, sweating—dreaming I was in a cell. It's been torture, skipping from town to town, with my head over my shoulder. They were always just behind. I didn't dare stop till I came here."

"Well, it's over now. I believe you're wise in starting tonight. There will be no one to see and ask questions. You can make Hardy's cabin by tomorrow night, and camp the next day."

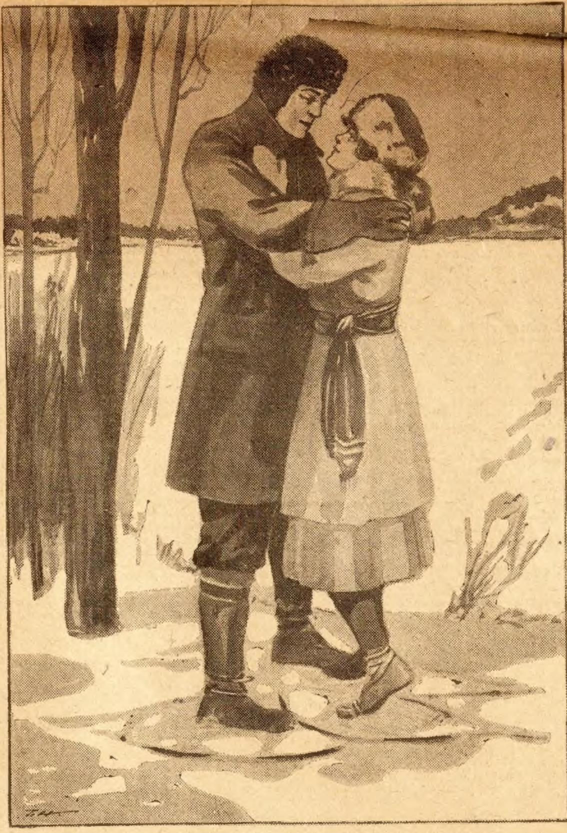
"Yes, yes," agreed Stancey, nervously. "Two days and a night of traveling will do it. But I guess I'll put it off till tomorrow. That will do as well. There are some things to look after here."

"Just as you like," returned Big Bill, shortly; "but if the Pinkertons come tomorrow don't blame me. They'd take you back; nothing I could say would stop them. And that might be a blow to——" He stopped.

"I'll go tomorrow night at this time," returned Stancey, sullenly.

He kept his word. Harris, alone of all the people of Pere Chene, saw him start. At the last, he was almost shocked by the look of malignant hatred which peeped from the defaulter's cold eyes.

Weeks passed. The detectives came, were received by Big Bill and sent back with suspicions lulled. The proposition to withdraw the warrant against Stancey was greeted with anger by the older Harris. But his wrath toned down after



"Hasn't a Man the Right to Kiss His Promised Wife?"

a half dozen letters to reluctant consent.

Harris avoided Blanche Bradley: he could not efface her image from his heart. When he thought of her his great arms tingled with desire to hold her and love her and shield her from life's buffets. But she was promised to another, and that other was a moral weakling whose sheet anchor she was.

With a heart that pounded at sight of her, he dodged into alleys and made detours when she approached. But all his caution at last came to naught when, returning to Pere Chene one snowy afternoon, he met Blanche, who had been out for a solitary ramble on snowshoes.

"No way to dodge me now, Mr. Harris. Why have you acted so—were you afraid I'd bite?"

"I kept away because you are promised to some one else," he replied, with grave directness.

"Whatever do you mean?" she asked. "Do you think that I——"

"Aren't you engaged to—Young?"

"You have no right——" she began, but took pity on him, and went on unsteadily: "Mr. Young asked me to marry him the day he left. He wanted me to go away with him. But I didn't—care for him."

"Then it wasn't on his account you turned me down?" said Big Bill, eagerly.

"No," replied this grandmotherly-wise person of 20. "I thought you were too much of a boy. You had met me only a little while before—and you might not have known your own mind."

"I do, tho. My mind and my heart say nothing but 'you,' 'you,' 'you!'"

"Don't—Bill," she chided, struggling softly. "Some one might see."

"There's no one to see, darling," returned the masterful William, "and even if there were, hasn't a man the right to kiss his promised wife?"

Beginning a New Serial

TRAILING THE RED HERD

By Joe Mills

The bracing freedom of the mountain tops and the wild isolation of a "Lost Pass" make an epic background for the last exploit of the greatest of the cattle rustlers.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

AT MIDNIGHT there came an insistent ringing of the telephone bell. Three long and two short rings were being repeated over and over with vigorous insistence. At length, Mr. Adams roused and went downstairs. He was not more than half awake when he took down the receiver, but the news that came to him was like a cold plunge, for it brought him wide awake and alert upon the instant.

"Yes, this is the Adams residence," Mr. Adams answered as soon as an inquiry came over the wire.

"What?" and with this Mr. Adams strained the receiver to his ear. Andy, his 16-year-old son, had come quietly downstairs at the beginning of the telephone conversation and was standing alert now to catch the drift of the talk and learn the reason for the midnight call.

"You can't mean that," exclaimed Andy's father into the telephone.

"Man, it can't be gone! Impossible!"

Andy saw his father stagger back as tho he had been struck. Recovering himself, Mr. Adams caught up the receiver with the quick decision that marked him for a Westerner, and with even voice he said:

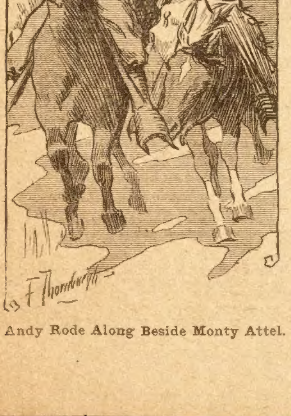
"John, I'll be right out with Monty and a bunch. You get the boys together, have the horses ready, and start the chuck wagon west toward the badlands."

Andy had guessed the trouble before his father turned from the telephone to say that the foreman had called to tell that the rustlers had raided again. But the raid had been much worse than Andy had expected.

"Andy, the range boss says the red herd's gone."

Then he called Monty Attel, sheriff, and in a few words explained to him what had happened. And with this he went noisily upstairs, leaving Andy stunned with the realization that the rustlers [illegible] had driven off the great red herd, which was the pride and the "AA" of the ranch.

In an instant there came to Andy the greatness of the loss. The family had recently left the ranch and moved to Lulu in order that all might have a better home and he and his younger brother attend school. His father and mother had given forty hard years to winning their home, paying for the ranch and the cattle. And now in a few short hours the rustlers had driven off the red herd that represented these years and years of hard work by his father and mother. The loss of the herd would mean that they must give up their recently acquired home in Lulu and go back again to the arduous tasks of the cattle ranch.



Andy Rode Along Beside Monty Attel.

But his mother was nearly gray and his father of late had a weary stoop to his shoulders. They had already done too much, had given too many years to hard work with few comforts. They had paid the price and had earned home and comfort.

With hot tears of rebellion Andy dashed upstairs to his room and began dressing in desperate haste. His noise awakened his younger brother, a vigorous youngster who, tho only 10, could ride almost any horse at the ranch and throw a rope almost as well as any of the men.

"Jim," said Andy, kneeling beside the bed, "the rustlers have run off the red herd. I'm going out with father and Monty and the others, and I'm not coming home until we get back the herd—and the rustlers, too. You've got to be a man now and stay home and take care of mother. If any rustler comes prowling around while father and I are away, just remember what you did to that rattler with father's gun the day we were riding to town."

For a moment silent tears rolled down the younger boy's face. He watched Andy's preparations with growing admiration. Then the lure of the range came to him. He wanted to go. To [illegible] with the men and to take [illegible] in the search, and no doubt the fight, for the red herd. But the appeal of his brother had stiffened his resolution. He leaped out of bed as Andy finished his preparations and for a moment the two boys gripped each other with tight arms in silent understanding.

Downstairs all was haste and bustle. Already Mr. Adams was dressed and down, and so was Andy's mother. When Andy came down his parents were rummaging about the house and getting together a bundle of extra clothes and some food supplies. The rifle that had long held fame in the cattle country stood against the wall. While his mother was hastening about and putting things into a bundle, Andy's father sat at the table oiling an extra gun, which he buckled on with the one he always wore when riding. And for a moment Andy stood still with the spell of the scene upon him. His father's tenseness as he oiled the extra gun told of the desperate mission upon which they were going. His mother's face was pale, but she said nothing. She seemed to sense whatever might be needed, and with quick hands she put into the bundle extra sweaters and socks and tied the whole into a neat parcel ready for travel.

There was a quiet knock at the door. Andy wheeled nervously, but his father spoke in low tones:

"Come in."

The door opened silently and Monty Attel, sheriff, slipped inside. Andy's father did not lift his eyes from his task.

With one swift glance the sheriff saw that they were ready and in his usual quiet voice remarked:

"There's no telling but what the rustlers may have a spy or two here in town, so the less noise we make and the quicker we get away the better."

"Good luck, father," whispered Andy's mother, as his father placed the extra gun in its holster and took up the rifle against the wall. She knew the errand they were departing upon, but she had faced hard times before. She did not cry out and plead. She knew the cattle range called men to strange scenes and demanded many sacrifices of them.

When the men were outside, Andy's mother turned to him. For a moment they looked silently into each other's eyes. Then with a swift movement Andy was inside his mother's arms.

"Good-by, mother," he whispered. "I'm going to stay out there until the red herd comes back."

"Hurry," came a low voice from outside.

The car was only a dark shadow in the street. It showed no lights. Clouds overhung the sky and there was no moon.

With a faint purr the car got under way and felt its way slowly forward. Silently it crept along the back streets and twisted its way toward the bridge at the edge of town. Then they were across and beyond the last of the houses. Lights were switched on and the car picked up speed. It was then that the men dared talk.

Andy found himself wedged against the knees of the men behind. Monty's big car was crowded. Every available space about the car was jammed with a bundle of some sort. Every man held a rifle and the hard, bulging things at the men's hips told Andy of their further preparation for trouble ahead.

The car swung along dizzily. Their headlights flashed across the cactus beds and at times startled a dazed jack-rabbit into wild flight. Up and down hill Monty pushed the car to top speed. Several times they skidded dangerously at the bottom of a hill where sand was deep. But the dim figure of Monty was crouched over the wheel and in him Andy had the utmost confidence.

From time to time the men talked. Always it was to put forth some conjecture as to the disappearance of the red herd. They roared up over the crest of a low divide and went purring down the other side. The car bumped, skidded, and a tire blew out with a bang that made every man jump and grip his gun with sudden tightness.

They were out before the car came to a stop and by desperate work they had changed tires and were on their way again in ten minutes. But Monty was a demon at the wheel. Instead of slackening speed he seemed to be driving faster.

In the distance a light bobbed faintly. Every man saw it but no one spoke. All understood that it was a lantern at the ranch. Ten minutes more and Monty stopped the car beside the ranch-house. The men sprang out.

"This way," commanded Andy's father as he went toward the house.

Silently the men followed. All about were dark figures coming and going.

John Mason, ranch boss, met the car and went with Mr. Adams. As they walked they talked rapidly in low tones. At the door the ranch boss turned and disappeared into the darkness in the direction of the corral.

Monty and his men found hot coffee ready and some cold meat upon the table. Instantly they put down their guns and fell to. Time was precious. But they had learned by long years of experience that the pursuit of rustlers was often the matter of days, or weeks, or even longer. So a start with a full stomach was imperative.

Riders came in quickly from the corral. There were nods of recognition but very few words. Andy's father was a great commander and Monty a great fighter. Here were two men; fast friends, who made a combination that few rustlers dared molest. Monty's reputation as a gun fighter was so great that the herds around Lulu within his jurisdiction as sheriff suffered few attacks by cattle rustlers.

A dozen men came in before Andy's father broke the silence. Then he glanced around and addressed the foreman:

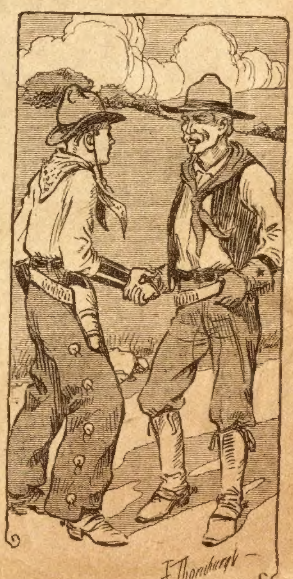
"How many men have you got out, John?"

"Seven," answered the foreman, "counting the greaser with the chuck wagon."

"What's their orders?" Mr. Adams inquired briskly.

"They're out to trail the herd. As quick as they find which way the rustlers have taken it, they'll send back word." And the ranch boss poured himself a generous cup of coffee.

In fifteen minutes they were mounted upon the best horses the ranch commanded and were riding westward. In less than two hours they had ridden forty miles from town in Monty's car, eaten hastily, and ridden out toward the badlands with a dozen of the "punchers."



Each Gripped Hard the Hand of the Other.

Seventeen men with Andy's father as general, and Monty as fighter, seemed to Andy a great force. Then, too, there were six other men riding somewhere in the darkness. But as they rode along in silence, Andy remembered that his father had once said that if their cattle ever were molested, it would be by a big, powerful gang, like Brown's, or some rustler who had a wide organization at his command and all the men necessary to carry out daring raids. Meantime their horses were pounding along at a fast gallop. The clouds were breaking a little, but still the light was vague and dim and it was only the closest of the riders that could be made out at all.

For an hour they made fast time. Then they stopped at the foot of a long slope where water was to be had. Here they found the chuck wagon and the Mexican cook filling the water barrel and preparing to push on.

In a few minutes they were climbing the long slope. But now their horses were walking, for the grade was steep. And it was a half-hour before they came again to a level stretch where they could make time.

The clouds were gone. The stars were bright overhead, but the earth lay quite dark. Toward the west they could make out the dim line where great peaks cut into the starlight. But all between was dark and silent.

Their progress now was interrupted often by rough ground. From the direction of the peaks innumerable arroyos stretched out across the sandy plain in deep, treacherous trenches. The horsemen turned this way and that and threaded their way cautiously thru the darkness.

Andy recognized the direction they were traveling and he knew the meaning. They were heading straight for the badlands. And well he knew that, once inside the protection of countless little hills and deep gullies, the rustlers would be safe so far as pursuit was concerned. In this broken country, where there was no danger of attack except from the rear, a few rustlers could cover the flight of the herd and delay pursuit until the cattle could be driven far into some hidden valley of the mountains and secreted there until the time came for driving them farther to market.

Andy shivered a little when he thought what the meeting would be when his father and Monty and the cow-punchers came up to the rear guard of the rustlers.

For another hour they worked their way along into the lower end of the wild country, where the precipitous little hills with scattered trees and everywhere deep gullies, made the country impassable, except up the dry washes. It was here that Andy had found the tracks that had led to the capture of a number of rustlers one night some years before.

Leading straight back toward the higher mountain ranges was a wide creek bed, now a dry wash. And the sands of the dry wash were churned up into fine dust by the passing of many feet. The tracks told the tale. The red herd had passed that way; and not many hours before. When the riders reached the wash, they found two of the punchers waiting. Andy's father got down and struck a match which he shaded with his hands and held close to the ground. The men leaned down from their saddles toward the little circle of light and strained their eyes to read there the thing they sought.

The match flared brightly for a few seconds and then all was darkness. Cattle tracks had showed thickly under the light. The tracks were fresh and they all went up toward the peaks beyond. The meaning was clear now to every man. Death lurked ahead. Perhaps the next turn concealed a rear guard of the rustlers. Perhaps they were still farther on in the badland country. At any rate there hung the tenseness, the silence and the readiness.

Andy's father mounted and rode on ahead. He would not permit even Monty to ride with him. At his orders the rest of the company came along fifty yards behind, and, at this distance, invisible. Monty kept the men at the proper distance by listening to the sounds of the horse in front.

Minutes passed. The strain increased. Every moment that passed made the possibility of the next minute greater. The punchers searched the scrub with keen eyes and watched the outlines of the low banks above for any moving object.

Without warning a shot came from close at hand. Andy saw the fire spurt even before he heard the shot. Instantly the men were ready. They jerked their guns from ready holsters and waited.

"It's only a trick, men," came the voice of Andy's father from ahead, and they all breathed again. They hurried forward and in a few seconds reined up beside the horse Mr. Adams had been riding.

"I rode into a rope stretched across the wash," explained Mr. Adams briefly. "They had tied one end to a bush and the other they had run thru the trigger guard of a six-shooter, which they had tied fast on the other side of the wash. My horse stumbled against the rope and pulled the trigger. We've done just what they wanted. Set off the alarm to tell them how far we are behind."

But there was no hesitating. The six-shooter was taken along with the hope that it might prove of value as evidence at some future time. They rode along as before. Only now, they knew that danger would be waiting and that before long would come other shots. And when this time came some of the riders would undoubtedly pay the price with their lives. The men wanted to push forward, each begging to be allowed to ride ahead with Mr. Adams. But Monty Attel sat grim and silent except to give orders. And orders from Monty were final.

The day crept into the sky overhead and came filtering into the badlands. The silent company of men halted at last when the day had fully dawned. The men's faces were drawn with the tenseness of expectancy. No one was hungry. There was no water. But at a signal from their leader they all dismounted and removed their saddles. They were told to lie down and rest. And with their heads upon their saddles the men sprawled upon the dry sand of the wash and rested.

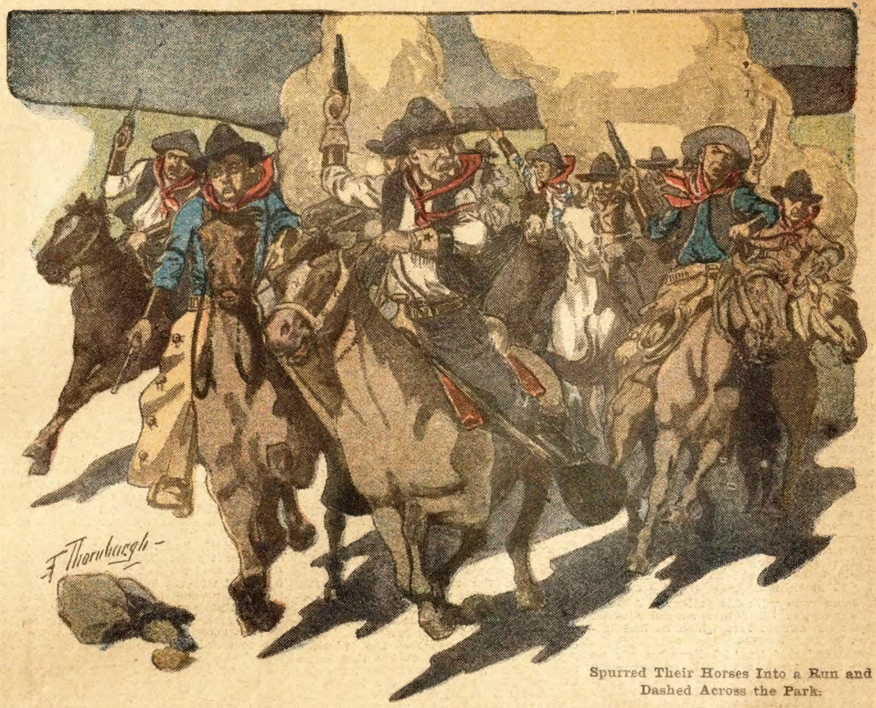
In half an hour the signal came and they were up and away. Instead of the slow, cautious pace they had taken during the darkness, they now rode forward at a trot. Each carried his rifle across the saddle in front ready for instant action.

They pushed along for two hours and came at last to the first of the higher peaks. Here they came upon the four men who had followed the herd when the alarm first came. They were camped beside a water-hole. Just before daylight they had been fired upon from ambush ahead and had decided to drop back to the water-hole and wait for the others before pushing on.

Upon being questioned, the men said they had neither seen nor heard anything of the rustlers until the shots came. They had not stretched the rope across the wash nor encountered any as they followed.

Monty Attel had left the others and had climbed up the steep slope of the mountain until he commanded a view over the badlands below. With his glasses he was now sweeping the region keenly. At length he fixed his gaze upon a spot and looked long thru the glasses.

After a moment Monty came scrambling down to the water-hole. "There's a signal smoke down below. Whoever set the rope across the wash is hid away in the badlands. They have discovered our tracks and already the rustlers ahead know they're pursued; and most likely they have an idea of how many we are, and how far behind."



Spurred Their Horses Into a Run and Dashed Across the Park.

The men listened to Monty in silence. Each act of caution on the part of the rustlers only served to sharpen their alertness.

The horses were allowed to graze a couple of hours. Meantime the men either slept or sat around the fire talking in low tones. Shortly before they started forward again the Mexican cook came up the wash with the chuck wagon horses packed to capacity with provisions. A hearty meal had been eaten by the time the coffee was ready. Then all were off again.

The day dragged along slowly. The men worked their way cautiously up the steeper slopes. Sometimes a shot would be fired at them from the shelter of the mountainside above. And whenever this happened the men scattered and sought cover of the rocks. They would leave two men to guard and follow with their horses, while they worked their way forward on foot. But each time the alarm was false. Only a single rustler had been hidden at some advantageous place to delay the pursuit.

By night the rustlers had been traced over the first divide and into the winding valley that came down from the higher mountains beyond. Andy's father called a halt shortly after dark and ordered the men to camp for the night.

The cattle could not be far away. But every hour added to the advantage of the rustlers. Somewhere in the great wild region among the higher mountains was the "Lost Pass," thru which the rustlers drove stolen cattle and escaped with them eventually into Mexico, or drove them to some far-away market.

The riders who had been on night herd when the rustlers made the attack and captured the cattle, stated that they had been tricked into capture. Each rider had been walking his horse slowly around the herd when he'd heard another rider singing and coming his way. Each had mistaken the singer for his partner until too late. Then he had found himself looking into the muzzle of a gun. Thus the rustlers had captured the herd without firing a shot or giving an alarm. And it had only been by accident that the loss of the herd had been discovered before morning. The men who were on night herd duty had been tied up with their own ropes and left in a deep arroyo. Their horses had been taken by the rustlers. But one of the horses had got away and returned to the chuck wagon, riderless. This had aroused the relief riders, and so the alarm was sent out hurriedly only a short time after the herd had been driven into the badlands.

At daylight two men who had been sent out on scout duty rode into camp with the news that cattle tracks went on up the widest of the valleys. They reported that they had climbed up the mountain beside the valley until they could make out a camp fire ahead. They estimated that the camp could not be more than five miles away.

There was a hasty desertion of the camp. The Mexican cook had his breakfast alone, for the others would not wait, not even to take a cup of coffee.

The company rode rapidly in a compact body for the first part of the way. Andy's father and the ranch boss rode ahead to see that no ambush was prepared. Andy rode along beside Monty Attel. At last the time was at hand for action and the men were eager for it.

Emerging from a grove of spruces, the punchers came to a full stop. Not more than a mile ahead they could see scattered cattle moving slowly forward, and along behind, were trailing horsemen. But there was no [illegible] trailing riders. If they saw Monty Attel and his men, they gave no sign. They were grazing the cattle forward slowly.

At the signal from Mr. Adams the men rode forward again. Momentarily they expected to be fired upon and they held their guns ready for the instant when the first shot should announce the opening of the fight. The trail led down thru an aspen thicket beside the river; and beyond this the herd had passed from sight.

After a pause Mr. Adams turned his horse down the trail and sent him forward at a run. Thru the thicket they went with a swoop. They splashed thru the brook in their wild ride and went pounding up the slope beyond. Then they came to within sight of the herd, and the waiting riders. Two hundred yards away a dozen men sat on their horses.

There were twenty all told in the attack. Monty Attel shouted for the riders to spread. At a word from Mr. Adams the attack was on. Twenty men, all heavily armed, spurred their horses into a run and dashed across the little park at a mad pace.

But there were no greeting shots as had been expected. Instead of firing, the men trailing the cattle simply sat their horses sidewise and watched the oncoming riders with curious concern. Monty had shouted an order that no one was to fire until he gave the word or opened with his own gun.

At the heels of the herders Andy's father reined in suddenly and his horse stopped stiff-legged in two lengths. For a moment he sat motionless peering into the grove where a number of cattle were grazing forward.

Monty joined Mr. Adams and the two sat stiffly erect in their saddles. The punchers sensed something wrong, but waited eagerly for the next move. Meantime the men who were driving the cattle ventured a few taunts and gibes about being interrupted, and about folk who made rather free with their guns.

"It's the wrong herd, boys," called Mr. Adams as he turned his horse down the trail. "Come on, there's no time to lose."

With Monty and the other riders at his heels Andy's father rode down the twisting trail at a breakneck pace. They had been tricked into following the wrong herd of cattle and in this way the rustlers had gained time to get farther into the wild regions of the higher ranges with the red herd.

The return to the camp of the night before was a matter of only a short time. But they had lost three hours all told by the trick of the rustlers.

Four men had been left in camp to guard the extra horses and follow whenever they saw two smokes, which had been agreed upon as the signal for them to come up. These four men were now sent out toward different points to search for cattle tracks. A man was dispatched to each of the canyons that led from the wider valley toward the higher range of mountains beyond.

[illegible] scouts had been sent out, the [illegible] charge sat down around the [illegible] to a much delayed breakfast. Andy remarked to Monty Attel that he had never been so hungry in his life. And from the way the cook's eatables disappeared, it seemed that the others were as hungry as Andy.

An hour passed and not a scout had returned. Every one in the camp was keyed up to the highest pitch; so, instead of resting quietly, the men stood around in groups or walked about nervously. Andy kept close to his father and Monty Attel. The two men were discussing possibilities and comparing notes as to the lay of the land. Both had visited the valley before and their visits had always been upon an errand similar to the one that had called them there this time.

The talk around the camp fire turned upon the discussion of "Lost Pass." Many of the punchers claimed that there was in reality no such pass, but that the rustlers simply hid the stolen cattle among the mountains and kept driving them farther and farther from their native ranges, until they were hundreds of miles away and safe from pursuit. It was this discussion that finally led Monty Attel to deliver himself.

"Boys," said Monty seriously, "I don't know as I can set you right about the Lost Pass, but I've had it straight from some of the rustlers I've captured that there's a lot of deceiving trails farther back and that the rustlers keep the trails well used in order to mix up any one who comes prowling into their territory. And the trick of crossing trails with another herd is not a new one. We were fooled by it this morning, but we found out in shorter time than they intended for us to. You'll see that we'll get on track of the red herd yet."

A puncher rode up and reported that he'd examined the canyons to the north and that there were no signs that cattle had gone that way. The rider who had ridden south came up next; and he, too, had discovered nothing. Then the ranch boss came out of the timber from the west and rode for camp on the run. He had found tracks, many tracks. So many, in fact, that he had been unable to decide where they came from or where they had gone.

"It's somewhere to the west, then," stated Mr. Adams with decision. "Come on, boys, we'll ride up there and see what all the tracks are about." And with the men galloping along behind. Andy rode out in front with his father.

As soon as they reached the western edge of the narrow mountain valley they found the grass trampled with the passing of many feet. Sure enough, the ranch boss had been right. There was no general direction to the tracks. Everywhere tracks crossed and recrossed. Sometimes they found a horse track among a score of cattle tracks.

But Mr. Adams did not waste time thrashing about the woods. Instead, he rode straight on, passing thru the grove, and mounted higher up the mountain. Here Andy helped circle about and search; but the tracks all came down. Monty joined them and they worked their way slowly up toward the top of the ridge. Andy's father and Monty were silent, and this was the sign that there was something brewing in their minds.

"Father!" called Andy, as he stopped suddenly.

At once Andy's father and Monty hastened to where he waited.

"It may not mean anything, father," stated Andy seriously, "but here's a track going up the mountain and there's some red hair caught on the bark of this tree. Whatever animal has gone up the mountain is red."

"Monty, call the boys and come on as fast as you can. I think we've solved the mystery and in an hour or two we'll know for sure. If we have found out how they tricked us, we're sure to find trouble a-plenty, and that mighty soon too, if I'm a judge."

Monty dropped back down the slope to summon the men and give directions for the extra horses to be brought along. Also the cook was to break camp and pack his stuff up the mountain and follow the way the punchers took. Their tracks would be sufficient guide for those behind.

Andy rode with his father. After a few minutes his father roused himself from the silence into which he had fallen.

"Andy," said he, "I believe we are on the right track now. If we are we'll find trouble soon. I wish you'd go back and help with the extra horses. I don't want you to get hurt. I'm an old man now and I haven't so much of life ahead as you have. Then, too, one of us ought to keep out of danger to look after the ranch."

Andy was silent for a moment. Many times before his father had protected him and kept him out of the way of danger. But Andy was too much man and too little boy to accept the invitation out of danger.

"No, father," said Andy slowly, "if it was just a few cattle or some horses gone, I might feel different about it; but the red herd's gone and we've just got to get it back. Why, think, father, if we don't we've got to go back to the ranch and you'll be riding again and doing all sorts of hard work, which the doctors say is not good for you. And think of mother. She's been planning for the place in Lulu for the last twenty years. Besides, she's already done more than her share of hard work. No, I'll not go back, father. I'm going to stick right beside you and do everything I can to get back the cattle. If worst comes, I would rather take my chances than stay behind."

After a moment Andy's father reached over and took his hand. Then for a few seconds each gripped hard the hand of the other; they understood, and silently agreed that there would be no separation.

Half an hour after Monty turned back Andy and his father reached the top of the ridge. Here they discovered that it was not really a ridge after all, but a shoulder of the mountain standing out. Behind the shoulder the mountain sloped gradually for a distance, then rose steeply again and mounted up to timber-line in an unbroken slope. To right and left were great peaks standing sheer above timber-line, with great banks of snow about their bases. Midway between the peaks was a rocky canyon, coming down and terminating back of the ridge top. This canyon could not be seen from below.

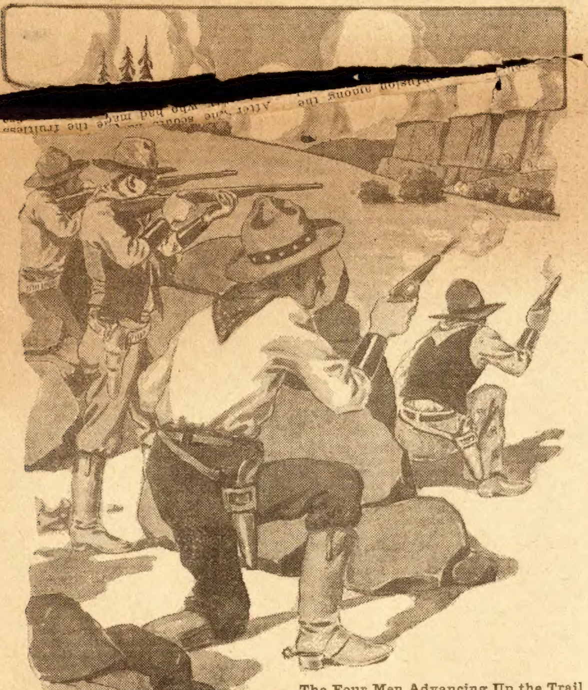
"Do you suppose it's the Lost Pass?" queried Andy, as he and his father sat their horses and looked up toward the great peaks.

"I believe we've found it, Andy," his father answered eagerly.

Back of the ridge top was a wide plateau, and this was covered with luxuriant grass. Everywhere were tracks. Experience told Andy that many cattle had grazed here but recently. They circled about to explore the plateau. Against the rising mountain they came upon a camp, where a smoldering camp fire still burned. From the limb of a tree hung fresh meat.

Instantly Andy and his father were off their horses and inspecting everything. Well-trampled earth about the fire told undoubtedly of many men. "Twenty," guessed Andy. "Thirty," stated his father.

The fresh meat bore no telltale evidence. The hide and head had been disposed of. But Andy remembered his experience the time he'd watched some rustlers bury a hide that bore the brand of the "AA" ranch. His father was busy exploring the lower end of the canyon that came down the mountain, so Andy did a little investigating of his own. It occurred to him suddenly to dig beneath the spot where the camp fire had been lighted. With a stick he began poking and scratching among the rocks. Presently his stick found easy digging and he set to work in earnest. In two minutes he had unearthed a fresh hide and head. Quickly spreading the hide upon the ground he discovered what he sought. It was a red hide. Upon the left shoulder was the "AA" brand that marked all the cattle belonging to his father. Somewhere were nearly a thousand more of the red herd bearing the "AA" brand.



The Four Men Advancing Up the Trail Sent Shots in the Direction From Which They Were Being Fired Upon.

Andy shouted, and when his father came, pointed to the hide in silence. There were tears in his eyes; but his face showed elation and hope. They were on the right track at last.

Mr. Adams reported that many cattle had recently gone up the canyon toward the pass between the great peaks. The plateau had been the rendezvous of the rustlers and the holding-place of the extra herd that had been used to prevent pursuit. After the red herd had been driven up the mountain to the plateau, the other cattle had been taken down to conceal the trail of the red herd. But above the plateau the tracks all went up the mountain. The plateau had been the meeting-place of the herds.

From the tracks and the appearance of the camp the red herd must have reached the plateau the afternoon before, and the other herd had undoubtedly been driven down at once and held at the foot of the ridge for an hour or two and allowed to scatter. In this way all trace of the up-going herd had been carefully blotted out.

Andy and his father had just finished their discoveries when Monty topped the ridge with twenty punchers. In a few words Mr. Adams told of the discoveries and they set off to follow up the canyon above without the loss of a moment.

The cattle had been sent up the trail at a smart pace. This was evident from the fact that all had followed the winding trail without being allowed to scatter. It proved, too, that many rustlers were helping with the herd, for it would require many men to keep the cattle from scattering and to force them up the mountain at anything like a brisk pace.

It was just noon. The tracks told that the cattle had gone up the mountain early that morning, so the red herd could not be many miles ahead. But even this fact was not very consoling, since there were at least thirty rustlers, all armed and desperate, to be dealt with before the herd could be recovered. Monty Attel was worth a dozen ordinary gun-men—but what of the others? The punchers were courageous and were all good shots. But was the red herd worth the sacrifice? This was the question that absorbed Mr. Adams as he rode. If they came up to the rustlers nothing could prevent a fight. And a fight would mean only one thing, that one side or the other must be entirely wiped out.

A shot rang out from somewhere up the mountain and the bullet thudded into a tree close beside Andy. Instantly every man leaped to shelter behind a tree or rock. For a few minutes they waited and watched, but there was no sign of the man who did the shooting; nor were any more shots fired.

Progress up the trail was now out of the question. They must advance cautiously to prevent falling into ambush, and such advance must be made slowly.

At the command from Mr. Adams the men scattered among the trees and began slowly working upward. The horses were left in charge of two men to be guarded until the punchers behind should come up with the extra horses. Then the two men were to turn over the horses to them and join the fighting party ahead, for it was certain that every man who could be spared from duty in the rear would be needed when the fight came.

From somewhere off to the right of the trail came a number of shots. Several men had narrow escapes. And hardly had they taken into account the new danger-points before other shots were fired at them from far to the left of the trail. Then came scattering shots from across their whole front. The rustlers had left the trail well guarded.

Mr. Adams called council in the thick grove of spruces just below timber-line. It was decided to have four men advance along the trail while the main body worked to the right where the trees grew thickest. This plan was put into execution at once.

From time to time the four men advancing up the trail sent rapid shots in the direction from which they were being fired upon. The shots were all fired from long range, however, and no one was injured.

The main body of the punchers under direction of Mr. Adams and Monty worked their way, after an hour of careful skirmishing, to the last fringe of trees at timber-line. There was no sign of the rustlers. Ahead the mountain rose high above, terminating in the great peaks at either side. Between the peaks undoubtedly lay the pass for which the red herd was headed.

Monty took half the men and swung back toward the left, and in a few minutes joined the four men who had followed up the trail.

Cattle tracks went on up the slope above timber-line and headed straight toward the pass between the two great peaks. The punchers scattered and went on up the slope as fast as they could pick their way over the rough rocks. The trail was in good condition. Apparently it had been carefully prepared so that cattle could be rushed over it in time of need.

But the punchers did not go far before they were once more the target for riflemen. This time the shots came from far ahead and Monty discovered a movement at the top of a broken cliff that overhung the trail.

To rush ahead was certain destruction; for the rustlers, hidden away among the rocks, could pick off every man before they could be reached. The only hope lay in leaving the trail and in getting around the guard. But the rustlers had prepared for just such a maneuver. The punchers swung far to the right, but from ahead came the warning shots and the spat of bullets against the rocks. A sheer drop blocked further progress to the right, so they crossed the trail at right angles and worked off among the rocky cliffs to the left. Here they were met by frequent shots. It was apparent from the slow retreat of the rustlers that they did not care to engage the punchers in a close-at-hand fight. The purpose was to delay pursuit; and they had chosen a place where this was easily possible. One man who was willing to take the risk could have held the pursuers at bay until dark.

Mr. Adams called a halt. There was no need of rushing the fight at this point. Nothing could be gained, for to attempt a rush here would most likely end with nearly every man in the party being killed.

Two hours later the men with the horses came up. And trailing behind them was the cook with his welcome provisions. It was decided to wait until after dark before continuing the chase. This would give the rustlers time to cross the divide and find shelter in their own country; but this could not be prevented.

The horses were allowed to graze, and the men found sunny spots and slept. It was to be a test of endurance; and as most of the men had been riding two days, and a part of two nights, all felt the need of rest.

At sundown the cook banged a frying-pan upon the rocks as a signal that supper was ready. Dry moss had been gathered and a tiny fire kindled to boil water for the coffee. The men assembled in better spirits. The fact that none had been wounded had been credited to the skilful management of Mr. Adams and Monty. But all realized that the future held great danger in store. Progress along an unknown trail in the darkness might lead them into a trap at any moment. If they were trapped, they would have to meet the emergency as best they could when the time came.

The night was clear. The stars gave down a pale light upon the heights. The men moved forward silently. The only sounds were the rattle of stones as they were dislodged and the ring of iron-shod hoofs. Every man held his gun ready for instant use; and they moved with the menace of death at every step. For an hour their tenseness tightened. Every minute they were spared made the next minute doubly dangerous.

In the critical moment of attack, Andy's father makes a decision in keeping with the caution of age, but Andy, filled with the dauntless courage of youth, makes a decision of his own, and your heart will tremble for him, but you will love him all the more. Follow him in next week's Ledger.

* * *

Business Instinct.

THE teacher was trying to impress upon her class the necessity of regulating the sinful human heart and to drive her point home she produced her watch.

"Now, girls," she said, "you all see this watch"—an assertion so obviously true that there was no danger of contradiction. "Now," she continued, "just suppose for a moment that it did not keep correct time, that I found it was willing to go any way but the right way, what should I do with it?"

There was the usual pause which pupils indulge in because it flatters the teacher by making her suppose her problem is a very deep one, and that her wisdom is, therefore, profound. Then a bright little girl held up her hand.

"Please, miss," she said, "you would sell it to a friend."

* * *

Dinner in Germany.

EX-AMBASSADOR GERARD told a story about Germany

"An American correspondent," he said, "had his rationed dinner served to him one spring evening in his room at the hotel.

"The waiter set before the poor fellow a thin slice of bread, a teaspoonful of dried peas and a piece of veal the size of your little finger. Then, as it was getting dark, the waiter said:

"'Shall I make a light, sir?'

"'No, thanks,' said the correspondent, bitterly. 'That dinner is light enough.'"

The Girl and the Game

By Will H. Greenfield

His father's secret threatened the young ball player's success by snatching from him not only his right to make a living, but the girl whom he loved as well.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

PALMER MASON sat in the cool, spacious garden that surrounded his mansion on the old York road. Everywhere in it, from the representations of Greek statuary gleaming voluptuously thru the shrubbery to the tropical plants luxuriating under the sun-warmed glass of ornamental hothouses, were unmistakable evidences of an ardent taste for the lovely in art and in nature.

Even the stables, at the end of the vista of flagwalk, were constructed of burnt brick, faced in terra cotta. Nearer the house stood a huge marble fountain with a statue of Age instructing Youth, surrounded by low-growing trees, potted plants and flowers. The exterior of the mansion itself was rarely beautiful for a New World structure, being a reproduction of an old French chateau.

The owner of all this had tried hard to provide outer, material substitutes for what he had missed hourly from his inner life. One thought pricked insistently in his mind: "How she would have helped me to enjoy the life I am living!"

For there had been an unforgettable she in Palmer Mason's life after the death of his only boy's mother; and it was a wronged she, like so many other dream heroines that rise to stab the conscience of masterful men in their graying days.

And Palmer Mason had been, and was, a masterful man. He was full of that mysterious force which radiates from some personalities to influence directly the reason and judgment of those with whom they come in contact. It enabled Napoleon to change the map of Europe; Lincoln possessed it to a remarkable degree; and while we none of us understand it, we do know that it exists and captivates us; that it is radiated by good, bad and indifferent people, and that in the affairs of life it is a force to be reckoned with.

The sun had long set behind the hills, the twilight stole in, soft and clear, and a few stars had begun to glimmer in the heavens when Palmer Mason, awaking from an uncomfortable reverie, found his son Jack standing beside his chair.

"Such deep thought and melancholy!" exclaimed the younger man. "Come, come, dad; I've news to banish the blues! Guess what it is—if you can."

Jack Mason was a fine specimen of young manhood. He was not particularly handsome; his features were irregular, but they bore the imprint of birth and breeding and hinted at a jovial disposition. He stood six feet something in his stocking feet, and was broad in proportion; in fact, the kind of man that women of romantic tendencies fall in love with and set down as heroes in their imagination.

"Did you manage to make a hit today?" the father wanted to know, smiling proudly upon the athletic figure before him. "It seems to me that you have been playing a faultless fielding game since you took Graham's place, but I can't remember that you have been a success with the wagon tongue."

"Oh, it's got nothing to do with baseball or the Bisons!"

"Then it must be news indeed!" cried the father. "You couldn't talk anything else for months—in fact, made me get you a trial under an assumed name just to gratify your desire to play in the big league. If it's not baseball, what in the world can it be?"

"Dad, I am going to do that which you have been wishing on me for a long, long time. Just a minute! You don't know her, but you'll fall in love with her yourself when she's around you. You said—the first time you saw her—that she had the face of Da Vinci's masterpiece and the lost arms of the De Milo. But she's got more than beauty, dad—she's got soul and character, taste and culture and commonsense. And you should hear her sing! She's got the greatest——"

Palmer Mason checked him with a gesture.

"Speak! Who is she?" he flashed in a chuckling, imperious whisper, assuming a playfully dramatic attitude.

"You've spoiled my climax!" Jack lamented. "Her name is—are you ready for it?—her name is Smith, Mabel Smith!"

The elder Mason had good teeth, and showed them in a succession of grins.

"If Mabel had a dollar for every namesake," he laughed, "she would be as rich as Rockefeller. But I think I know——"

"That Mabel is distressingly poor, eh?" Jack finished for him. "Love, dad, knows nothing of money, nor bargains for it. You have quite enough already, and it will do us both good to have a woman around the house. Have you any objection to my marriage—to Mabel?"

"None at all, my boy, provided you are sure you love her and nobody else!"

Jack was executing a thanksgiving dance when he felt his father's hand laid on his shoulder.

"My boy," said his father earnestly, "if she is a poor girl treat her as one of Christ's own flock of innocent children. By so doing you will help your father's soul attain a peace it has not known for years. You see, Jack, I ask you to subscribe to the doctrine of vicarious atonement."

Without further preliminary it was arranged that Mabel Smith and her mother should visit the Mason home in a few days. Somehow the master of this regal mansion dreaded the interview more than he felt he should, and he began to doubt, to question, to solve grotesque problems that were discarded ere they had well taken shape.

It was only that wretched incident of the past that turned his own thoughts from matrimony, for he was but 48 and not too old for the feelings of love. He blushed when he recalled the shame-seared memory, yet could not repulse the belief that he had been the victim of an abominable trick of fate. Life had been good to him on the material plane, but harsh on the higher levels where the soul's realities have to be lived either in enjoyment or in battle.

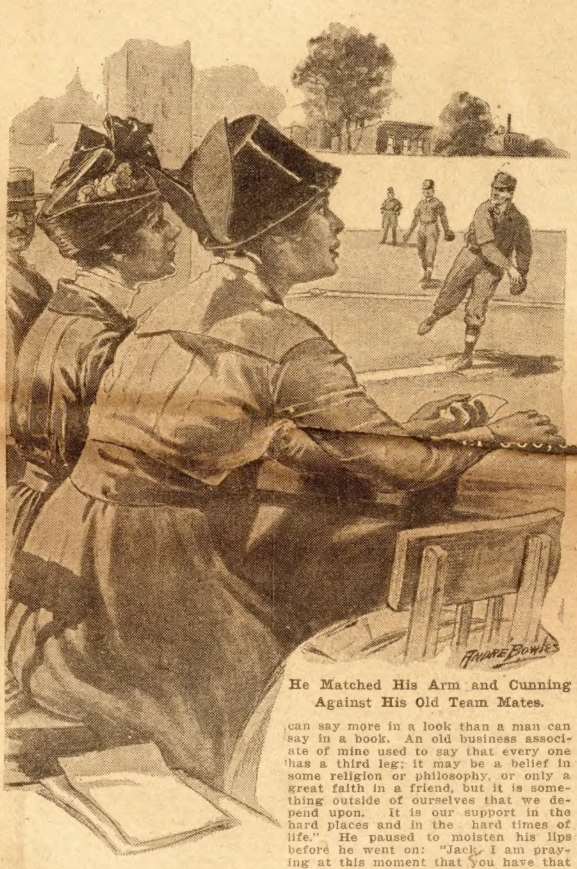
The third day after Jack had apprised his father of his intention to wed, he brought mother and daughter to the old mansion. As he introduced them he could not help seeing how greatly affected his father was, and a pang of sympathy darted thru him and made him register a silent vow that his father should never be neglected.

Mabel Smith was as fair and fragrant as a flower; her face was tender and of an almost transparent whiteness; a pair of blue eyes and a little red mouth lent it a childlike, chaste and innocent expression. Her mother was refined and sweet-faced, but very aloof, with a wistful, sensitive mouth, and clear, steadfast eyes.

The visit was a short one. Mrs. Smith's very quiet demeanor hardly invited much cordiality, and Mabel was too much taken up with Jack to be of any use in making matters easier for the two elder persons of the company.

Immediately after the guests departed Palmer Mason called Jack into the library. Tall, straight as an arrow, with clear-cut features, rumpled gray hair and martial bearing, he shook internally with excitement, tho remaining outwardly calm.

"My boy," he began gravely, "I have something to tell you. Take a seat; I may keep you some time. At this moment I almost wish I could change my gender to the feminine, for a woman can say more in a look than a man can say in a book. An old business associate of mine used to say that every one has a third leg; it may be a belief in some religion or philosophy, or only a great faith in a friend, but it is something outside of ourselves that we depend upon. It is our support in the hard places and in the hard times of life." He paused to moisten his lips before he went on: "Jack, I am praying at this moment that you have that third leg, and that it is a great faith in your father."



He Matched His Arm and Cunning Against His Old Team Mates.

Jack's eyes took on a puzzled expression, and he drew a deep breath and squared his shoulders.

"On with the dance, dad," he contributed, with a lame attempt at gayety. "Let joy be unconfined!"

"Well," resumed his father slowly, as if choosing his words with deliberation, "I am going to test that faith now. Jack, you must never give another thought to marrying Mabel Smith!"

"Father!" Jack tried to say more, but his words were lost in a dry rattle in his throat.

"Do you understand that, Jack?" His father spoke very slowly, like one crossing mental ground filled with recollections of overpowering emotions. "You must obey me in this if you never obey me in anything else!"

Fighting for self-mastery, Jack arose and walked uncertainly to a window overlooking the garden. A mist had begun to fall in the shadowing twilight, giving to the world without an aspect of utter dreariness in complete harmony with his forlorn face.

"Tell me why, dad, tell me why!" he groaned. "This is awful to think about."

The elder Mason, breathing hard and looking with blind eyes straight ahead of him, gritted: "I do not care to give you my reasons. I simply tell you, Jack, that I forbid the marriage, and that I shall disinherit you if you go against my wishes in the matter."

Jack looked at him dumbly for five, ten, twenty seconds.

"Dad," he choked, "I can't give her up!"

"You mean that you will not," said his father in a tone of icy control. "I swear that there could not be a better reason than the one I withhold from you—one that nothing on earth nor in heaven can possibly wipe out!"

"Then tell it to me now; I have a right to know!"

"I cannot, Jack; but I must forbid you even to see Mabel again. You must write her and make some excuse for a change of mind; you must settle the matter in some way, or I will!"

"Listen to me, father." Jack's voice was quiet, but full of determination. "The threat of disinheritance will never make me give up Mabel Smith. I know that I gained a trial with the Bisons because you are the silent owner of the team; but I honestly believe I can make good without a pull. In other words, I think there is a good living for me in baseball."

"What would you do—play professional ball for a livelihood?"

"Why, yes, dad, that's my idea. There's nothing disgraceful about it. Some of the fortune you own came thru the gates at the Bisons' park. I shall go to Manager Hinkle, tell him who I am, and ask for a trial on my merits."

Palmer Mason frowned.

"I told Hinkle who you were at the beginning," he said coldly, "and I likewise told him to use you in any game that was already lost so that you could satisfy your whim to pitch in the big league. I never meant for you to play baseball for a living, and I forbid you to do so now!"

"But Hinkle said I was never cut out for a pitcher and has been playing me in Graham's place at short. He has told me that I could make a regular position on the team if I pick up a little in my stick work."

"Hinkle will not say anything I tell him not to say," said Palmer Mason firmly. "I pay him to run the Bisons, [illegible] will do as I say or get another [illegible] direction of my baseball [illegible] or the public thinks for, and if I say you are not a ball player you cannot become one. Mark this: I am interested financially in more than one club, and while I have never exerted my influence to keep a deserving player out of a job I am fully aware that I have the power to do so. If you mean to defy my authority I shall see to it that you do not earn a living in baseball."

Jack Mason threw up his head with a reckless light in his eyes.

"You've got some pull in different directions, dad, but you can't do that!" he laughed. "Baseball is a square game and the square men in it wouldn't let you get away with anything so raw. I don't intend to marry on nothing, but just as soon as I can attach my John Hancock to a contract that will make things comfortable for two, I am going to marry Mabel. She is not a fortune hunter and you will have proof of it when she marries me—a poor baseball player who has been disinherited by an unreasonable dad!"

"You don't know what you are doing, Jack! I can't let you marry this girl—I won't permit it! By God, sir, I'll spend every cent to prevent it—if it costs me my life, you will never marry Mabel Smith!" He lifted a clinched hand and moaned: "Jack, don't make me adopt harsh measures."

"Then give me your reason, dad—why can't I marry Mabel Smith?"

"I cannot tell you, son; but believe me when I say that the thing is impossible. It would be a black crime, Jack—I can say no more. Will you give her up?"

"No, sir."

Palmer Mason was shaken with a fit of nervous trembling. He stumbled and fell into a chair.

"Go then!" he said hoarsely. "Go if you cannot obey my wishes!"

For answer Jack simply clutched his limp hand and shook it with a strange fierceness. Then he strode quickly from the room just as the dinner bell, with the irony of the commonplace in tragic moments, rang out its summons.

For the next two days father and son kept apart; each tried to avoid the other until the tension of the situation should lessen somewhat. Jack arose early in the mornings so that he might have an excuse for breakfasting alone, and took luncheon and dinner out. He told Mabel's mother of his father's ultimatum, and they agreed that it would do no good to mention the matter to Mabel until necessity drove.

"I believe I know your father's reason for opposing this marriage," said Mrs. Smith, huskily. "It is not right that he should try to make Mabel bear the burden of her mother's folly! I tell you, Jack, that he knows something of my past, but he ought to be the last person in the world to hold it against my daughter. I was never a bad woman, and the one incident he will not forget made me a victim of his wiles, for it was he who took advantage of my folly. It was my only misstep in life, dear boy, and I am telling you so that you can judge whether you still want Mabel."

"Still want Mabel!" echoed Jack. "Why, I'd want her no matter what befell you or any other connection of hers. And I think dad is a miserable bounder for holding you to blame for an affair in which he himself figured. I'll tell him what I think of him if he starts on me again!"

On the third day after his refusal to give up the girl of his dreams Jack Mason returned home after the game and packed up a modicum of his belongings. One of the servants must have told his father that he was about to leave, for the elder Mason entered his apartments without ceremony as he was in the midst of his preparations.

"Jack," he said, in a hard, strained voice, "you are about to commit a monumental piece of folly. In the past——"

"Don't dwell on the past!" blazed Jack. "I should think that you were ashamed of some of the things in your past. I never thought a father of mine was a miserable cad. It was a dirty trick, dad, that's what it was, and I'm not afraid to tell you to your teeth. But I can play ball and earn my living, and I can marry Mabel Smith and support both her and her mother. I never thought you would be guilty of a mean action!"

"Then Hinkle has told you?"

"Hinkle didn't have to tell me! Goodby!"

While his father stared at him in blank amazement Jack caught up his suit case and made his way out of the room as unconscious of movement or direction as a somnambulist.

The next afternoon he learned what his father had really meant when he asked him whether Hinkle had told him. The manager took him aside to tell him, very sheepishly, that the Bisons would not need him after today.

"Didn't you tell me only a week ago that I was the most promising timber you had picked up in a coon's age?" demanded Jack.

"Jack, my boy," said Hinkle with ponderous gravity, "there's a whole lot of things in baseball that count for or against a fellow. I can't say any more than that, but I guess it won't hurt to tell you again that you are a d—n good ball pla[illegible] [illegible] that was almost sickly. "Dad wants to chase me out of baseball in the belief that I'll run home to him; but I won't run home and I won't be chased. I don't blame you at all."

"Thanks, boy," rejoined Hinkle. "Your dad will always find me loyal, but I wish you luck just the same."

Jack Mason had scraped more than a casual acquaintance with Dick Lathbury, manager of the Buccaneers, during his brief career as a big leaguer, and when the latter came along for a series with the Bisons, Jack promptly looked him up at his hotel.

"Hinkle gave me my unconditional release," he told Lathbury, "and I am a free agent. All I ask for is a chance. If I don't make good I'll be satisfied to quit baseball."

"What's the matter with the minors?" asked Lathbury with smiling eyes.

"I'm picking a profession to earn a good livelihood," said Jack soberly, "and if I am not good enough for the big leagues at the start, then I'll give up baseball for something else. I want to be a success at any job I can tie to and make a successful man's salary. Don't you think I can make good?"

"Well, I think you can," granted Lathbury, "but I have McKee at short now, and I couldn't pull him out after the way he has been playing. And then there's Dalton, our utility man. He has shown in the few trials that he has had that McKee can't afford to take a long vacation and hold his job. I'm pretty strong on the left-hand side of the inner works, you see. Now if you were only a pitcher——"

"I am!" cried Jack, impulsively. "I know I am, Lathbury. You see, father didn't want me to play professional ball and he did everything to discourage me. When he found I was determined he made me promise to play under an assumed name and got me with the Bisons. Hinkle had me warming up with his catchers, and I know I impressed a few of them, but Hinkle told me I was never cut out for a pitcher. They thought that would floor me, but I told them I thought I could play anywhere in the infield, and they could give me a try-out there. I took Graham's place and all they missed was his hitting. I know I can pitch better than I can play short. Will you give me a chance?"

"There was nothing quite rotten about the way you played short," said Lathbury, "and if my catchers find you have something in the twirling line you can consider yourself a Buccaneer already. Come out to the park early tomorrow and I'll have Rankin look over your line of goods. Will that do?"

"Immensely! I'll be on the job!"

Rankin, the veteran catcher of the Buccaneers, said the same thing to Manager Lathbury after he had examined with critical eyes the offerings of the young pitcher.

"With a little nursing this guy will be a sensation," was his verdict. "If I were you I wouldn't let him get away."

"I'm going to sign you, Jack," said Lathbury. "What's your name as a pitcher for the Buccaneers?"

"Mason," replied Jack. "No more hiding behind another name for me. This game will bring me bread and butter now, but when I make good it's got to bring me a wife, and that's the name I want to make for her sake."

When the Buccaneers left town Jack Mason went with them. Within a month he was being talked about around the entire circuit. He lost three out of the five games he pitched, but Jimmy Rankin seemed to think that a great record, and so he told Manager Lathbury.

"Dick," he said solemnly, "this big, loose-jointed kid you picked up has the most wonderful natural ability of any youngster I've ever handled. If he can cut down the break on his fast ball and curve he's going to go like wildfire. He's still a trifle unsteady, but when he gains control he'll be your one best bet. Hinkle slipped up when he said this boy couldn't pitch."

By the time the Buccaneers played the Bisons again on the latter's grounds Jack Mason was the acknowledged star of Dick Lathbury's strong pitching staff. He had added five more victories to his string, and the number of his defeats remained three. So it was not surprising that he asked and received permission to twirl the first game against his father's Bisons.

He matched his arm and cunning against his old team mates and tho forced to the limit of his skill, he evaded every serious pitfall set for him. He was in enough serious situations to break the heart of a less stalwart workman, but he pitched with rare judgment and excellent tact when needed. He simply shouldered his way past trouble and assumed the responsibility of winning with a fervor too great for denial. He came thru with flying colors and Lathbury declared enthusiastically that a certain biblical character, known as Job, had no greater capacity for patience than he had shown at critical points all thru the game.

"Hinkle was out to get that game away from you," said Dick, "and there were times when a cigar store In[illegible] [illegible]berg, and [illegible] bungles we made behind you didn't get you up in the air. Do you want to go at 'em again?"

"Yes, I do; and I'll do better the next time, Dick."

"When do you want your next fling at them?"

"Tomorrow!" was the astounding reply, and despite the protestations of his manager Jack had his way.

The Bisons were easy victims—easier, if anything, than a lot of schoolboys, and Jack was more effective than he had been in the first game. His service was as deadly as the rifles behind the cotton bales at New Orleans, and he struck out the heaviest hitters with smiling facility. His father was in a grand stand box, and the sight of him was like a draught of wine.

As luck would have it, the one hit of the Bisons was of the scratchiest kind and came with two men out in the ninth inning. Britt, of the Bisons, hit a slow bounder in front of the plate. Paradoxical as it may seem, if Jack had not played the game he would have fielded it, for it was one of those rare cases when doing the right thing turns out wrong. Jack darted in for the ball, but it took a freakishly high bound over his head. Had he stopped still in the box he could have reached it, but he played the brand of ball that wins games in the long run.

Dick Lathbury also came in for the ball, and came in fast. The big second baseman was off at the crack of the bat and was almost up to the pitcher's box by the time the ball got there. He knew that Britt was the speediest man on the Bisons, and he, too, was playing the game. But the ball struck a small piece of uneven turf and bounded just a trifle toward shortstop. Dick was set to take it in front of him. He made a quick stab to the right with his bare hand. His fingers touched the ball, but it rolled off and before he could recover it Britt was flying over first base. The official scorer ruled it a hit, and it was so announced from the press box, altho there were those who thought it should have been branded an error.

While Dick was in no way to blame for Jack's failure to enter the hall of fame as a no-hit pitcher, he felt very badly over the matter.

"Gee, but I'm a dub, Jack," he said after the game. "I spoiled your work for you by playing that ball wrong."

"You played it right," contradicted Jack. "It had to take a couple of freak jumps, and you were as helpless as an amateur author without postage."

"But your dad was there and it would have convinced him that he never will have a chance to chase you out of the game!"

"If he wasn't convinced by the brand of ball I twirled nothing on earth will ever convince him," replied Jack. "I'm in the game to stay. I'm going to marry the girl I love and I'm going to be married right at the end of the season, too. I guess I can get good terms from any number of big league outfits now."

"Well, I guess!" smiled Lathbury. "Your contract with us expires at the end of this season and you can sign with the highest bidder. It's our own fault for not taking a chance and signing you up for a million years when we had the opportunity. But I'm going to see the official scorer about that thing, Jack. It's a d—n shame, that's what it is! I want an error on that chance and I'm going to yell for it."

Jack was climbing into his street togs in the clubhouse when Lathbury burst in upon him with a joyous whoop.

"You're an immortal, Jack!" he bellowed, thumping the young pitcher on the back with his glove. "The official scorer says that Manager Hinkle had asked him to credit you with a no-hit game before I appeared, and my little say that the blame thing was a rank error on my part convinced him that he was about to do you a great injustice by scoring the thing as a hit. Say, ain't it great, old boy?"

Jack said it was just that, and thanked Lathbury warmly for what he had done. He wanted to thank Hinkle, also, but when he approached the Bisons' boss he received a surprise.

"No thanks coming to me, son," grinned Hinkle, "but I'm mighty glad you hung up a no-hitter just the same. I never thought about trying to make the official scorer see it in any other light, but your dad had the newspaper men mark it an error and took them all to the official scorer. He said if you were robbed of the credit that was due you he'd raise several kinds of Cain. Then along came Dick Lathbury and everything was fine and dandy."

"Then I'll have to thank dad," said Jack with sudden resolution.

And when the phenomenal young pitcher called upon his father that evening the latter's anger vanished like morning mist before the rising sun.

"Hinkle told me what you did, dad," said Jack when they were comfortably ensconced in the library.

"Hinkle has a reprehensible habit of telling things," said the elder Mason, unsteadily. "He told you about my past, too, did he not?"

"Yes, he did not!" laughed Jack. "Mabel's mother was the one that told me you were as much to blame as she was."

"She told you that?" asked his father, a tremor of excitement only half strangled in his throat.

"Yes, sir," rejoined Jack, coolly; "and it took me just two seconds to believe that you had behaved like a cad toward her."

"What else did she tell you? What did she say—tell me all she said, Jack!"

"Well," said Jack, quietly, waiting till his father's excitement had abated somewhat, "she said, as nearly as I can recall it, that she had a past, but that you had figured in it so largely that you couldn't judge lest you be judged. She said she was a victim of your wiles, and asked me if I still wanted Mabel. I said that I did—and I do!"

"I see that I must tell you all now," said Palmer Mason, and Jack noted the weariness which his voice could hide, but not his drawn features. "My boy, it never occurred to me to do anything but that which was for your own good. I wanted you to fail as a ball player so that you would not marry Mabel Smith, but after casting you adrift from the Bisons I did not raise a hand against you or place a straw in your way; and when you pitched that great game today I was determined that you should have credit for your great performance, no matter what happened. I will tell you why I do not want you to marry Mabel Smith. It will shame and humiliate me, but it will prove to you that I had the best of reasons for trying to chase you out of baseball.

"Eighteen years ago, when I was conducting my department store, I found myself in love with a young widow in my employ. She had come to work two weeks after her husband's burial. I had known her but six weeks, meeting her only while she was at work in the salesrooms, but I loved her. She was very poor, and the question was, how to approach her so soon after her bereavement without offending her.

"I saw plainly that every time I noticed her particularly or tried to be friendly she shrank from me. The first night that the sales people had to work—it was near Christmas—I accidentally found this young woman trying to leave the store by a wrong exit. She had become bewildered in going downstairs, as one set of lights had been turned off too soon by a careless employe.

"When she saw me she seemed so relieved that she forgot her shyness, and I, like the ruffianly, idiotic hot-head that I was, took advantage of the situation to inform her of my growing affection for her and of my desire for favorable consideration. She was not accustomed to the world of men, and I could see how I was frightening her. I had my arm around her waist; she begged me to release her, but as she raised her head I caught her eyes, held them with my own, read what they betrayed. She already cared for me!

"I was younger then, ardent, alone with the woman I loved, and in a moment of moral blindness I lost sight of everything else. I need say no more to you than this: From that hour to the day you brought Mabel Smith and her mother to see me I had not met the woman I so cruelly, and yet so unintentionally, wronged. I had fully intended to marry her; I searched everywhere for her, but she disappeared after that fatal night and——"

Jack raised his hand to stop his father's cruel words, and stood staring at him, beyond him, his hands clinched, his lips slightly parted. For some moments he remained thus—transfixed, silent.

"You mean—you mean—" he articulated thru stiffened lips, "that Mabel is—is——"

Palmer Mason shrank from him with a visible recoil of his whole body as if from a blow.

"She is your sister!" he affirmed hoarsely, and covered his white face with trembling hands.

"Dad, I cannot believe that Mrs. Smith, to avenge a wrong you did her, would have permitted this marriage. She cannot hate me as she hates you. I am going to phone for her right now, sir!" His square jaw took on an added firmness and his voice rang with decision. "You must face her and she must face me! I will tell her to come alone."

A half hour later, as father and son sat in the library, each occupied with his own thoughts, a maid brought word that Mrs. Leland Smith desired to see Palmer Mason.

"I will see her here," he directed.

Jack gravely shook hands with Mrs. Smith, who swept in a moment later and faced Palmer Mason with a swift, scornful glance. Palmer Mason took up a book and fingered it absently. He was about to speak when Mrs. Smith forestalled him.

"I can guess why Jack has sent for me. He has failed to move your compassion and wants to satisfy himself of the truth of the story I told him. Are you not satisfied with having ruined my happiness that you wish to destroy that of my daughter? Are you entirely without mercy?" The words leaped from her lips with annihilating fury and contempt.

Palmer Mason's already pallid face became ghastly.

"Mary," he said humbly, "there is no other way. Do not blame me for——"

"Of course, you are not to blame for anything!" she cried out ironically. "How well I know your utter goodness from unenviable experience!"

"You know why I cannot consent to this marriage," he said reproachfully. "I would have married you, Mary, had I found you. I hunted everywhere for you! I am ready to marry you now, this night, this minute! God help me, I have continued to love you all these years!"

For a moment her eyes wavered and lost their hard, determined look—the look of the mother-wolf when her whelps are in danger. Then she regained control of herself.

"Yes, I know why you will not consent to this marriage," she sneered. "Your son is—your son! My daughter is nothing but the child of your old employe, the child of a woman you cruelly wronged, a woman you made your plaything because she was below you in station. But I tell you this, Palmer Mason, I will not see you prevent these young people from marrying. I care nothing for your objections; I scorn your scruples. My daughter shall marry your son because it is the revenge I have lived and plotted for!"

"My God, woman, how can you!" gasped the man in horror. "Don't talk like that. Mabel is mine as well as yours, and I cannot sanction the marriage!"

The woman's heart beat with a new, strange sensation, as violent as it was entrancing. She watched him a moment with stayed breath, the bright teardrops trickling down her cheeks. Then her face went down into the covert of her little white hands.

"Palmer," she sobbed, "Mabel is not yours; she is the posthumous child of Leland Smith!"

Jack waited to hear no more, and his father did not speak as he caught the woman to his breast, but his eyes looked into hers with a tenderness which had an eloquence more beautiful than any words.

* * *

A Hustling Town.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE, at a farewell dinner, expressed his admiration for American hustle.

"On a train the other day," he said, "I heard a dialogue that brought out your hustling qualities beautifully.

"'I'm from Ashton,' said a man. 'Finest little town in the Middle West!'

"'Ashton?' sneered another man. 'I don't think much of Ashton.'

"'You don't? When were you there last?' said the first man.

"'Two weeks ago.'

"'Oh, well,' said the Ashtonian, 'you ought to see her now!'"

Third Installment of a Thrilling Serial

THE KIDNAPED FEUDISTS

By William H. Manning

Events in the Story Up to Now

ZACHARIAH CRAGGE and Isaac Skarlott are the respective leaders in a family feud in the Cumberland Mountains of Tennessee. Captain John King of the ship Lady-for-Me, is a boyhood friend of both men. He takes it into his head to end the feud by kidnaping the principals and holding them on board his ship at sea until they shake hands. He has called on his two sisters, Magnet and Jewel, to assist him, under the chaperonage of their high-bred aunt, Miss Ruhamah King, in making peace between the mountaineers—a task they have entered upon with considerable vim, being well along toward their thirtieth years. On the first night out the second mate is struck a terrific blow under the chin by a human fist. He is unable to find any clew to the identity of his assailant except that a tall, slender man has been seen once during the night, prowling about in ghost-like fashion. The only tall, slender person known to be on board the ship is Miss Ruhamah King. Zachariah and Isaac at their first meeting solve their embarrassment by affecting not to be aware of each other's presence—Zachariah paying elaborate attention to Magnet, and Isaac to Jewel. The tall, slender assailant of Kenyon reappears as a burglar who enters Zachariah's stateroom and carries off a pair of boots, which he later returns. Papers on Captain King's desk have also been disturbed. Finally, two days out, a mysterious schooner, the Don Jose, signals the Lady-for-Me to stop and on her refusal fires a warning shot. Then the captain of the schooner boards the Lady-for-Me with his men, all armed with rifles and escorting in their midst a huge negress, whom they introduce as Susan.

The above will enable you to go ahead with the installment this week. Back copies containing the earlier chapters may be bought from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 15, dated April 13.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER VII.

BY THE SAME ROPE.

THE man with the revolvers smiled wider than ever. Even then the smile was wintry, and there was not the slightest inclination on the part of Captain King to accept him as a good friend of the deep.

"Captain," he replied, "I have no intention of doing harm here if my orders are obeyed. If they are not obeyed, consider what will happen. First of all, these rifles and revolvers will do deadly work at close quarters. Next, the schooner Don Jose, lying yonder, has her big gun trained upon you. Being so close to you, she can send a cannon ball into your hull at first shot, making a hole so large that this ship will sink inside of half an hour. This tells you what will happen if you resist us."

"Well?" Captain King questioned, his eyes gleaming enmity.

"Our wants are few, our purpose really harmless. We will not steal a dollar from you, neither an article of business value. More than that, we will not go below to rummage your property. We will not harm any person whatever, and when our simple wishes are complied with we will leave you alone and our schooner will sail away. We are wholly harmless, and our one wish is——"

During this address his gaze had wandered from time to time. Now, he waved a revolver and pointed to where the steward and the cook of the Lady-for-Me stood together, watching and listening.

"Come here!"

His voice rang sharply, and Rollo and Seth were so startled that they obeyed without knowing why they did it.

"Your dress," he proceeded, "shows that you have to do with the food department of this vessel. Which of you is the cook?"

Seth, scenting danger vaguely, was not anxious to claim his rightful honors, but Rollo gave the desired information. From that time the steward was ignored, but an imperative gesture led Seth, with growing reluctance, to move closer to the stranger's side.

"Now, captain," the intruder went on, "we will quickly wind up this business. If you will look behind me, you will notice that the negro woman who was in my boat has climbed to this deck. She is, by calling, a cook, and has served as such in yonder schooner, but she has reasons for not wishing to remain there. The Don Jose is bound for a port far north, and Susan—that's our cook's name—is never in good health when beset by cold weather. As a result, she must sail only in warm climates."

The speaker motioned backward without looking around and Susan came a little nearer to his side.

"Captain," he concluded, "we want a cook that can endure cold weather, so we are come to swap Susan for your man. That is our one and only reason for halting you and boarding you. We will take your cook back with us to the Don Jose, and leave Susan here. If you agree to this we will be gone in ten minutes."

A brief silence followed, broken only by a dolorous gasp from Seth, but Captain King, who had listened with all possible patience, now came into the conversation sharply.

"Are you crazy?" he demanded. "Want to swap cooks with us? Absurd!"

"Do you think so?"

"Most certainly. It's ridiculous. You have not taken all this trouble just to accommodate a black woman who dislikes cold weather. Your purpose is not what you say it is——"

"We need not argue that point. Our business is our business, not yours. Do you agree to my plan?"

"Agree?" shouted the skipper. "Never! I won't let any man go from the deck of this ship. Never! Before I'll put up with such a thing I will fight it out with you if it takes the life of my last man. I'm an American captain in an American ship, and I'll not submit to any infamy like this. I tell you——"

He proceeded to tell, his words leaping forth hotly, and no man could say what might have been the ending of the trouble if his will had not been thrust into the background by an unexpected interruption.

Zachariah Cragge was one of the group that stood not far from Captain King, but even closer to the leader of the Don Jose marauders. His sympathies were deeply stirred for the captain, for he disliked to hear an old friend misused, but something else was even more active in his mind.

Almost forty years he had lived in the mountains, and ever since he was a small boy the rifle had been his constant companion and daily resort in all emergencies. Since his awakening in the Lady-for-Me, bereft of the long tube that, duly fed on bullets, would perform wonders at his expert bidding, he had missed the standard weapon keenly.

Now, for the first time since he had left the Cumberlands, he saw a rifle, plus three other rifles, and a great thirst was aroused within him. Greed never had a more profound follower than when Zachariah eyed those four firearms. Eying them, he formed a plan that, altho a mere detail in his life of adventure, was hazardous enough to frighten a less courageous man. He resolved to have one of those rifles and, disregarding the fact that he was risking his very existence, he acted on his scheme, suiting his method to the well-known ways of Josephus Knob.

Swinging one of his heavy shoulders forward, he drove impetuously into the enemy nearest to him, at the same moment clutching at his rifle. His hands closed over the weapon, and the stranger was flung back violently, falling against a companion who stood behind him, and both went hurtling to the deck.

The onlookers who saw this attack also saw that, almost in the same instant, Isaac Skarlott leaped at a second of the intruders, but after that events were so mixed that nobody could systematically describe the happenings.

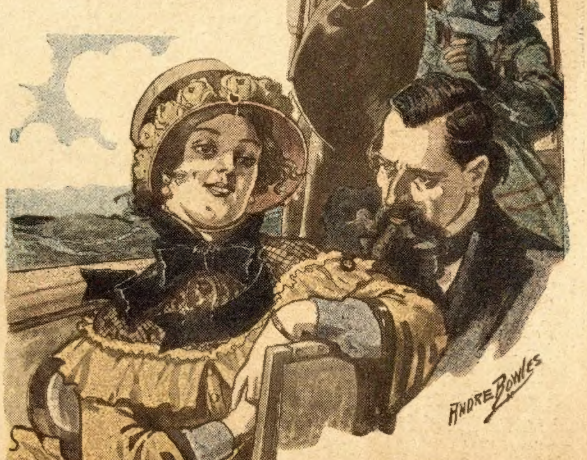
Fight and confusion had place on the deck of the Lady-for-Me, and men whirled about bewilderingly. For a brief period this turmoil held sway. When it was done with, the situation was made up of strange changes and perplexities.

Captain King lay senseless on deck, smitten by a heavy blow, and three of his men were stretched out beside him. Outside the ship the rowboat was drawing away as men pulled at her oars, but the number of rowers was only two. The other two, looking seriously damaged, lay flat in the boat, and their leader, the active agent of all this trouble, wobbled perceptibly as he steered the boat back toward the Don Jose.

Closer to the Lady-for-Me two men floundered in the sea, unwillingly swallowing the salt water into which they had been dropped. The reluctant bathers were Zachariah Cragge and Isaac Skarlott.

Mate Hunt, seeing that his captain was senseless, had taken command and shouted orders loudly. For once in his life he was excited, and his directions were not only vociferous but, Oliver Kenyon thought, far from wise at critical points. Certainly, difficulties had followed on the heels of his undertakings.

In due time the boat reached the schooner and was received with her occupants. Two of their number were carried aboard by fellow sailors, while the others gained the deck without help. When the boat was hoisted to the davits, the Don Jose made sail and was soon under way. Evidently she had completed her dealings with the Lady-for-Me, for she laid a course southwest and departed as fast as her abundant canvas would carry her.



"Magnet Is Entertaining Zach."

And with her went Seth, lately cook of the Lady-for-Me, but now a helpless prisoner.

Captain King was not quick in recovering consciousness. When his senses finally struggled back, he was in the berth in his stateroom, with Miss Magnet in attendance upon him. After his wonder, bewilderment and wrath had been expressed in fiery words, she told him what she could of the final steps of the trouble.

"It seems, brother," she explained, "that, at about the same instant, Mr. Cragge and Mr. Skarlott were seized with a great passion to secure rifles from the pirates, if such they were. They attacked those shameless men, and you went to their aid——"

"I remember all that," interrupted the captain, "but then comes a blank."

"The blank was due to the fact that the leader of the enemy struck you a powerful blow with a clubbed revolver, leaving you senseless. Then Mate Hunt took charge and ordered our sailors to close in around the enemy. It was well meant, but an order so poorly executed that Mr. Cragge and Mr. Skarlott were what Zachariah calls 'bottled up.' Both of those gentlemen insist that, if left alone, they would have whipped the pirates without help, and I believe them. Are they not Cumberland men?"

"Yes, yes, sister, but go on."

"They were bottled up because our own men accidentally got in their way, hemmed them in, and so prevented them from fighting. The pirates broke thru, and tho some of them were wounded by the knives of our sailors, they began to get down to their boat. Just then Mr. Cragge and Mr. Skarlott forced their way past our blocking sailors. It seemed to them mutiny to shoot the pirates without orders, so, in order to seize them, our Tennessee friends started down the rope-ladder together. Unfortunately, one of the wounded pirates was still on deck. Rallying, he cut the ladder away with his knife, and then flung himself down to the boat, but Mr. Cragge and Mr. Skarlott were dropped [illegible]

"The enemy got into their [illegible] old boat and rowed away to the schooner, and then they made sail and stood away. Last news of them, they were rapidly going southwest. Our men couldn't prevent their getting clear, for all rifles were lost, some being carried off by them and some dropped into the water."

"Perdition take the rifles!" snapped King. "Were Zach and Ike drowned?"

"No, brother, they were not harmed in the least. Ropes were flung overboard for them to catch hold of, but it so happened that all but one went astray. That one was enough. Zachariah and Isaac seized hold of it at about the same time——"

"Both clung to the same rope?" cried King in delight.

"Yes, and were hauled aboard with it. Except that they were wet, they were none the worse for their plunge."

"That's the end of the Cragge-Skarlott feud!" exulted the captain. "Which of them first offered to shake hands?"

"They didn't shake hands at all."

"What?" snapped the captain. "What's that? Didn't shake hands? Not when they were saved from the sea by the same rope?"

"They didn't even speak to each other."

"The perversity of some men!" groaned the skipper dolefully.

"There has been no burying of the feud, but I think our adventure has otherwise worked out to our good. Not one of our crew or passengers is hurt, and we have reason to believe two of the pirates are badly wounded. Our crew did that. Considering that we had no firearms, I should feel that we had won a great victory, in spite of Mate Hunt's ill judgment in handling the men—a great victory, I say, only for the loss of Seth Bitley, our cook."

"What's that? Seth lost?"

"The enemy carried the poor fellow off with them."

"Bones of Neptune! What shall we do for things to eat, after this?"

"The pirates left Susan, that negro cook, and she's here now."

The captain had been lying at his ease, but he now came to an erect position with a bounce.

"That fat critter here?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, brother. When the fight was over she was found sitting on a coil of rope, calmly smoking a pipe of tobacco."

"That black mountain of flesh here?"

"So I've said," Magnet returned petulantly. "Thus far, the pirate captain carried out his original scheme. He swapped her for poor Seth. He's got Seth now, and we've got Susan."

"Where's that woman?" King shouted. "I'll make her wish herself miles away. Send that miserable sinner to me!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUSAN MYSTERY.

IN SPITE of his latest order Captain King did not wait for Susan in the cabin quarter. Instead, he hastily left the stateroom, went on deck and, learning that the negro woman was in the galley, had her brought to him without further delay.

Susan was not an insignificant figure. Her unusual blackness of skin and her excessive supply of flesh laid the foundation for humor, but there was little to add to the element. Altho, as was repeatedly proved afterwards, she had good control of her temper, and tho her face yielded easily to smiles, she was no clown. Except for a very few characteristic speeches her language was fairly pure, and her face had a suggestion of power and resolution not to be overlooked in moments of careful scrutiny.

All this was lost upon Captain King as she came into his presence, and even her smile did not keep back sharpness of speech on his part.

"Stand there!" he ordered. "Who are you, anyhow?"

"My name is Susan, sah," she composedly returned.

"And a chum of the pirates, eh?"

"I'm a Jamaica woman, sah."

"That's not to the point. What I want is to know about those pirates. Who is their captain? Where is their lair on land?"

"The schooner is called the Don Jose, and her commander is Captain Ualdo. He is the man who came here in the boat. He always used me well enough when I was in his ship——"

"I don't care about that!" King interrupted. "All sea pirates have a land base, either on an island or on the seacoast, where they keep their supplies. Where is the base for Ualdo?"

"I don't know, sah. I was in the schooner only three weeks, and they did not go near the land during that time. They stole me from my home in Jamaica. I lived near the sea there, and was down to the shore that day to look for shellfish. Bless my heart, they stole me, sah! Took me away in that schooner, and made me cook for them. I was the only cook in their vessel."

"How many ships did they capture and sack while you were with them?"

"Not one, sah."

"Sure?"

"Quite sure," Susan calmly replied. "Don't seem to me [illegible] as [illegible] into the [illegible] the captain [illegible] or any where else."

"How many cannon did they mount?"

"Now I can answer you surely. They had only one, that bow-chaser in the front of the schooner. But, sah, that was a most horrid gun! I never heard it fired but once, and that was while they were chasing you, but, oh! didn't it make an awful noise!"

Captain King paused, meditating. He had used a sea glass critically when looking at the Don Jose, and as the mysterious craft was so near that it seemed to be impossible to disguise the presence of big guns, he was ready to believe that Susan was telling the truth on that one point. Probably there was only one cannon.

"Hum', hum'!" he finally growled. "Well, they were carousing, evil, wicked men, were they not?"

"I don't know, sah, but I saw and heard nothing like it."

"Humph! You want to make them out angels, don't you?" snapped the captain irritably.

"I don't care nothing about them," Susan answered evenly. "I'm a Jamaica woman and a cook, and they stole me, but used me real decent. That's what interests me most. As for them, it's nothing to me whether they are pirates or not."

"So you don't like chilly weather, and wanted to change from the Don Jose so as not to be in a cold climate, did you?"

"I heard Captain Ualdo tell you that, but he lied. Being a West India person I do like hot weather best, but I never heard that I couldn't get along comfortable with cold weather until Ualdo told you so."

"Did you want to leave his schooner badly?"

"What I want," cried Susan, with sudden force, "is to get back to my home in Jamaica. That's all I ask of anybody. I was torn away from that home, just to cook for those thieves. I raved at Ualdo very lively for a few days, but when I saw that he wouldn't take me back, I stopped all talk about it. I never told him I didn't like cold climates. He lied when he told you that!"

"But why?"

"I don't know."

"Had he complained of your cooking?"

"Never, sah."

"Mighty queer case, this!" grumbled the skipper. "I confess that I don't make anything out of it. Well, he has forced you upon us, and you are here. What do you want us to do with you?"

"Take me back to Jamaica."

"I can't do that, my good woman. Jamaica lies a thousand miles astern, and every minute of time leaves it farther behind us. No sum of money would induce me to return, for we are off on a long voyage, our destination being Melbourne, which is twelve thousand miles from here. We, and you, will have to wait until we see what will happen in the next few days. To be more to the point, I want to learn what you can do as a cook. If you have skill, and you like it here, possibly we can keep you until the end of our voyage, out and back. If either party is dissatisfied, maybe the bargain may be called off when we touch at Cape Town."

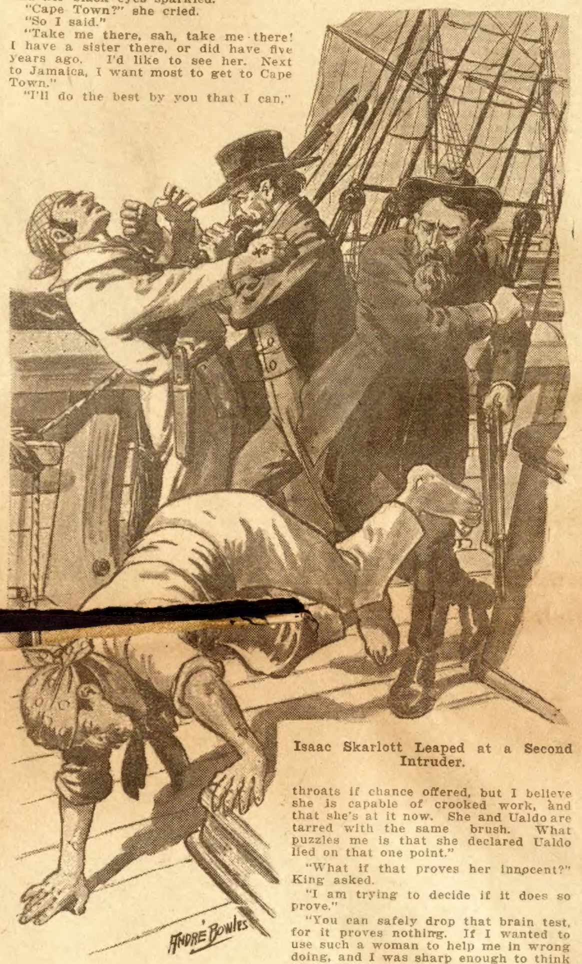
For the first time Susan showed signs of great animation. Her face brightened and her black eyes sparkled.

"Cape Town?" she cried.

"So I said."

"Take me there, sah, take me there! I have a sister there, or did have five years ago. I'd like to see her. Next to Jamaica, I want most to get to Cape Town."

"I'll do the best by you that I can," the captain promised. "That is all for now—wait a bit! You are willing to cook for us?"



Isaac Skarlott Leaped at a Second Intruder.

"Yes, sah, but only until you can get me back home or to my sister."

"Can you cook well?"

"I was ten years cook for a rich family in Jamaica that took frequent sea trips in their yacht. I can cook land food and sea food as well as anybody, sah."

"That settles the next few days. Now, you may go to your own quarters."

Susan went, carrying an air of peace with her, while Captain King stared at her and pulled viciously at his beard. Miss Jewel, being near, studied him and then spoke.

"What do you make of her?"

"Nothing, absolutely nothing!" the captain returned curtly.

"Surely, you must have some impressions."

"So I have. My impression is that crookedness has got beyond the creeping stage of infancy and can now walk bravely. That's all I know. Can you give me light on anything?"

"I am after light," Jewel replied, smiling. "First, is Captain Ualdo a pirate?"

"I don't think so. My inclination is to exonerate him, his crew and his schooner. Piracy is rather out of fashion, anyhow, and the Don Jose seems innocent of that much. Maybe she's a privateer of some West India revolution party. Right there my guessing ends for now."

"What about all this medley of cooks?"

"The matter is steeped in sin!" the captain explained. "We have the word of Susan that Captain Ualdo lied about one point, and it's only fair to infer he lied about another. If the negro woman proves to be a decent cook, we are bogged in mystery. Why did Ualdo want to swap her for Seth?"

"If I had that woman on my hands I'd want to swap her quick, and I wouldn't mind what I got in return."

"What do you mean?"

"I distrust her. I can't tell you why, but I think she is as deep in the game of villainy as the captain of the Don Jose. I won't say she would cut our throats if chance offered, but I believe she is capable of crooked work, and that she's at it now. She and Ualdo are tarred with the same brush. What puzzles me is that she declared Ualdo lied on that one point."

"What if that proves her innocent?" King asked.

"I am trying to decide if it does so prove."

"You can safely drop that brain test, for it proves nothing. If I wanted to use such a woman to help me in wrong doing, and I was sharp enough to think of it, I'd tell her to dispute my veracity on small points. Capital device! Don't let it influence you that Susan says Ualdo lied."

"Let us take a different analysis," Jewel suggested. "Suppose we think that all hands are innocent, and Ualdo merely wanted to get rid of a cook he didn't like?"

"Don't try that theory! Would the captain of the Don Jose fire a big gun at us, and then board us as he did, and start a fight, and leave blood on our deck—all this, just to discharge a cook?"

"Enough!" Jewel exclaimed. "Your logic wins. Carry it further and guess out what's afoot that the black woman has been forced upon us."

King shook his head in gloomy silence.

"If she proves to be a good servant to us——"

"No matter what she is!" interrupted the skipper angrily. "Poor cook or good cook, I'll transship her the first chance I get. There is mischief in her and, mark my words, we've only seen the beginning of it."

"Anyhow, the schooner is gone."

"How far? Ualdo could crack on for a few leagues and then swing his nose around and overhaul us again. If he sees fit to thrust that schooner into our neighborhood in the right kind of night weather he can, if so disposed, send a cannon ball into our hull without warning and sink us. Perhaps he won't care to do that. A more pressing question is—what will Susan try to do?"

CHAPTER IX.

AN ANGRY SEA.

TWO days passed without fresh adventures. The Lady-for-Me, packed with canvas and handled with good judgment, was still laying her course diligently for Melbourne, and the sea leagues were rapidly left behind. Other vessels, bound on the same tack, were sighted, neatly overhauled, brought abeam, and left behind in due order. To raise a ship was to outsail her, pass her, and then sink her as the nimble Lady-for-Me flirted her heels in the increasing distance.

On the surface they were a contented party. The vessel was properly manned and well found, and that meant satisfaction in the forecastle, so the sailors presented happy faces.

Matters were less carefree in the cabin. Captain King had his worries. True, Susan had proved herself an excellent cook and a person of unfailing good temper, and that was a good deal, but the skipper was not able to understand her nor to trust her implicitly.

Worse yet, entertaining a haunting impression that the Don Jose would reappear, again bent upon mischief, he searched the horizon hour by hour, feeling that it was only a question of time when she would sail into view.

Twice chance had offered itself to speak with passing ships, bound northwest, but he had neither reported the outrage committed by the Don Jose nor tried to transship Susan. That woman had asked, both times, that she be shifted to the passing vessel, but it was her misfortune—or was it design?—never to know of the strange sail until it was dropping astern and the moment too late to signal her.

Because of these things Susan remained in the galley.

The captain's chief happiness lay in his belief that his feud cure was progressing favorably. True, Zachariah and Isaac had not yet spoken, nor, as far as others had noted, looked at each other, but King persistently relied upon one fact that to him was all-masterful. He mentioned this fact for perhaps the twentieth time as he and Miss Ruhamah sat together on deck in mid-afternoon.

"It is the law of nature that they should drop their grudge," he argued. "They both clung to the same rope when cast into the sea."

"Perhaps it ought to soften their hearts," the lady replied doubtfully.

"Must have done so. It was neighborly to use it together. They might have drowned, but they were saved—saved by the same rope."

"Well, maybe that will impress them."

"Look yonder to where Magnet is entertaining Zach, and Jewel is doing the same for Ike——"

"But the men have turned their backs on each other."

"Chance, I think, mere chance! However, if they are really stubborn, the strategy of our girls will accomplish the desired end presently. Just notice how zealously they are attending to the feudists."

"The girls certainly are attentive."

"Ultimately, they will win, Aunt Ruhamah. It's in the King blood to win."

"Naturally, since our gifts are what they are!" said Miss King, with sudden animation. "In all lines our general family record is remarkable."

"Quite true."

"Mentally and physically the Kings surpass all the other inhabitants of the Cumberlands. To be of our family is to be the peer socially of the first families of Virginia, and those celebrities are always very glad to entertain representatives of our ancient name. I need not add that our social rank is far above that of any other people in Tennessee."

"True!" said the captain, nodding emphatically.

"Our marriages," the lady proceeded, serenely content, "have always been judicious, whereby we have in our veins the blood of the Randolphs, the Jeffersons and the Monroes. Is it strange that we hold social rank far above that of other Cumberlanders?"

"Then," added the captain, "there is our record in all wars since this country was settled. Other families have fought well, but were they not led by King officers?"

"We also lead in theology. Think of the ministers named King——"

"And in law. Remember the judges and attorneys——"

"Also in medicine. Doctors King have been many and successful——"

"And the King family have supplied the leading engineers when mountains and rivers were to be mastered for the public good."

"Exactly, nephew, exactly!" purred Miss Ruhamah. "Naturally, however, my thoughts turn chiefly to what is really the supreme exercise of act and thought, social position. In that field the ladies of our family have ever been at the pinnacle of renown."

"I wonder," and the captain smiled as he glanced at the feudists, "if Zachariah and Isaac ever gave a thought to social eminence?"

"The answer may safely be negative, yet the Cragges and the Skarlotts are very respectable persons, and we do well to associate somewhat with them.

I believe in trying to better the human race."

"Our friends yonder would need no betterments were it not for their shocking association with feud practices. It is their one weakness."

"Worthy men that they are, they have only ordinary Cumberland blood, so they take naturally to the blood grudges. Is it not strange, when they are so law-abiding and kind in all other ways?"

"It is a pity," the captain answered, "that Zachariah and Isaac could not have gone abroad, as I have, and seen that feuds were in ill repute or, lacking world wandering, that they could not have gone to school in Virginia or in the Carolinas. This would have broadened their views and, if they soon married with proper judgment, they would utterly forget their grudge."

"Prompt marriages do not always follow elaborate schooling. Our Jewel and our Magnet are nearing thirty, yet they remain single."

"I declare, they do lack but a year or two of thirty."

"Let me suggest," Miss Ruhamah said seriously, "that, at the first opportunity, they have another social season in Richmond. Of course, as our family are more Virginian that Tennesseean, and as our blood is exactly the same as that of the first families of the Old Dominion, our girls will eventually marry there. Perhaps it will be a Randolph, a Washington or a Jefferson who will win them, but it is possible to delay too long."

"Fact!" the captain declared. "As soon as this voyage is off my hands I'll see to it that Magnet and Jewel are married."

"And to Virginia gentlemen."

"Most decidedly! Not to anybody else."

It was said with emphasis, and Miss King nodded with decision. Altho she had passed all offers of marriage by in her own youth, it was her ambition to see her nieces married in good season. Now, as the subject was dropped, and while she wondered whether Magnet and Jewel would change their present names to famous names of Virginia, or to those less widely known but, locally, equally renowned socially, the captain was scanning the four points of the sea.

Dreading lest he discover the Don Jose, he saw only an unbroken sea.

The next day witnessed less of peace in the Lady-for-Me. A mackerel sky and a falling barometer were followed by a lusty wind that, springing up in the west, caught the ship on her starboard quarter and beat until an ever-increasing sea was thudding against the hull.

Captain King, being questioned, remembered that even the women of his family were of heroic fiber and did not attempt any evasion.

"Going to be a gale!" he bluntly explained. "The present roughness is not even a weak beginning."

"That will mean danger," observed Miss Ruhamah placidly.

"Not in this ship!" exclaimed King. "The Lady-for-Me was built to resist all attacks of nature, and she will make her title good now. Even if things get so turbulent that we have to batten the hatches down, you can rely upon the ship to carry us safely. Friends, you are not of the sea, so let my word color your inexperience. Come what will, fear nothing. The Lady will conquer the gale."

"How do sea gales compare with the big winds we sometimes have in the Cumberlands?" asked Mr. Cragge. "I mean, in our great Tennessee storms."

"Winds and storms on land are nothing to what happens here when the old ocean gets its back up," King explained.

"And the water runs very high?'

"It is one leaping mass of uprearing liquid mountains."

"I must see that sight from the deck!" Mr. Cragge exclaimed.

"Better stay below," urged the captain. "Sea legs and sea hands are needed in a gale. The deck is terribly dangerous in a gale for inexperienced landsmen."

"Um—um—um!" muttered Zachariah thoughtfully.

Captain King added other words of warning, and when he saw that Jewel and Magnet, too, were inclined to view the gale at close touch, he absolutely forbade their leaving the cabin region. The deck was not a safe place for women, and he was not going to lose his cherished sisters thru any indiscretion. Exacting their promise in the case, he left the cabin party.

He was barely out of sight when a lurch of the vessel nearly threw all hands off their feet. Mr. Cragge, recovering from collision with a bulkhead, spread his feet far apart and meditated.

"And," he said, "Captain King says this is not even a weak beginning. If so, what will the real gale be?"

"It will be horrible on deck," admitted Miss Ruhamah. "No novice could live there."

"I hope I'm not a coward," added Magnet, "but I have no wish to disobey and go on deck. Even for strong men it would be shocking."

Zachariah pulled at his beard and then, for the first time since the Lady-for-Me started on her voyage, the ladies saw him look at Isaac Skarlott.

"Men who have any courage in them need not fear to be up there," Mr. Cragge stated deliberately.

Isaac returned the steady look in kind. Then, turning his back upon Zachariah, he proffered a remark of his own.

"No man should coop himself up below when the deck is free to him. The gale will make a novelty that one cannot afford to pass by."

Mr. Cragge turned his own back.

"When I think the tempest is at its worst," he observed, "I shall certainly saunter up above and see what it's like."

"The weather side will be a fine place for a promenade," added Isaac, his back still toward Zachariah.

"I have planned to use a steamer chair and have a smoke in the bows," explained Mr. Cragge.

Now, these remarks were quiet and unobtrusive. All that Zachariah said seemed to be addressed to Magnet, and Mr. Skarlott spoke only to Jewel, as far as could be seen, but their device was too transparent to deceive anybody. The three ladies clearly realized that the men were challenging each other to the great hazard. In a gale so severe that even experienced sailors were barely able to save their lives, it was but little less than suicide for landsmen to be on deck.

The feudists were daring each other to take the risk, and those who knew their natures also knew that when the gale was at its worst both would tempt death.

At this time Mate Hunt had charge of the watch, and he had previously sent word to the captain that he desired to consult him regarding the sail area that was being carried. As King did not come, a messenger was again dispatched, and he now returned

"I can't find the captain, sir," he reported.

"Can't find him?" growled Hunt. "What fol-de-rol is that?"

"The folks in the cabin say he left there ten minutes ago to come on deck. He is not in the cabin now, nor in any stateroom, nor anywhere below that I can find. Nor he ain't on deck."

"Nonsense! Go and see the steward The captain must be giving him orders about something."

'I saw the steward, and I spoke with the cook, too. Say, sir, but that negro woman said something odd."

"Well, what was it?" Hunt asked impatiently.

"She declares she saw a tall, slender, well-dressed man pass by the steward's room and go into the dark passage beyond, and that Captain King was hurrying along after him. She lost sight of both. All gammon, for you know, sir, we have no such tall, slender man in this ship."

"Of course not, but where is our commander?"

"That's the big mystery. Captain King has completely disappeared from this ship."

This is the beginning of a wild night at sea. Zachariah and Isaac try their sea legs in the gale and prove the old saying that it's an ill wind, indeed, that blows no one any good. Be on hand for that next installment, May 4. It contains a wonderful description of a storm at sea.

* * *

Don't Crowd.

In a hamlet near Ashford, boasting only nine inhabitants, the following notice has been posted up by the authorities: "In the event of an air-raid do not collect in a crowd."

The Hun's Idea of a Good Joke

YOU have heard a good many stories about how Germans fight. Here's another

'Erbert 'Awkins was a private in a regiment of London infantry. The O. C. of his company told him one evening that the brigade wanted a report on the German barbed wire opposite the company's lines, and they didn't want to be told it was "fairly strong," either. His O. C. told him in a manner that rather put it up to Private 'Awkins, and Private 'Awkins volunteered.

He was in a state of rather advanced pessimism, anyway. Each of his fiancees had discovered the existence of the other, and both supplies of parcels had stopped simultaneously. Further, after concealing his rum ration all day to enjoy it in a tin of afternoon tea, part of the roof of his dugout had collapsed at the psychological moment and ruined his drink. So he was ready to examine the German wire.

His platoon commander proceeded along the trench and found three others, and when it was dark enough to start, Private 'Awkins, his three confreres and their platoon commander climbed up on the firestep and looked across the 200 yards between the trenches. It was a pitch-dark night and they could see but very little.

"Seems to me," thought 'Erbert, "brigade'll have a chance of a 'fairly strong' report or no report at all."

They clambered out then and picked their way thru their own barbed wire. Several times they had to lie down flat on account of flares. When the flares had died away they crawled on again, the platoon commander leading. It was muddy and wet and soon they were soaked thru, with that clammy, clinging soak which Flanders mud causes.

They flopped into shell holes in the mud and flopped out of them again, crawling blindly forward in the dark. 'Erbert by this time was taking a less pessimistic view of life and was grinning. But not grinning audibly. One makes no noises of any sort when out at night between the trenches.

Soon 'Erbert's grin vanished, however. Some perisher out mending wire the night before had left a strand of loose wire in the mud and he tore his trousers on it. They were his only pair and there were still moments of somewhat greater enthusiasm than usual when he entertained thoughts of leave. He swore, softly.

They crawled on slowly, 'Erbert the second in the little line, all of them in single file, each a few yards back of the one ahead.

Half way bet[illegible] lines there was a low ridge, and suddenly on [illegible] it appeared the shadow of a man crawling toward them on all fours. He saw the platoon commander and stopped stock still in utter silence.

Between the platoon commander and the stranger was only a couple of yards. The brains of both worked rapidly. The platoon commander knew that if he used his revolver there was a gorgeous possibility of flares and a fusillade of shots from both sides.

But apparently the German was alone, whereas the platoon commander had four men with him. It was a good opportunity to take a prisoner. The platoon commander spoke, softly:

"Sprechen sie deutsch?" he inquired, in a low tone.

No reply.

The next move was somewhat uncertain.

The platoon commander had a shot at it, however.

"Kommen sie engang!"

The German made a guttural sound, but made no move.

Luckily, however, 'Erbert had made a detour and from the other side of the German he pricked at him with his bayonet as a child pricks another with a pin.

"Come on home, you swine," he said.

"Ja, kamarade," said the German, and moved softly and swiftly toward the platoon commander who, with the other three, rounded him up and took him in.

This left 'Erbert alone, the platoon commander expecting that he would follow them in.

Alone in No Man's Land, 'Erbert undertook to examine the enemy's wire himself, and crawled on forward toward the German position.

He had gone some little distance—some little distance of flopping into shell holes and flopping out of them again in the silent darkness.

Suddenly from somewhere close at hand, he became conscious of a grunt and a terrific blow on the head and a dazzle of stars. Then he went softly to sleep.

It was morning when he came to and found himself a prisoner in a German trench.

"Law lumme," said 'Erbert.

He was roused quickly by a kick in the ribs and he realized that his head was very sore and his stomach was very empty. Another kick and he was tumbled, still in a sort of stupor, down into a German dugout.

Now, usually the proceeding in the case of prisoners taken at the front is to take them to the collecting cages in the rear, where they can be examined at leisure by men who know their own language, after which they are transported to Germany or England, as the case may be.

'Erbert, however, was held.

Late in the afternoon they brought bread to him, and just as he reached for it they grabbed it away and laughed at him. His guard looked at him frequently and quite as frequently strolled over to his side across the dugout and administered a swift kick in the ribs

"Law lumme, this is a ruddy box-up that's what it is," said 'Erbert.

Later he was taken up to the trench again and down into another dugout, a palatial affair, where an officer was seated at a desk.

"What is the number of the battalion you belong to?" said the officer.

"The 9th," said 'Erbert. "An' look 'ere, [illegible] food [illegible]"

[illegible] 'Erbert's guard jammed a [illegible]

"What division do you belong to?"

"'Undred and Sixty-second," said 'Erbert, sullenly.

"Say 'sir' when you speak to me. How long have you been in this part of the line?"

"Two weeks, sir," said 'Erbert.

And so forth.

But they got very little information out of 'Erbert.

When they brought him up again out of the officers' dugout their demeanor toward 'Erbert changed.

There was left then about an hour of daylight, and they said they were going to let him go and looked at him as if they expected the news would make him very happy. But 'Erbert, in a very sulky mood, wasn't listening, and if he had been listening it isn't likely he would have believed them.

But they stuffed his pockets with cigarettes. They gave him German beer to drink, and before long they had 'Erbert wondering what it was all about

They said he would have to make a run for it when they shoved him up over the parapet, and what with the German beer on his empty stomach, 'Erbert was ready to make a run for it. They shook hands with him, loaded him down with souvenirs (hanging all the old junk in the trench onto him for souvenirs) And finally they shoved him up over the sandbags and 'Erbert set out at top speed for his own lines.

But just before they let him go somebody behind him jerked the safety pin out of a bomb and dropped it in an old German knapsack under his right arm, and then they sent him away with shouts and yells of glee. And 'Erbert, fuddled with German beer, and sprinting as hard as he possibly could thru the mud toward his own trench, yelling gleefully toward the British trench, far ahead of him: "It's 'Erbert 'Awkins, 'Erbert 'Awkins!" suddenly blew up fifty feet from the German trenches amid a chorus of wild German hilarity.

As we said in the beginning, you've heard a lot of tales of how Germans fight. This is merely another one of them.

Nice, clean fighters, aren't they?

* * *

Be Careful.

"You should never judge a man by the coat he wears," said one old crony to the other in a little argument.

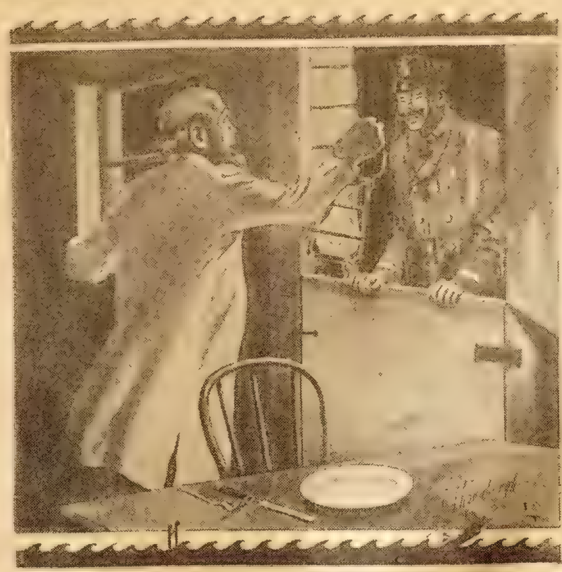
"No, that's good advice. He may have borrowed the coat for the occasion."

AT THE RED CROSS ROOMS

Gleams the needle and the thimble,
Swiftly fly the fingers nimble,
'Neath the Red Cross sacred symbol
Toiling patriots hold my glance;
But my truant thoughts are straying
Where the lines of death are swaying,
And my silent lips are praying
For my Love, somewhere in France.
All about me, maids and mothers
Speak of sweethearts, sons, and brothers,
Or some cherished friend of others—
Vaguely heard as in a trance—
I can see the war-eyes spying,
Hear the roaring guns replying,
See my heart's Beloved lying
On the shell-scarred fields of France.
Wake me from this morbid dreaming;
Teach me hemming, basting, seaming,
With the needles brightly gleaming
Like the spears of old romance;
In the serving, not in weeping,
Comes the new-found joy of keeping
Faith-borne thoughts of courage sweeping
To my Love, somewhere in France.

—EMMA CLARK KARR.

THE STRANGER IN THE NIGHT



It Was the Face of a Man He Never Had Seen Before.

NOT far from a certain British port, there is a headland dotted with low, white cottages, that juts far out into the sea. Here, Mr. and Mrs. MacManus, aged 75 and 72 respectively, live alone in a thatched-roof cottage, covered with red roses.

Just as they were ready to bank the fires in their cottage, one evening before going to bed recently, a dull report, somewhere at sea, was carried landward by a westerly wind. They paid little heed to it, for since the war began the sound of explosions at sea has been as common as the sound of heavy firing off Block Island.

Some time during the night, Mr. MacManus waked. Somebody was pounding at his front door.

"Yes, yes," he said aloud; then in a whisper he added to Mrs. MacManus, "It's that Paddy Deegan drunk again."

But when he opened the door, and lifted his lantern so that its light fell on the face of his late caller, he saw that it was not Paddy Deegan at all. His visitor was a man he had never seen before.

In excellent English, the stranger addressed Mr. MacManus, and asked where he might find a policeman. It was then that MacManus noticed that the stranger was a gentleman, that he was attired in a uniform the like of which he never had seen before, and strangest of all, that he was dripping wet.

MacManus was for asking him into the house, and giving him a "bit of a drop" to warm himself, but the gentleman would not hear of it. Nor would he say a word regarding what had befallen him, insisting only on being directed to the police barracks.

As soon as he had learned the way, he left abruptly, leaving Mr. MacManus staring after him. It was the first and only time that he ever saw the man. And, the next morning, the police, when questioned by Mr. MacManus in particular, and the townspeople in general, denied that they had seen a gentleman in a strange uniform during the night, and all the questioning and cross-questioning in the world elicited no information, and the subject was changed with mysterious abruptness.

But for days afterward the little fishing village continued to gossip about the mysterious stranger, and some even questioned Mr. MacManus' veracity since nobody but him had seen the man. Not until the local weekly published a news item regarding the visitor, his mysterious appearance and disappearance, was the story accepted as true. And with the news item that gave no further information, the episode closed.

Not more than ten days later, two flat-nosed dun wreckers of the Royal Navy anchored a mile off shore, but none of the fishermen, passing in their smacks, paid much attention to them, for wreckers have not been uncommon along the coast since the war began; many a fishing vessel has been sunk in the shallow waters by gunfire, and later has been salvaged. Even the two officers who took rooms at the inn, having been taken to shore in the same smart little launch that kept the fishermen's boats within five hundred yards' distance of the two larger vessels, caused little comment, and one night, when both the officers and the boats disappeared, the villagers thought nothing of it.

So a second, and very minor episode finished, and the villagers never thought of connecting the mysterious stranger with the visitation of the boats along their shores.

Yet there was a very intimate connection. The dull thud that MacManus heard on the night when the stranger had come to his door was the sound of an internal explosion on one of Germany's biggest submarines. And the mysterious visitor that had come out of the dark, and had vanished into it again, was none other than the captain of the ill-fated craft, who had managed to reach shore safely, and had given himself up to the police, and been taken away to one of the numerous officers' prison camps, that very night.

The villagers had no way of knowing what had happened, for the waters surrounding the British Isles are blanketed with secrecy. They had no idea that the two vessels off their shore were busily engaged in salvaging the sunken submarine, and that thirty-seven bodies were taken from the submersible when it reached the dockyard of the Royal Navy, and later buried with full honors.

Nor does the British government or the press make these secrets known. Every week, scores of these tragedies are being enacted in waters surrounding the Isles. Yet few find out about them. The British war office keeps its secrets well.

WHAT A FELLOW LEARNS "OVER THERE"

HERE is a letter from one of "our boys" in France to his mother. [illegible] And what this young soldier learned is what the others are learning. "A fellow sure gets acquainted with himself over here," writes the boy, who fancied himself a bloodthirsty young savage when he started out. When he found his first wounded Boche he sheathed his knife and the last spark of frightfulness died in him, "because," he says, "I was not made of the same stuff the Hun was. The Hun has no mercy."

DEAR MOTHER: I guess you get tired of my short, uninteresting letters, and so I am going to relate my first ideas and impressions when I arrived in France and thus relieve the monotony of my short notes. "I [illegible]

Now [illegible] thrown [illegible] but by gradual processes he makes his way from the "base" to the trenches. In that period he goes thru intensive training at the "base;" then some more behind the line, where he becomes accustomed to the artillery, and by contact with "old timers" he learns the meaning of the various terms applied to shells, trenches, attacks, and picks up many hints on trench conduct. If the man is of the right sort he learns a great deal not taught in the training camps. Then, perhaps, he goes up close behind the line some night on a working party and gets his first view of star shells. He learns the difference between one of ours going over and one of the Huns' coming our way (shells, I mean).

He gets wised up; also the first few times he gets his "wind up," but getting used to it all he gradually learns that all shells are not aimed at him. Then finally he goes to the battalion and into the front line, where he comes to the conclusion that most of the men who write in the papers and numerous others who trained him are the biggest liars on earth. But a day eventually comes when all of the horrors, all of the misery, the injustice and the terrors come home to him, and he realizes that there was to a certain extent method in his training.

My case was a little different from the one I just outlined. I came over from the States to Canada and made a few inquiries; found out a battalion that was to depart for England right away. I did not fancy too much training, but was like the "Scotty" who wanted to enlist. He said to the officer, "Gie me a horse and let me awa' to the trenches."

I just happened to get to England shortly after a certain famous battle in which they lost heavily and were in sore need of men to fill up the ranks of those battalions which bore the brunt of it all, so my stay in England was short. I did the usual rifle range, where I made a fairly good score—and bingo! I shipped to France.

It would surprise you how anxious these Canadians are "to go to it." I was the same. I wanted to get into it and have done with my conjectures as to what it was like. But I had to go thru some very intensive training before departing for the line. Bayonet practice and trench digging, barb wire and musketry practice, jumping trenches and wire, lectures—and presto! I was bloodthirsty. I wanted to pin a Hun to me trusty bayonet.

Oh, I sure had my wind up when we were lectured by a man who knew the methods used by Fritz, and since then, altho I have ceased to be bloodthirsty, deep down in me rankles a hatred for all things German. We find out by actual experience that the atrocities we were told of are actual facts.

The President says we are not fighting Germans but Prussianism. But if he had seen what I have he would class all Huns as Huns and fight them tooth and nail.

No, they are the same, collectively and individually—tho, no doubt, they are the product of what they have been taught thru a number of generations. But we take them as we find them, and if possible leave them so that they will never do any more harm. When we shall have won this war we will prove to the Hun conclusively that his teaching was all wrong. After that, perhaps in two or three generations, he may develop into a rational, peace-loving little Hun.

But to continue of myself. I was bloodthirsty. I bought a file to sharpen my bayonet (which is strictly against The Hague convention, but is according to the Hun interpretation of it). I purchased a beautiful lot of steel for a puttee knife. This instrument is carried in the puttee and in case you lose your rifle in an encounter or come to grips you slash and perhaps dig, and then convince the Hun that there is a war on. This knife I used to finger with loving pride; it was very sharp. I was there all right, but I found later that I was not half as ferocious as I thought at the time. I finally reached my objective "up the line," but did not immediatly go to trenches, but was with a reserve battalion doing working parties. I soon picked [illegible] eaning of the many strange [illegible] the back areas; I could differentiate between one of our guns firing and a Hun crump landing. I could soon tell one of our planes from Fritzie's. I also learned that souvenir collecting was dangerous, because sometimes an old grenade or "nose cap" still had a sting.

I was a month doing working parties, mostly at night to the tune of machine gun bullets and there were spots on the road going and coming which were quite hot at times. But I had not reached the line. Gee! How I admired those mud-stained troops coming out and those others going in! They were actually in it and how I would hold my tongue and listen when they would speak of bays, and traverse, rumjars, minnie-waifers, listening posts and stand-to! These men had actually seen life, they were veterans and how wonderful that they could "go in" and come out. Why, some of them had been in France a year. I thought a man was lucky if he did not get napooed first trip in.

Then my ideas began to change. I saw fellows who had the nerve to write home for things that would not come for over two months and they would in that time make several trips to the line. Gee! I thought, what a splendid lot of optimists. I was learning and what I learned from these "old timers" was of great value to me later when I became a "dweller in trenches."

I will write a little conversation I heard; the lesson it taught is obvious:

"Hey, Bill, where's Charles?"

"Napoo."

"What?"

"Yes. He was out on a listening post and lit a cigarette. Sniper got him."

"Damn fool!"

"Remember Jim T——? Well, he got his last trip; kept bobbing his head over the parapet. If he had only taken a look in a slow, easy manner he would be all right today."

"Yes. That's how old Bill got his. Ain't it?"

"Yep."

"Say, you know that place at B. B. Corner, where Fritz plays his machine guns?"

"Sure."

"Well, he's ranged about knee high and got quite a number of our lads in the leg. Dandy Blighties. But one fellow, he got scared and tried to crawl across. Yep, he's napoo now. Too bad."

I learned right here that smoking on post furnished too good a target, that I could look over a parapet if I gradually raised myself and remained stationary, then slowly withdrew my head; that it was better to keep on my legs when M. G. bullets (M. G.—machine gun) were kicking up the dust. And so it went; a hint here and a warning there. I filed them away for future reference.

But to carry on with the war. The day finally came when I was to be one of these men myself, and not only that but we were going over the top in the morning. Never to be forgotten night before! I was detailed to get this, and when I got back I headed off again for something else.

I was loaded down like a dromedary; I looked like a Christmas tree and hang. Rifle, bayonet (keen edged), grenades, a pick and shovel, umpty rounds ammunition, two packs of rations. All dressed up and nowhere to go! And as luck would have it we got lost and prowled around half the night looking for our trenches. We finally hit the front line and had to go along it for quite a distance. We had been shelled considerably in the communication trenches and had a number of casualties. This was war; I was finally in it. I cannot say that I was not excited, but I don't think I was afraid; only sort of apprehensive. Thank God! it was night and I overlooked a great many horrors, those patches of black here and there on parapet and paradore, I learned what they were later.

"Please step high and over here. Thanks."

"What's the matter? Wounded?"

"No. My pal is dying."

A little further on a fellow lying on his back and looking straight up—and many such. Something seemed to grip me; I wanted to run, but those fellows ahead of me were cool enough; they were not afraid. Then we reached the "jump over trench." Our battalion was scheduled to start at 6:30 a. m.

We were to have a barrage. Now I know all about a barrage, but had never seen one in action. Everything was quiet after 3 a. m.; not a shot was fired. Fritz was sending up lots of star shells, but that's his way. Six-fifteen, 6:25, 6:30. My God! all hell turned loose, my heart lost several beats and then caught up and overdid itself. Some one shouted, "Let's at them!"

Oh, it was a dandy barrage, and we walked over behind it without much opposition and took our objective. I threw my grenades at a couple of Huns in a bay and when they exploded (both Huns and grenades) I slid into a trench and, according to plan, rebuilt the firing step. I prepared myself in case of counter attack. I did not get a chance to use my lovely bayonet. Fact is, I have never had a rifle from that day to this, but came near using my knife, and then finally used it many times. You see as a stretcher bearer I found that long, keen blade far more suitable for cutting away clothing than a pair of shears. And I found out I had been kidding myself when I thought I was of the ferocious, bloodthirsty breed. Oh, a fellow sure gets acquainted with himself over here.

Well, anyhow we lost three of our first aid men going over and the fourth was put out of action an hour afterward when Fritz started "strafing" us. The sergeant major asked for volunteers and I ceased to be counted as a fighting man. Well, I answered the call all that day and not only dressed men, but with another fellow carried them out to a sheltered spot in a sunken road. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon an officer came to me and said: "There's a Hun lying in the trench up a ways. Will you get him out?"

Then I got tough. "Yes, I will get him out. I'll slit his throat." And I drew my big knife, already blood-stained. "Yes, I will get him out." The Hun was a big, blue-eyed Saxon. He looked up at me and said: "Wilst du ich ous mocht?" (Will you get me out?) One look at the poor devil and I dressed his wounds and carried him the first lap on his journey to the hospital.

And thus died the last spark of frightfulness that was in me. I was not made of the same stuff the Hun was. A Hun will show no mercy to either an unarmed or wounded man. I know this to be the truth

I have been a stretcher bearer ever since and always take good care of wounded, only ours first; Fritz must wait. And so I learned what I was made of, and with two exceptions I have endeavored to save life rather than to take it away.

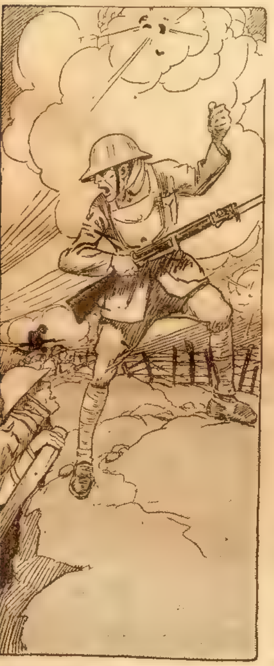
We were relieved after two days and proudly marched out with our trophies; helmets, bayonets, water bottles, and other souvenirs of our successful trip. I did not have to wonder what it was like or how I would act under fire. I knew, and the wonderful thing was that I lived thru it. I expected as thousands do that I would get mine first trip over.

Now, mother dear, this is a long letter from your one and only son. It is all ancient history now, but I have never written to you before of this and I thought you would be interested in my transformation—or was it that I was mesmerized for a short period? But, honest, I did think I was going to be some guy with my keen-edged tools. Such is life.

Love to you and apologies for length to censor.

HAL.

When You Are Under Fire



"Come On, Men! They're Coming!"

BY SERGT. W. H. BURCH.

C Company, 43rd Battalion, C. E. F.

THE first time you go over "the top" there are some moments of tension and anxiety—not so much fear that you will be killed as fear that you may prove a coward. You do not know yourself and you are not sure how you will act. And above all things you want to do your duty. It was so with me and I believe this is the case with most of the men.

But after you have been fifteen or twenty minutes in the thick of it, and even a comparatively mild beginning looks bad if it is the first, you "find yourself," so to speak, and then you are no longer afraid. Your only desire then is to kill—not that you hate anybody, but it is simply your job, and if you don't do it you know the enemy will kill you. You are keyed up to the highest pitch, and the only thought is to reach your objective, regardless of all else.

Before this first experience just as you do not know yourself, so you miss your guess on your comrades sometimes. There was one fellow, a pal of mine named Bill Marshall. He was a fine fellow, a first class Irishman, but he didn't look to me as if he would make any kind of a soldier. He didn't seem to have any "get" in him. The third battle of Ypres was his first experience and the Germans were bombarding us. All of a sudden he shouted, "I'm hit! I'm hit!" He was standing about five feet from me.

"Where are you hit, Bill?"

"Get a stretcher bearer right away. I tell you, I'm hit!"

There was no evidence of his being hit and I asked him where.

"Don't talk to me, man, but get a stretcher," was all I could get out of him. I turned back to another friend of mine, Sergt. Major Laird. "Bill Marshall says he's wounded," I told him, with some misgivings. Laird came back with me and we tried to convince Marshall that he was not wounded. We proceeded to take his equipment off and told him his tunic was not even cut or torn in the back where he declared he was hit. He insisted on going thru all the signs of suffering and we looked at his back. Sure enough, he had had an awful smash. There was a big mark from something flat which had not broken the outer skin but had brought the blood to the surface and left a badly bruised place. When we told Bill what we saw he stopped groaning and seemed absolutely mad for revenge.

We were under heavy bombardment at the time. The Fritzies were coming over on us and we opened rapid fire. You should have seen Bill Marshall. He didn't stop at the firing step. He jumped to the parapet and stood there yelling to us, "Come on men. They're coming! They're coming!" Never again could any one have any doubts about Bill. That first blow woke him up. Then, and not till then, did he know and the rest of us know where he stood.

* * *

Tin-can Bombs.

WHEN open fighting ceased shortly after the commencement of the war, and the opposing armies dug themselves in, it didn't take the British Tommy long to discover that an empty jam jar filled with explosives and slugs made a dandy offensive weapon. Many a Boche was put out of business by the bursting of one of these tins, originally carrying "Tickler's Finest Plum and Apple Butter."

These "Tickler" bombs were ignited by means of a fuse left hanging from the tin. Tommy lit the fuse, and when it was going good, heaved it over towards the Germans. These fuses, gotten from the engineers, were of two kinds, the black which burned slowly, and the red which burned up like a flash. At first Tommy used the former, but the result was that sometimes the Germans would catch the bomb when it landed and throw it back into the English trenches.

To prevent this, Tommy hit on the bright idea of taking the red fuses and painting them black to fool Fritz. When the unsuspecting Teuton caught the bomb and held it ready to throw back at its originators, it frequently went off in his hand, and made rather a mess of things, a grim little joke which Tommy enjoyed thoroly, and which helped to put many a Boche out of commission.

* * *

FAITHFUL HELPERS.

War dogs have learned to obey commands given both by word of mouth and by pistol shots. They act as camp guards, trench sentries, scouts and aids to Red Cross workers among the wounded on the battlefields. The stronger are used for hauling. They mount guard in a trench at listening posts for long hours at a stretch, alert every moment for the armies they serve. Some dogs have saved whole companies in fogs by growling when the enemy is near

MURINE Granulated Eyelids, Sore Eyes, Eyes Inflamed by *Sun, Dust* and *Wind* quickly relieved by Murine. Try it in your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes. No Smarting, Just Eye Comfort

FOR YOUR EYES

Murine Eye Remedy At Your Druggist's or by mail, 50c per bottle. Murine Eye Salve, in Tubes 25c. For *Book of the Eye*—Free. Ask **Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago**

HOW TO END CORNS

SAFE CERTAIN

HARSH UNSAFE

DANGEROUS TEMPORARY

Which Way for You?

Above are pictured three ways to treat corns.

Blue-jay is the most certain. It is safe and gentle.

Yet the unknowing ones experiment with harsh, mussy liquids or the dangerous razor.

These two ways are temporary. But Blue-jay is scientific. The spot of medicated wax, discovered by a great chemist, soothes while it works.

Place a Blue-jay Plaster on your throbbing corn tonight.

Relief is instant. The soft felt pad stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

In 48 hours the medicated wax has saturated the corn—undermined it to its roots—and it comes off painlessly, completely. Nature responds quickly to such a gentle, corrective treatment.

Hardly a corn can resist. Of course once in a while there is an old stubborn corn which requires a second or third application. But such are rare.

Blue-jay Plasters are made by Bauer & Black, the great surgical dressing house.

Try a Blue-jay Plaster now. Join the pain-free thousands who rely on Blue-jay.

Once you know Blue-jay, you'll never consent to have a corn again, nor to coddle it with temporary ways.

The cost is slight, the application simple.

Remember, we promise immediate relief and a defenseless corn.

Blue-jay Plasters are sold by all druggists—25c per package. Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.

B&B

Blue-jay

For Corns

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely

25c Packages at Druggists

BAUER & BLACK Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc. Chicago and New York

FREE 42 PIECE INITIAL OR EMBLEM ART CHINA SET

Here is the newest creation in fine China making—a beautiful 42-piece set made of exquisite ware. Each piece is full size, decorated with the popular Old Rose floral design, and edged with gold. In addition to these decorations each piece will be decorated with your personal initial in pure gold, or the emblem of any fraternity, Masonic, Odd Fellows, K. of P., Woodman, Elks, Moose, etc. This accomplishment is absolutely new in fine china making, and gives your set an added personal value—handsome and exclusive as an heirloom. Just think, we give it to you absolutely free for telling your friends and neighbors about

KIBLER'S ALL 'ROUND OIL The Oil of a Thousand Uses

It is truly the perfect furniture polish, cleaner and brightener, rust preventive and leather preserver. It's the national standby. Takes the drudgery out of cleaning—makes cleaning a pleasure in over two million homes. It is so well known that it sells on sight. To get this beautiful dinner set—or cash commission—simply order and sell 24 bottles of this wonderful oil at 50 cents each (containing three times as much as the 75-cent size). Return the $12.00 collected and the dinner set is yours.

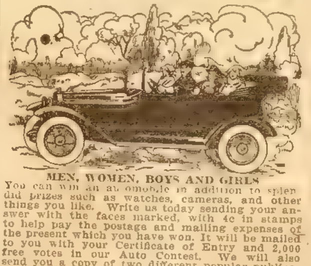
SEND NO MONEY. We trust you and take the oil back if you cannot sell it. Order today, giving your nearest express office. Be the first to enjoy the luxury of these new, novel and beautiful dishes.

THE KIBLER COMPANY, DEPT. G 4 INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

Kibler's All Round Oil

Is the Perfect Furniture Polish Lubricant Leather Dressing Rust Preventive Cleanser

AUTO PRIZE CONTEST



MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS

You can win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes such as watches, cameras, and other things you like. Write us today sending your answer with the faces marked, with 4c in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the present which you have won. It will be mailed to you with your Certificate of Entry and 2,000 free votes in our Auto Contest. We will also send you a copy of two different popular publications worth 5c an issue. Write your name and address plainly so there will be no mistake.

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around, they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?

YOU WILL WIN A PRIZE

if you do, try it, don't give up. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a prize which we know you will appreciate, and it will be a big surprise to you. We will also make you a present of **2,000 free Auto votes**, and tell you all about this splendid automobile, touring car or roadster, which we are going to give away. We will give away many other prizes for just a little effort.

Auto Puzzle Dept. B, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

$5.75 15 JEWELS

FULL 15 JEWELED

For 30 days only we will send this genuine 15 jeweled watch to any address for ONLY $5.75. After 30 days the price may be doubled, therefore order today. Stamped and guaranteed 15 jeweled, the perfect watch. Standard 18 size thin model. 25 year guaranteed, solid nickel silver dust proof screw case, will wear for a lifetime. Or in a 20 year guaranteed SOLID GOLD FILLED case for $8.95. Send this advertisement with $5.75 for watch in silver case, or $8.95 for watch in gold case and it will be sent at once by insured parcel post. Safe delivery and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. This is the chance of a lifetime. ORDER TODAY, send $5.75 or $8.95. Absolute satisfaction [illegible] Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

What Women Are Doing in the War

War Has Not Killed Sympathy.

NOT even the rush and whirl of war preparations can overwhelm the sympathies for the mothers whose sons make the supreme sacrifice for their native land. Something of the brother-to-brother feelings that unite officer and soldier in the ranks of the United States Army manifested itself in a letter sent to the mother of a stricken soldier of Seattle. The soldier, Corporal Leslie E Brabon, died on the 27th of February at Camp Custer, and the mother was notified by the usual brief telegram from the War Department. It was blunt, as such messages are, but Captain Helsinger, commander of the 12th Company, 160th Depot Brigade, Camp Custer, in his letter to Mrs. Brabon showed that not only he but the entire company at Camp Custer shared in the grief which had befallen her. He wrote:

"I have been your son's commanding officer since his entry into the Army, Sept 19, 1917, and in that time I have learned to know him well and early gave him credit for his efficiency and willingness by having him made a corporal. By diligent study and attention to duty he made quick progress and only his youth kept him from the sergeancy for which he was recommended last week and to which he would have been appointed on the 1st of the month.

"You who have been called upon to make the greatest sacrifice a mother can make, cannot help but feel proud to have had a son of whom naught can be said but 'He did his duty and did it well.'

"The battle cry of the medieval patriots, 'For God and King,' must pale before the unselfishness of the slogan, 'For Liberty,' with which our armies will conquer.

"Your son has earned the sweetest epitaph a soldier can receive, 'He died in his country's service.' May its recollection serve to lighten your present grief and be a comfort to you in the years to come. I tender you the sympathy of the officers of the company who had come to know him as an able and efficient assistant. Your loss is ours and the country's also. I tender you the sympathy of the men who mourn him as a well-beloved comrade, who had endeared himself to all by his cheerful disposition and readiness to assist all with whom he came in contact."

A Fairy Godmother.

THE Fairy godmother of our childhood stories pales into insignificance when compared with Mrs. Marie A. Oakes, of New York City. Or so, at least, say the boys in the Columbia School of Military Cinematography. For Mrs. Oakes never tires of making them cake and fudge, nor of preparing fried chicken and corn pone in their honor. This is the way Mrs. Oakes, who was the 13-year-old "godchild" of her father's company during the Civil War, does her bit at the age of 70.

The boys have voted her "godmother" and from the way she supplies them with goodies, and they appreciate her kindness, both parties to the bargain seem supremely happy. Mrs. Oakes' only regret is that her boys, as she calls them, leave so quickly for the other side. But even then, she does not forget them. And the boys—her boys—remember, too. Letters from the other side always contain sentences like th

"Your good things came as such a surprise. I didn't know the world thought about soldiers at all." "The boys punished the corn pone considerably today. To see them you'd know how much you do for us. I am sure every man in the company blesses you for [illegible]" "You are very good to us, godmot [illegible]"

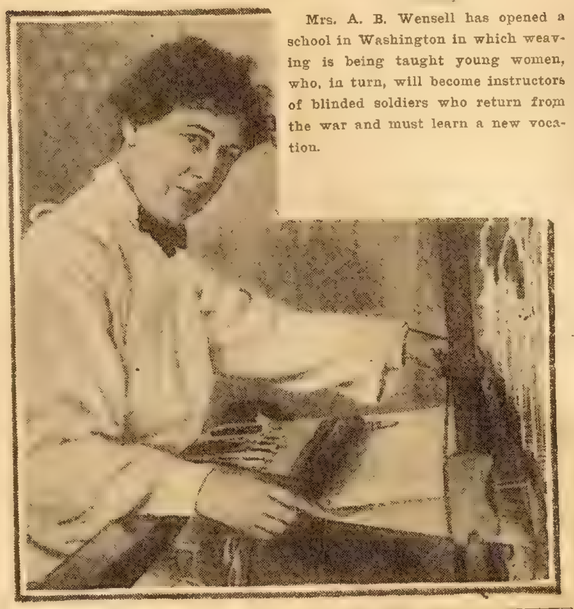
Tracing Lost Bonds.

FOR many years, Miss R. L. Lindsey, of the Division of Loans and Currency, of the Treasury Department in Washington, has been busy investigating the cases of lost bonds, and recommending such as are subject to relief, to the chief of the divisio[illegible]

Lost, strayed and stolen bonds are her specialty; when Liberty Loan bonds are lost, the loser immediately writes to the Division of Loans and Currency in Washington, and Miss Lindsey sets about on her sleuthing mission. Because of the great number of Liberty issues, the volume of her work has increased to such an extent that an entire corps of clerk[illegible] under her direction

It is only the registered bonds which can be d[illegible] when they are destroyed or stolen, altho coupon bonds may be replaced under certain circumstances. Relief has been given in hundreds of cases where the Government receives indisputable evidence that the bond has been stolen or destroyed without bad faith on the part of the owner. Frequently, Miss Lindsey gets the charred remains of bonds and with them, come many interesting stories. She looks into each case as it presents itself, and handles it according to its merits, granting redress whenever possible

To Teach Blind Soldiers Art of Weaving



Mrs. A. B. Wensell has opened a school in Washington in which weaving is being taught young women, who, in turn, will become instructors of blinded soldiers who return from the war and must learn a new vocation.

The Afraid-to-marry-girl.

THE "selfish bachelor" of other days rapidly is being drafted into the National Army if he hasn't already enlisted, and his place is taken by his sister, who today is making more than ever before, and who has better opportunities for advancement than the most radical suffragette ever demanded.

Some one has aptly called this lady the "afraid-to-marry girl." You generally meet her in the cities, altho the smaller town knows her as well. She is attractive, knows how to wear her clothes, how to dress her hair, keeps her hands well manicured, has a bright, intelligent smile, can choose a good dinner for herself, knows the newest books and plays, and leaves you with the general impression that "she is well worth while."

She is a good worker, uses her brains and has personality, is anywhere from 18 to 30 years old, and earns from $10 to $50 a week. But she is afraid to marry. Her salary holds her back. This does not mean that she avoids masculine company. On the contrary, she goes about a great deal. One can meet these girls all over, in the theaters and restaurants, but they rarely encourage sentimentality on the part of their male escorts, altho many of the men who take them about would gladly think and talk of matrimony if they had half a chance.

The charm of the newly-won economic prosperity has gone to the girls' heads, like wine. She forgets that, unlike her brother, she cannot marry when she will. The years steal her charm and her opportunities for marriage, and her present gilded path of irresponsibility is leading her into the years when she will have no choice but to walk alone, and the pleasures and delights of today will have lost their savor. To some, who have thought about this side of the picture, even this is preferable to a life of privation. But the vast majority of women who choose this path will find that they have sold their birthright of motherhood and love for a mess of pottage.

A War of Scorn.

SOCIAL ostracism, invented in the days of the old Greeks, could not have been worse than the fate meted out to the women of Oak Park, Illinois, who refuse to do their bit for the Red Cross.

Oak Park is a village, a mere suburb of Chicago, but tremendously fashionable withal. Every one of its few thousand families is "first" and claims to hold the national record for commissioned officers in the United States Army and Navy. With 1,200 sons in the service, Red Cross leaders can see no reason for tolerating female slackers who would rather play bridge or golf during the afternoons that make surgical dressings or sweaters for the soldiers, or attend to their war gardens.

To check up on the loyal women workers, the Red Cross committee arranged a loyalty parade recently for which all business in the village was suspended. It was announced that "there will be but one ground for exemption from marching in the parade. All pro-Germans may stay out."

In addition the following statement was made to women who had failed to sign up for Red Cross work, knitting or the cultivation of a war garden:

"The only legitimate excuse for not doing war work is employment during the day, sickness, or very small children. Just what are the sacrifices our boys are making for you? They are sacrificing everything but their very souls and they are finding them. Those boys are teaching the world the real meaning of sacrifice, and there are none of us too good or too high even to shine their boots.

"Yet you will not respond to the call sent out for workers. Do you think you are really worth fighting for? If you cannot give time to make hospital garments or surgical dressings you are too unpatriotic for Oak Park and the best thing to do is to get passports to the land of 'kultur' and live with your kind. We don't want you here!"

Hospital "Manned" by Women.

ENGLAND can boast the only military hospital in the world "manned" exclusively by women. It is the Endell Street Hospital in London, and its commanding officer is Dr. Flora Murray, with the status—not the rank—of colonel, the highest military status ever won by a woman. Under her direction, there are fifteen surgeons, one physician, an anaesthetist, an opthalmist, a radiologist, a pathologist and two dentists—all women.

Since the hospital opened, more than 4,000 operations have been performed, some of them extremely critical, with no man present but the patient. And the soldier patients seem to think that the hospital gives them as good and better care than those where men are in command. One Tommy was asked how he liked it in this hospital. He was coming out of the hospital gate, discharged, and was back in civilian clothes. His arm had been amputated.

"Of course," he said, "my arm should have come off in the first place; but I was pretty anxious to keep it if I could, so I asked them to save it. They performed a half-dozen operations in two weeks, but in the end it had to be amputated. But those women doctors tried hard to save it. You'd never get a man to take that much trouble."

The women on the staff of the hospital, from the head administrator down, work hard. They are on duty from early morning to late at night, and many of them are women who never had done a stroke of work in their lives before the war broke out. Among these non-professional helpers, are eighty orderlies. A good many of them are debutantes, or women whose officer husbands are at the front. Their duties comprise sweeping and dusting, making beds, helping the professional nurses with bandages and dressings, and tending to the meals. They are on duty from 7:30 a. m., when their motor cars bring them to work, until 8 p. m., when the same cars call to take them home. They receive a Tommy's pay from the government, whether they want it or not. Four years ago, these women were the pampered children of luxury. Today they are real workers in a very democratic England.

A Few Figures.

ACCORDING to the figures announced by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics, there has been an increase of 1,426,000 women employed in gainful occupations since 1914. The greatest increase was in industries which took in 530,000 more women, but the largest proportionate gain was 214,000 women taken into Government service. It is estimated that women have replaced 1,443,000 men since 1914. More than 440,000 women formerly employed in domestic service or in dressmaking have gone into Government and industrial (factory) work.

A woman may be unable to convince a man that he is mistaken, but she can prove to his satisfaction that it is foolish to argue with the fair sex.

Her Twinkling Toes Lure Recruits.

Miss Nettie McPherson of Chicago is a recruiting sergeant for the British-Canadian forces. In the kilts of the Gordon Highlanders she does the dances of her native Scotland to the bagpipes, and wins many recruits.

The Power of Suggestion

By Don La Grange

ONE day the good Deacon Pennybone, of the village of Delhi, found it necessary to drive over to Wharton, six miles away.

He was hitching up his horse and buggy when Mrs. Hannah Savage came to the house to say:

"Deacon, they say you are going to drive over to Wharton today?"

"Yes, I am," was the reply.

"Got a load?"

"Only a jug to be filled with ile."

"You know my sister Sarah lives over there?"

"Yes, guess she do, tho I hain't much of a hand to keep track of folks' sisters."

"Well, Sarah's got a baby a year old, and she wrote me that it can't walk yet. Something seems to be the matter with his knees or back."

"It sure orter be walkin' at a year old. They say I wasn't quite 10 months old when I could trot right out doors. Do you want to send any word to Sarah?"

"I want to drive over and back with you."

"All right. You be ready in fifteen minutes. Guess the old mare can take us both and not git tuckered out."

Deacon Pennybone was a widower.

Hannah Savage was a widow.

They had both lived in Delhi for years, and both belonged to the same church, but gossip had never even hinted a marriage between them. It had never hinted that either of them would marry again.

The drive to Wharton was made. The deacon went to get his jug filled with oil and the widow to see her sister and the baby.

The baby was walking all right. The next day after its mother had written about its walkless condition it had got choked on a spool of thread and been shook and dangled head downward with vigorous hand! Ten minutes later it was taking its first steps.

The drive out and back was pleasant. The widower and widow talked about the new spire for the meeting house that was going to be erected—the death of Silas White's cow—the plenitude of potato bugs—the success of the late Sunday school picnic and even the best way of killing off burdocks so they would stay killed, but not a word nor a hint of anything closer.

They were just neighbors. If the subject of the heathen of Africa had been brought up they might have discussed it for miles to the exclusion of all else.

The deacon's sister was his housekeeper—a sour-faced old maid with a sharp tongue, and when her brother got back home she felt it her duty to say something. She therefore remarked:

"I suppose the match was at least half-made today."

"What match?" asked the deacon.

"She's been trying to catch a man for the last five years."

"Ruth, who you talkin' about?"

"Why, the Widow Savage."

"What's wrong with her?"

"She'd like to change her name to Pennybone!"

"Say, now," replied the deacon as he fired up, "you quit talkin' that way! She hain't the slightest idea of it. If she has I hain't."

"All widders want to marry again," said the sister.

"Then let 'em marry, but none of 'em will marry me!"

When the Widow Savage got home Mrs. Goodhue, a neighbor, dropped in to ask about the baby over at Wharton that couldn't walk. She was given full information, and then she remarked:

"Lots of folks thought it funny."

"What was?"

"Your riding over there with Deacon Pennybone."

"But I don't see anything funny about that."

"Well, you hadn't been gone half an hour when the story was around that you and the deacon had gone away to get married."

"Upon my soul! The deacon and me get married! Why, he don't want me, and I don't want him. If the foolkiller would come along he'd find plenty to do in this town."

"Then—then."

"Then nothing!"

What a curious thing is human nature! Here were two people who were neighbors and friends—nothing more. They hadn't thought of each other once a week, unless happening to meet.

But now, because a sour-tempered old maid and a gossipy neighbor made a few remarks they began thinking of each other.

"By gosh!" said the deacon to himself as he sat down to milk the cow that evening, "the Widder Savage wouldn't be such a bad match if a feller wanted to marry agin. She's purty good lookin' when she's got her Sunday duds on and she can talk like a streak and talk sense, too. I've heard she was a savin' woman and had money in the bank."

And as the Widow Savage cleared away her supper dishes she smiled and mused:

"So they thought the deacon and me were going to elope and get married! I m' Guess he'd be the last man I'd think of tho I will say for him that he's good-tempered and upright. He pays his debts and never says anything mean of anybody. If I wanted to get married again, which I don't, and the deacon wanted to get married again, which he don't—why—why——"

It is highly probable that the deacon did some more thinking, as in about four weeks after that drive to Wharton and back he called at the house of his pastor and said:

"Pastor, I know a widder woman in this town."

"Yes?" was replied.

"She's a church member."

"Yes?"

"She's a darned nice woman!"

"Be careful, deacon!"

"I'm kinder thinkin' that as I am a widower and she a widder we might make a match."

"Yes?"

"She's purty well off, and I'm purty well off, and—and——"

"And what?"

"Why, I've come to ask you what you think about it."

"Do you love her?" asked the pastor after a silence.

"Can't say that thinking about her has kept me awake nights."

"Have you courted her?"

"Not a darned court!"

"Deacon, must I caution you again about your profanity! Have you spoken to her about marriage?"

"Not a darned—I mean not a word."

"Then, as I gather from your words, if you marry this widow it is a selfish sort of marriage on your part."

"Why, I'd get a good woman and her property, and she's get a good man and be cared for."

"Such matches are made every day," said the parson, "and I regard each and every one as an evil. Every marriage should be based on love. If you should find yourself loving this woman then it would be right and proper to offer marriage. Unless this is the case I shall hope there will be no marriage."

"I guess that lets me out, parson. I hain't got no more romance about me than a bump on a dead log."

And it is highly probable that the Widow Savage did some more thinking, for within a week she followed the Deacon's trail to the parsonage and said to the pastor:

"I am terribly embarrassed, but I want your advice."

"What is the trouble, Sister Savage?" was asked.

"If a man—if a good man—if a widower asked me to marry him, and I did not exactly love him, would I be doing right to marry him?"

"Not according to my lights, sister. You must learn to love him first."

"But if I don't have the chance to learn?"

"I sometimes think that Providence has a hand in those things," replied the good man, tho there was a bit of doubt in his tones.

It was two weeks later and the widow was returning from the sawmill, where she had been to order some boards to repair her pig pen. She met Deacon Pennybone face to face. He was bound for the mill to order some shingles for the roof of his kitchen.

"Hope I see you well, widder."

"And the same to you."

"Did the frost last night nip your garden any?"

"Not a spec."

And then, as the deacon was about to say that he guessed the frost had killed off the horse-flies for good and all there came warning shouts of:

"Mad dog! Mad dog! Look out, Deacon!"

He turned to see a mastiff that was surely suffering with the rabies coming down the street full at them. He didn't lose a second. He picked the widow up and threw her over a picket fence, and then sprang after her. The mad animal came racing up and would have made the jump had not a big club knocked him down and afterward battered the life out of him.

After the marriage, which took place a month later, the Deacon asked:

"Hanner, dear, when did you first feel that you loved me with all your heart?"

"Why, it was when you chucked me over the fence!"

* * *

The Same Thing.

IRVIN S. COBB recently wasted several thousand dollars drilling for water on his Westchester farm at $3 a foot.

One day during the drought Mr. Cobb was motoring home with four huge casks of water, when a stranger hailed him:

"Where did you get that water, brother?"

"Four miles down the road," Cobb replied.

"Do you mean to tell me you haul your water four miles?" said the stranger.

"Yep," said Cobb.

"Why, the dickens don't you dig a well?"

"Because, friend," said Cobb, sadly, "it's just as far one way as the other."

* * *

Too Late.

THE taking over of the railroads and the cutting down of certain six-figure salaries led Senator Tillman to say:

"I am reminded of a young fellow who applied for a job on the Oil City and Millville line.

"'Well, young man, what can you do?' said the superintendent.

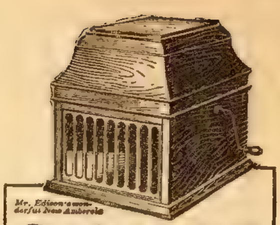
"'Nothing,' the young man replied.

"'Humph,' said the superintendent. 'All those high-salaried positions have been done away with since the Government took us over.'"

DEAR FRIENDS:—Let me tell you about my sad misfortune. I am a poor crippled boy, fell and hurt my side and back when I was a little boy out hunting; went to bed and never got up. I have been down in bed 19 years, and it seems so bad to be so I can't walk to go anywhere. I want an automobile so I can be put out in it and taken out; think it would help me. I am going to try to sell enough Deep River Grit Whetstones to get me an automobile. They are very fine and beautiful stones and put the sharpest edge on knives and tools. Kind friends, just think of what an awful helpless and desolate condition I am in, being here confined to my bed for 19 long weary years, suffering all the time and deprived of ever walking about any more in this world. It breaks my heart, but I will try to trust in God and I hope when you hear about me you will help me get the car, and all I ask is that you send me one dollar for one of these stones so I can soon get the car, and it will almost mean new legs for me. Please don't forget me, and may God bless you.

Yours in misfortune,

JOE MORPHEW,
Trade, Tennessee


Mr. Edison's wonderful New Amberola

Only $1.00 and After Trial

Keep the New Edison Amberola—Edison's great phonograph with the diamond stylus—and your choice of records, for only $1.00. Pay balance at rate of only a few cents a day. Free trial in your own home before you decide. Nothing down. Write Today for our New Edison Book and pictures, free.
F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Dist 9014 Edison Blk. Chicago

THIS FORD FREE

Send Us No Money

JUST YOUR NAME

You don't need money to get an automobile. Let me give you one of my brand new, never used, latest model, five-passenger Ford Touring Cars. I have given away dozens of them. You might as well have one, too. If you have no auto and want one, send me your name right away, and say: "I want to get one of your Ford cars." A post-card will do.

RHOADS AUTO CLUB
306 Capital Bldg., Topeka, Kansas

DRUMS FREE

We teach by mail and give you an orchestra drum absolutely Free. You pay one dollar weekly for thirty-two lessons as taken. More liberal terms for cash. Drum sent with first lesson. Motion pictures analyze the beats. We teach and supply brass band instruments. Write INTERNATIONAL CORNET SCHOOL, 733 Federal St., Boston

CARAMEL PUDDING
BLACK PEPPER

$5 to $10 A DAY EASILY EARNED

TAKING ORDERS FOR OUR HIGH GRADE SOAPS, TOILET PREPARATIONS AND FOOD PRODUCTS

Our Goods Are Well Known Everywhere. They Have Been Nationally Advertised and Used in Millions of Homes for Over 30 Years.

FRIENDS FOR 30 YEARS

When a firm can hold satisfied customers and agents for 30 years, it proves the goods are of the highest quality. We want men and women who desire a business of their own.

SALESMAN'S $2.00 OUTFIT FOR ONLY $1.00

NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY

That you may see and test some of the products before you send for a large order, we will send you the $2.00 outfit pictured above, which contains a few of our best selling products. (See list in this advertisement.)

The total retail value of this outfit is $2.10. We send it to you for only $1.00. With this outfit you can take orders from your friends and neighbors for these products and easily earn $5 to $10 a day profit.

I am enclosing an order for $100.00 worth of goods. The goods are all sold. I am delighted with the way your goods sell.
MRS. MAXWELL, Minnesota.

Write your name and address in the coupon and we will send the outfit to you at once. Do it now—be the first in your community to get the agency for our money-making products.

CROFTS & REED CO.,
DEPT. 357-C, CHICAGO, ILL.

AGENT'S OUTFIT No. 5
PRICE $1.00 Sent Postpaid

1 Cake Fragrant Bouquet Soap	10c
1 Cake Spring Blossom Soap	10c
1 Jar Witch Hazel Cream	25c
1 Carnation Talcum Powder	25c
1 Pink Face Powder	25c
1 White Rose Cold Cream	35c
1 Jar Rose Shampoo	25c
1 Tube Tooth Paste	25c
1 Caramel Pudding	15c
1 Pkg. Black Pepper	15c
Retails for	$2.10
Costs you	1.00
Your profit	$1.10

CROFTS & REED CO.,
DEPT. 357-C, CHICAGO, ILL.

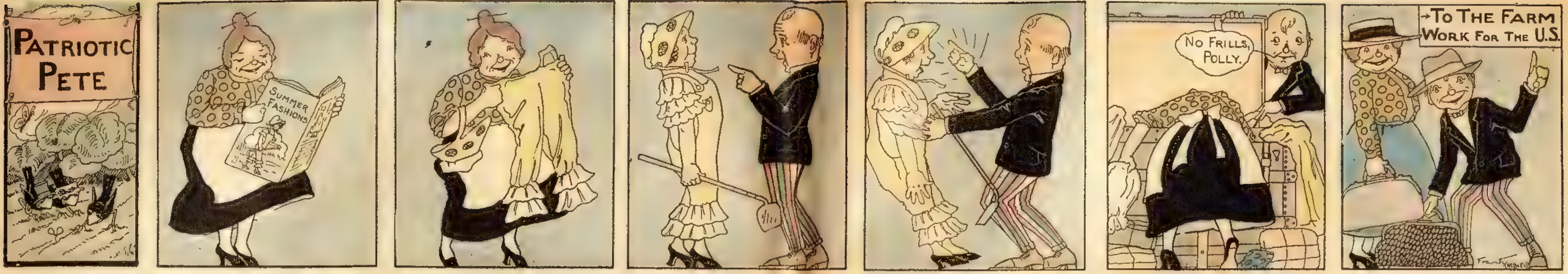
Gentlemen: I would like to secure the Agency for your products in my community. Kindly send me your Salesman's Outfit, No. 5. I will pay $1.00 upon receipt of it.

Name..............................

P. O. ....

State ....

St. No. or R. F. D. ....



PEEVING PETE—"Just the costume for my farm work," said Polly with delight.

Having made her trouserettes, Polly donned them to dazzle Pete.

But our Peter gazed with anger at Polly's frilly get-up.

Pete shook his fist, declaring his wife should not wear such foolishness.

So, a very ashamed Polly took all of the fluffy ruffles out of the trunk.

Then, arrayed in good old work clothes, they started for the farm

Contradictory.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," said the conjurer, trying to make his husky voice impressive, "I will conclude my entertainment with truly a wonderful trick It is a feat which must be seen to be believed."

After a lot of difficulty he borrowed a shabby silk hat from his village audience. Turning it upside down to prove there was nothing inside, he next placed it brim uppermost on his little table and proceeded to produce twelve eggs from its depths

The audience watched with goggling eyes and then burst into wild applause

"And now," the magician went on, bowing his thanks "I will show you that, although the hat is empty, there is inside it the hen that laid those eggs"

Putting his hand into the hat he withdrew a fluttering, squawking fowl, which he placed on the table and turned to face the applause.

Instead there was a wild yell of laughter. He turned in amazement, which changed to horror when the fowl shrieked.

"Cocka-doodle-do-o"

❧

Very Agreeable.

He had not met his friend since the latter's marriage and after a pleasant visit he said to the young wife:

"It pleases me to find that you agree in everything with your husband, my old friend"

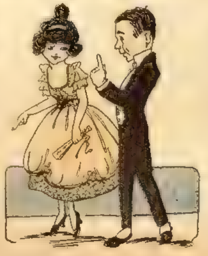
With a sniff, the bride replied: "My dear Mr. Fish, if you dig a little deeper into our domestic relations you'll find that it is he who agrees with me in everything"

❧

Corrected.

At a dedication festival service at a country church the following announcement was made by the pastor:

"The collections today will be devoted to the arch fund, and not, as erroneously printed in the morning paper, to the arch-fiend."



"Do you think kissing dangerous as the doctors say?"

"Well, it has certainly put an end to a good many confirmed bachelors"

❧

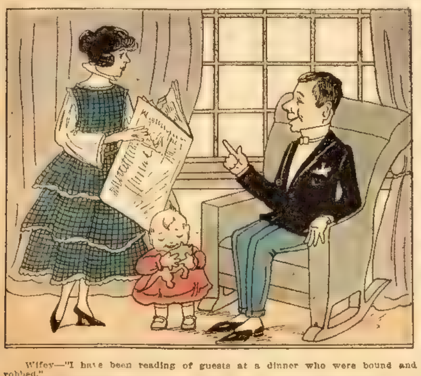
Called Frederick an Ass.

Some years before the war the German Crown Prince got a very neat calldown from Miss Bernice Willard, a Philadelphia girl. It was during the Emperor's regatta, and the two mentioned were sitting with others on the deck of a yacht. A whiff of smoke from the Prince's cigarette blowing into the young lady's face, a lieutenant near by remarked: "Smoke withers flowers."

"It is no flower," said the Prince, jocularly, "it is a thistle."

Miss Willard raised her eyes a trifle "In that case," she said, "I had better retire or I shall be devoured."

The party saw the point, and the prince was discomfited



Wifey—"I have been reading of guests at a dinner who were bound and robbed."

Hubby—"Couldn't the waiters get their tips in the regulation way?"

Was the Farmer Right?

A politician who is a great walker was out enjoying his favorite recreation, says Vice President Marshall. After going a few miles he sat down to rest

"Want a lift, mister?" asked a good-natured farmer driving that way

"Thank you," responded the politician, "I will avail myself of your kind offer"

The two rode on in silence for a while Presently the farmer asked: "Professional man?"

"Yes," answered the politician, who was thinking of a bill he had pending before the House.

After another long pause the farmer observed:

"You ain't a lawyer, or you'd be talkin', you ain't a doctor, 'cause you ain't got a bag, and you ain't a preacher, from the looks of you. What is your profession?"

"I am a politician," was the reply

The farmer gave a snort of disgust

"Politics ain't no profession; politics is a business," said he.

❧

Taking the Joy Out of Life.

A Western politician lost his wife not long ago. The better-half had not been known as the best tempered woman in the world, while at the same time the man of political turn was not conceded to have the best disposition in the world At the funeral he was informed that he would be placed in a carriage with his sister-in-law, whom he detested

"I simply won't ride to the cemetery with that woman," he told the undertaker.

"But you must!" that worthy declared, "for appearances."

To save a scene the politician finally agreed to ride with the sister-in-law "Oh, well," he said, "if I must, I must. But I want to tell you that having that woman with me will spoil all the pleasure of the ride."

❧

Hard on Forbes-Robertson.

Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, strolling along Fifth avenue the other day, was recognized by an observing shop girl out for her lunch

"Look, Mame," the girl said, as she nudged her companion "There goes Forbes-Robertson, the great actor. They say he's gone into the movies"

The girl addressed as Mame masticated her chewing gum unmercifully as she surveyed the dignified face and figure of the actor

"Well," she announced critically, "I wish him luck, but he'll never hold a candle to Charlie Chaplin, that's my guess."

❧

He Was Glad.

An aching tooth is not the best friend in the world, and this fact was demonstrated by a country justice of the peace once when, suffering with the trouble, he was called upon to unite a rural couple in marriage

The justice's irritability was not lessened any when the prospective husband informed him that he would not be expected in this case to kiss the bride.

"Thank you," snapped the justice "Under those circumstances I shall charge you only one-half the usual fee"

■

Some Squeeze.

In the matter of picturesque expression there is no one to excel a bright Hibernial.

A judge was questioning an Irishman at a recent trial.

"He took you by the throat and choked you, did he?" asked the judge.

"He did, sorr," said Pat. "Sure, sorr, he squazed me throat till I thought he would made cider out of me Adam's apple"

His Line.

He traveled for an important wholesale house. Seated comfortably in the railway car he found beside him a rather sedate-looking gentleman, with whom he sought to converse, and after the manner of his kind, began by telling what goods he sold, for whom he sold, to whom he sold, and in what large quantities he sold

"And you, my friend," he said, "what is your line?"

"Brains," answered his sedate and would-be retiring companion

"Ah! brains, you say? That must be nice! You carry no samples, eh?"

Thanks.

Mrs. Nabor—"There's one thing to be said for old man Skinner; he certainly shows a disposition to give thanks for what he has."

Nabor—Well I don't know anything to give that's less expensive."

—Judge

Lucky for Them.

Two amateur highwaymen waylaid a man on a dark and stormy night The victim was reputed to be well off but at the same time was declared to be the tightest-fisted man in the country When attacked the man unmercifully mauled his assailants and by the time they finally subdued him they were both fit subjects for the hospital. But the hardest blow came when, after a close search, they found one dollar in their victim's pockets

"Jim," observed one of the highwaymen, "it's lucky that guy didn't have two dollars or he'd have killed us both."

Diagonal Puzzle.

19

H • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • •
• • • • L

This puzzle is solved by filling in the blank spaces with the words indicated by the following sentences. The first row, both horizontal and vertical, spells the same word; both the second rows are the same, etc.:

1. Part of the body.
2. An adverb, meaning relating to
3. High in excellence or worth
4. A bright red seaweed
5. A useful metal.

❧

Mixed Birds.

20—Arrange the following syllables so you will have twenty birds.

Bob, fal, co, in, jab, daw, i, ad, wary, bul, flam, tant, so, jac, ma, in, i, con, link, ru, i, jun, o, ju, ti, fran, li, pec, can, san, chi, go, gyr, cas, bul, a, kam, der, lin, mar, Jack, kis, caw, col, nule, or, ca, l. wake, gal, ole, ry, pel, ling, net.

❧

Beheaded Boats.

21—Behead eight-different kinds of water craft and have:

1. A shoemaker's tool
2. A domestic animal.
3. The first houseboat.
4. To say.
5. A part of the body
6. Hindmost.
7. Dress.
8. A narrow back street

❧

Charade.

22—My first, a conjunction, as common as can be,
My second, a preposition, as you'll at once see,
My third, an interjection, it stands quite alone;
My fourth, an abbreviation that you're often shown.
When all these grammatical terms you have found,
They'll combine in a river known the world round

❧

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

15. Diagonal Puzzle.

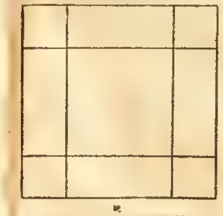
A L L A H
L A U R A
L U N A R
A R A B S
H A R S H

16. Puzzle of the Iceman.

1, Solstice 2, Avarice 3, Artifice 4, Notice 5 Office. 6, Edifice 7, Malice 8 Service 9, Choice. 10, Prejudice 11, Office 12, Oratice 13, Poultice. 14, Justice 15, Cornice. 16, Lattice. 17, Accomplice. 18, Vice 19, Dice 20, Rice 21, Surplice 22, Mice. 23, Juice 24, Pumice 25, Coplce 26, Sluice 27, Dentifrice. 28, Bodice. 29 Price. 30, Suffice. 31 Caprice. 32, Police 33, Advice 34, Device 35 Crevice 36, Precipice

❧

17. Geometrical Puzzle.



❧

18. Drop Letter Rhomboid.

BEES
HEED
LEER
KEEN
REEF
LEES
DEEP
TEEM
SEEN
PEEL
TEES
REEK
KEEL
DEEM
PEER

❧

It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

What Became of the Pond.

Speaking at a dinner, Senator J. Hamilton Lewis of Illinois referred to the propensity of some people for asking foolish questions, and told the following story:

One day a city man happened in a country community, and while rambling around he ran across a depression in the earth covering several acres. Somewhat perplexed, he questioned a native close by, and was told that it was the bed of a lost lake.

"You don't really mean it?" returned the city man. "Whatever became of all the water?"

"It was in this way," readily explained the native. "There was a picnic out here last August, and when night came on they had nearly a barrel of pretzels left, which they didn't want to cart back home, so they threw them in the lake."

"Yes, I see," interjected the other as the native paused, "but what had that to do with it?"

"Everything," answered the native "The fish ate them, and the salty taste made them so thirsty that they drank all the water."

❧

A Kind-hearted Censor.

He always called her "mother" and she called him "sonny" tho there was only a year between them. When he went to France his letters began, "Dear mother," and ended with "Your son ——," and were just the "homey" bright letters a boy would write to his mother.

When a censor, somewhere in France, read one over and then discovered the address on the envelope to be "Miss ——" he decided the boy had made a mistake He had put his mother's letter in the envelope intended for his girl! He was a kind-hearted censor for this is what the girl read at the end of one of such letters: "I am very sorry for the apparent error, but this is the letter I found in this envelope."

❧

There Was Enough Left.

When an Irishman recently caught a youngster stealing apples off his farm he proceeded to administer a regular thrashing to the boy, whereupon the latter screamed and howled until the Irishman desisted a moment

"Don't lick me," yelled the lad "I ain't to blame for this."

"Ye ain't to blame? Why ain't ye, I'd like to know."

"'Cause people say I ain't all there," screeched the boy

"Well, then, I'll lick what there is of ye"

❧

What Could She Expect?

"Paw, you hain't eatin' pie with your spoon, be you?" inquired Aunt Samanthy when there was company at the table

"Course I be," was the prompt sarcastic rejoinder. "What in tarnation did you expect that I was goin' to eat it with? My knife ain't sharp enough to cut it'"

❧

Just the Same to Him.

Entering a saloon of rather suspicious reputation the man approached the bar. "Give me a drink of squirrel whisky," the man gurgled.

"Haven't got any squirrel whisky," the bartender declared "I can give you our special brand—Old Hawk-ins."

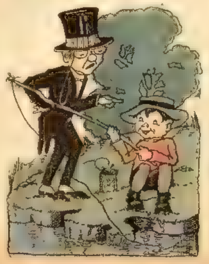
"Well, go ahead," was the answer. "I'd just as soon fly as climb."

❧

Wrong Again.

"I hear that Jerry Bunco has bought another car," said Tattler. "He'll be busy dodging his creditors now."

"On the contrary," replied Moody. "He'll keep them busy dodging him."



Clergyman—"Little boy don't you know this is a day of rest?"

Boy—"I ain't tired, thank you, mister."

❧

The Wrong Process.

A colored Baptist was exhorting

"Now, breddern and sistern, come up to de altar and have yo' sins washed away."

All came up but one man

"Why, Brudder Jones, don't yo' want yo' sins washed away?"

"I done had my sins washed away."

"Yo' has? Where yo' had yo' sins washed away?"

"Ober at the Methodist church"

"Ah, Brudder Jones, yo' ain't been washed; yo' jes' been dry cleaned"

❧

Considerate Husband.

Mrs Exe—"So you've got a new gown after all I thought you said you couldn't afford one this fall"

Mrs Wye—"So I did, but my husband had a streak of luck recently. He broke his leg the next day after taking out an accident policy that pays $50 a week"

Even in the Best of Families.

Lieutenant B. told in a recent letter of a rather embarrassing position he was placed in recently. Until then he had prided himself on his immunity from the soldier's comrade—the "cootie"—or louse, which is the "bunkie" of nearly every soldier boy. One morning he decided to give a talk on cleanliness to his men, and he in a modest way set his own case as the result of proper care. He was not troubled with cooties, etc. He was making quite an impression on his men and becoming enthusiastic about his subject, when his sergeant stepped up to him. He calmly reached up and removed a small brown object from Lieutenant B.'s collar—with a half apologetic "Pardon me, sir."

It was a cootie—and a big father one at that!

Lieutenant B. after one hasty look flushed red and turned away in embarrassment. Then he realized the humor of the situation and turning with a smile said:

"The laugh's on me, boys"

❧

The Czar.

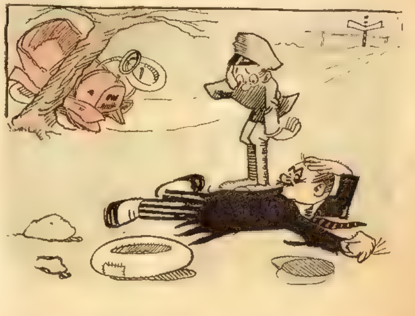
There was a company of gentlemen engaged in a little game of cards in a prominent man's parlor one night lately. It grew late and fears were expressed by the party that they were trespassing upon the kindness of the mistress of the house, who, by the way, was not present. "Not at all, gentlemen—not at all! Play as long as you please. I am Czar here!" said the master of the mansion "Yes, gentlemen; play as long as you please," said a silvery voice, and all rose as the mistress of the house stood before them. "Play as long as you please, gentlemen! But as it is nearly 1 o'clock, the Czar is going to bed."

❧

Another Atrocity.

Little Ruth, who had been reading about the German atrocities in Belgium, went with her mother to the Museum of Arts

"Oh, mother," she cried, standing in front of Venus de Milo, "look what the Germans did to this poor Belgian woman."



Chauffeur—"I ran into a tree, sir."

Motorist (surveying the total loss)—"Oh, well, that's cheaper than running it into a garage for the winter."

CHICAGO LEDGER

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year, (52 issues). $1.00 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft. Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $1.45 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

These two publications are America's most popular weeklies, and are read by millions of people every week.

GENTLE JABS.

The first sigh of love is the last of wisdom.

Ants preach frugality, but do not say a word.

Trust not your enemies; there are few faithful enemies.

The road to knowledge crosses the plains of ignorance.

Many a persuasive woman has made a dumb waiter answer.

One good way to derive an income from literature—sell books.

A ton of coal now is better than two tons of granite hereafter.

The small boy who won't fight is always nagging at little girls.

Be sure you are right, but not too sure that every one else is wrong.

Occasionally the man who refuses to face the music follows the band.

Any man who goes to law may be sure that his lawyer will get justice.

You never know what you can do until you try to undo what you have done.

It's the bill for a woman's stunning Easter gown that shocks her husband.

The man who will not trust his feelings is not doing a credit business.

The chap who gathers wool may expect to be fleeced himself now and then

It matters not how good a man may be, there are some who can never see it.

Some people think they are never talked about because they never hear it

A woman usually has a rug in front of the mirror to cover the hole in the carpet.

Generally the world doesn't pause to examine a man's tracks after he gets there.

A wife is sometimes known as a man's better half—and sometimes as the whole thing.

What has become of the good old stock of men who went thru the school of hard knocks?

Sometimes a man's enemies with bad designs do him less harm than his friends with good intentions.

Possibly all men may be born free and equal, but it is impossible to keep some of them in that condition.

Many a man imagines that he is in the glare of publicity when the public isn't aware of his existence.

If a wise young man calls on a girl and she requests her little brother to recite for him the hint is sufficient.

It is an easy matter for a woman to manage a husband if she has tears to shed and knows when to shed them.

It was said of man that speech was given him to enable him to conceal his thoughts, but it was a needless precaution in many cases.

Your Kitchen in War Time

How to Save Wheat.

OUR own boys and our Allies "over there" need bread more than they do meat, says the Food Administration, asking that we save on wheat as much as possible for a while, by making every day a wheatless day as far as we are able.

The administration, by wheatless, does not mean that we must use no wheat. Bread containing a small percentage of wheat is permissible even at our wheatless meals each day, and on wheatless days each week. Nevertheless, many individuals have managed to make real wheatless breads of many palatable sorts, and some hotels and restaurants have done the same thing. Not long ago some 600 steamships engaged in the gulf trade pledged themselves to reduce their consumption of wheat about 50 per cent. They planned eight wheatless meals a week, and at these wheatless meals not one grain of wheat was to be eaten. If you have not already learned the knack of wheatless dishes—that is, dishes really containing no wheat—you should do so at once.

In every kitchen a great deal of white flour is used each week in thickening soups sauces and gravies. It is quite possible to get good results with other kinds of thickening. Now that eggs are cheaper, you can use a beaten egg for thickening many kinds of sauce and soup. You must use the egg carefully, beating it with a little of the hot fluid before adding it to the whole; and you must never boil the soup or sauce after adding the egg. A good form of thickening for soups is tapioca, sago, or one of the other preparations of that sort. Cornstarch may be used satisfactorily in thickening gravies and sauces. The same care must be taken in mixing the cornstarch that is necessary in mixing flour for thickening. That is, it must be first thoroly blended with cold water or cold milk. In various vegetable dishes where thickening is usually called for you can simply forego the thickening entirely. Perhaps you are used to spinach prepared with a little flour and cream; but you can acquire a taste for spinach prepared with the cream, without the flour. In creamed baked dishes you may be able to substitute cornstarch for flour.

Rice has come in for a great deal of attention as a starch substitute for white flour since the wheat shortage. If we could only teach ourselves to eat rice as most Orientals do, in place of bread, we could get along almost without any wheat. It is said that the Japanese, who eat rice three times a day, are so used to it and so fond of it that in some American schools, where many of them are studying, they always finish up their American dinner with two or three bowls of rice. Of course, we should not eat rice in addition to other food, but instead of it.

The water in which rice has been boiled makes an excellent addition to soups, giving them a slight thickness. If you boil rice to pieces you have a really thick water that will serve as a foundation for thick soups. Oatmeal boiled in soup stock has the same effect. And, if you mix rice with tomatoes and bake the combination you have a very good substitute for scalloped tomatoes. It is also possible to make pudding that ordinarily calls for bread crumbs with boiled rice as a substitute. Apples and rice may be cooked together in the form of a brown Betty pudding, and boiled rice may be combined with various kinds of canned fruit in the form of pudding. The food value is as great as it would be were bread crumbs used. It is also possible to make cornmeal answer sometimes for bread in the preparation of cooked dishes. It may almost always be used in place of crumbs for coating croquettes, cutlets, chops, etc. Indeed, it may always be used satisfactorily in this way if it is thoroly cooked. Cornmeal, of course, takes longer to cook than white bread crumbs or cracker crumbs that have already been cooked when baked and possibly browned again in the oven. If you use cornmeal for coating croquettes, for instance, cook them longer than you would ordinarily. It is always possible to use cornmeal with good results as a coating for fried fish or any other raw food that must anyway be cooked thoroly.

Any recipe calling for bread crumbs may be made to utilize crumbs of rye, wholewheat or corn bread. Of course, the finished dish will taste different from one made from white bread crumbs, but it ought to taste just as good. Some clever cooks obtained very interesting results last winter by substituting first one and then another wheat substitute bread for white bread in dishes calling for bread crumbs. Ginger bread made of corn and rye flour makes a delicious brown Betty. You can concoct unusual and tempting puddings for yourself by this kind of substitution

❧

Spanish Rice.

TWO tablespoons fat, 1 cup uncooked rice. Fry rice until brown. Add 1 pint water, 1 small onion (chopped fine), salt and pepper and 1 pint tomatoes Cook for thirty minutes.

LET US BE WORTHY.

THE Allies ask us to meet only their absolutely imperative needs. They are restricting the consumption of their own people to the minimum necessary for health and strength. They are controlling their food by drastic government regulation. There is even actual privation among their women and children; there is starvation in Belgium.

The Allies need wheat and meat and fats and sugar. They must have more of all these than we have been sending, more than we shall be able to send unless we restrict our own consumption. We can do it without harm, for, as a nation, we are today eating and wasting much more food that we need.—Herbert Hoover, United States Food Administrator.

Ten Sandwich Fillings.

FOR sandwiches of many kinds,
And fillings that are new,
I hope that these few recipes
Will helpful be to you!

FIG SANDWICHES—Chop fine 1 cupful of figs and cook to a paste with half a cupful of hot water, add a teaspoonful of lemon juice and set away until cold. Spread on the prepared bread and dust with finely chopped nuts.

NUT AND RAISIN—Use half as many nuts as raisins, passing them, mixed, thru a food chopper. Moisten with orange juice and spread on buttered bread.

INDIAN FILLING—Mix mashed sardines with yolks or whole of hard-boiled eggs and cooked salad dressing.

FRESH TONGUE—Boiled fresh beef tongue, cut thin, spread with tomato ketchup and a little paprika. Use buttered white bread.

EGG SANDWICH—Two hard-boiled eggs mixed with mayonnaise until it will spread easily.

GINGER SANDWICH—Use finely chopped Canton ginger for filling for white or whole-wheat bread sandwiches.

NUT AND JELLY—Spread buttered bread with jelly, then sprinkle with finely chopped nuts.

ORIENTAL—Cream cheese and chopped dates sprinkled with chopped peanuts.

DATE AND WALNUT—Pass dates and walnuts alternately thru food chopper. Nice with graham bread. Moisten filling with cream.

PICNIC FILLING—Mix 4 olives, 1 pickle, 1 chopped pepper with 2 cups minced chicken or tongue. Moisten with salad dressing.

❧

Some Rice Recipes.

ONE cup rice, 1½ teaspoons salt, 3 cups boiling water.

Wash the rice by placing in a strainer and allowing the water from the faucet to run thru until it is clean. Add rice to boiling water and boil for 25 minutes.

Save the water that is drained off after cooking and use as basis for cream soup or for starching clothes

ESCALLOPED RICE—Put a layer of cooked rice in a baking dish, cover with a layer of grated cheese and white sauce. Add other layers of rice, cheese and white sauce until dish is filled. Use enough sauce to thoroly moisten rice. Cover with oiled crumbs and brown in oven.

RICE AND DATES—Mix cooked rice and stewed, seeded dates and serve with cream, or serve molded rice with dates on top.

RICE WITH TOMATO SAUCE—Prepare tomato sauce, using proportion of 2 tablespoons of fat and 2 tablespoons of flour to 1 cup of tomato juice. Fill baking dish with layers of rice and sauce. Cover with oiled crumbs and bake until crumbs are brown.

❧

Dutch Stew.

USE 2 pounds of stew beef, cut up raw into small pieces, ½ can tomatoes, 1 can of peas, 1 onion cut up fine, 1 small carrot cut fine, 4 whole cloves, ¼ cup tapioca, ¼ cup of bread crumbs, salt and pepper to taste. Put all in a bean pot or deep casserole, cover with water and bake (covered) for 4 hours. A delicious and convenient dish when one is to be busy or away from home till mealtime

❧

Cocoanut Rice Mold.

BOIL 1 pint of milk; stir in 3 tablespoons of well-washed rice; allow to cook till the rice is quite soft; add 3 tablespoons of sugar, 2 heaping tablespoons finely chopped cocoanut and ½ tablespoon of gelatin which has been dissolved with ¼ pint of hot milk; allow to cool. Stir in ½ pint of whipped cream and pour into wet molds. When firm turn out on a dish. Serve with cold stewed fruit

BREAK THAT COLD
AND SLEEP WELL

Dr. King's New Discovery relieves coughs and colds and promotes rest.

When you feel those hot flushes and chills, that eye watering and sneezing coming on, get a bottle of this standard cold and cough corrective and get back to normal condition.

You'll like it—you'll use it whenever necessary. You'll give it to the children and they'll like it, too.

Sold today at the original price of fifty years ago—fifty cents a bottle. Used by millions regularly—everywhere. Druggists anywhere.

You're Bilious and Costive!

Dr. King's New Life Pills keep you in a healthy condition. Rid the body of poisons and waste. Improve your complexion by keeping the Bowels regular. Get a 25c. bottle from your druggist to-day. Effective but mild.

FREE SUIT BOOK AND SAMPLE OUTFIT

Your choice of 1920 suits. We deliver free, let you try your suit and compare with others before you buy. Our prices lowest and no extra charge of any kind; our styles and quality unexcelled. Wear a Paragon suit and know you have the best.

$5 to $10 a Day

We pay you big money for showing your friends your suit, advertising us and taking orders. Our agents are sure of success, we show you how, furnish complete equipment, give you everything needed free. No money required. "Simply send us your name and address." Look into this, costs you nothing.

Paragon Tailoring Co. Dept. 400 Chicago

NO MONEY DOWN 2 CREDIT ALL $2 A MONTH

Genuine 15-17-19-21 Jewel Elgin, Waltham, Howard, or any watch you want, send for

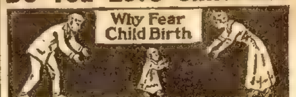
FREE CATALOG

112 Pages Wonderful Values Diamonds, watches, rings, jewelry, up-to-date designs. Buy the Ware Way, you will never miss the money. Get posted, write today.

ALFRED WARE CO., Dept. 889
Let us prove it. St. Louis, Mo.

WARE DEALS SQUARE

Do You Love Children?



YOU may avoid pains and suffering as have thousands of other women all over the country by writing for Dr. Dye's wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children. Write TODAY for FREE book, postpaid. Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 52 Lincoln Bldg., Buffalo, N.Y.

Big Money in Oil

Don't slave all your life. Get into oil and "Easy street." Our four producing wells now earning 15% gross on all outstanding stock. 30 more wells to be drilled on "sure shot" oil lands. Plenty of money back of us. Capitalization only $50,000—big dividends sure. Stock now 3c a Share May reach $1. Order today—now! Agents Wanted.

HUB-WYOMING OIL CO.
551 Central Savings Bank, DENVER, COLO

E. D. L. PHONOGRAPH FREE

Plays any flat or disc record, 6, 7 or 8 in.—spring motor attachment, speed regulator, marvelous sound reproducer, that reproduces speaking, singing, orchestra, band, instrumental pieces, etc. Compares in every way with best machines made. Handsomely finished in mahogany, nickel-plated winding crank, large tone arm, black japanned. This Machine FREE, and Selection of 6 Records, for disposing of only 24 sets of our new art pictures at 25c a set, and sending the $6 collected. Write for pictures to-day.
E. D. LIFE, 337 W. Madison, 4 T 51, Chicago

HAWAIIAN RING FREE

Stone is mottled in all manner of colors imaginable. Bits of real silver in the stone make a combination of colors beautiful in the extreme. Measures one inch long, ¾ inch wide. We send gold filled ring, warranted 3 years—your size, postpaid, for 15c. to help pay advertising.
Auction Co., Dept. 88, Attleboro, Mass.

WOMEN WHY WORRY

Ergoil Monthly Regulator safely relieves some of the longest and most abnormal cases in 24 to 48 hours. No harm or inconvenience with work. Results guaranteed or money returned. Prepaid $1.00.
DERMITONE REMEDY CO., 648-650 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED by harmless remedy. Guaranteed. Sent on trial. If it cures, costs you $1. If it fails, costs nothing.
SUPERBA COMPANY, G V, Baltimore, Md.

IS SHE A GERMAN SPY?

By J. Breckenridge Ellis

Read This First

KEENEYES, a famous detective, has been sent by the United States Government to assist the Federal agent Ormsby in guarding a great scientist, who, concealed in the little town of X——, is working on an invention — the "Government Secret." Ormsby at once orders Keeneyes to shadow a beautiful girl, named Margaret Barley, who Ormsby asserts is a German spy. Keeneyes trails the girl out into the country to a rendezvous with a couple of movers—Jack Daws and a girl they call Lucile. These "movers" imprison him in a subterranean chamber under a deserted barn. He escapes and makes his way back to X——, to the house in which Ormsby and the Inventor are quartered. Under a window of the house Keeneyes discovers a lighted bomb. He extinguishes it and reports the matter to Ormsby. The latter is agitated, and on learning that Keeneyes has allowed Margaret Barley to escape angrily denounces the detective and dismisses him. Keeneyes returns to his hotel. The Inventor, Lindenwait, having overheard the interview between Ormsby and Keeneyes, calls on the latter at his hotel. Keeneyes points out his reasons for suspecting Ormsby of treachery, and disguising himself, he returns with the Inventor to the latter's house. In the course of the night he comes upon Ormsby in the front yard in conference with the hotel clerk, Bliggs, in which the latter warns Ormsby that the man in disguise is probably Keeneyes On Bliggs' departure, Keeneyes promptly takes Ormsby prisoner. By a peculiar mirror test the detective discovers that Ormsby has given the Inventor's notebook of formulas to his confederate, Jack Daws. Keeneyes and the Inventor leave Ormsby for a moment, while they go to destroy the Inventor's working-materials, preparatory to a removal of themselves from the premises. They return to find Ormsby murdered. A bloody handkerchief embroidered with the initials M. B., and a slipper point to Margaret Barley as the murderer. The hotel clerk also fastens the guilt, by suggestion, on this girl. While the sheriff and his crowd are headed toward the hotel to arrest Margaret Barley, Keeneyes leads the Inventor away to Jack Daws' deserted barn, and leaves him there, concealed in the loft. Soon thereafter Margaret Barley enters the barn. The Inventor falls in love with her on sight. She tells him that she seeks her sister Lucile, who has come under the influence of the German spy, Jack Daws, and that if he will help her to find Lucile he will also find his stolen notebook. The Inventor trusts her innocent face and goes along with her.

If you wish to read the story in full you may obtain back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers or by mail from the office of publication. The story began in No 14, dated April 6.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER X.

WAS HE BETRAYED?

IT WAS still intensely dark as they passed from the desolate barn among the trees at the margin of the clearing, but Lindenwait knew that in less than an hour's time the morning would break. He not only had been awake and up the entire night, but had been passing thru many and varied experiences, which were enough to give him a sense of great weariness. And yet such was the magnetic presence of Margaret Barley that, tho he could no longer see the beauty of her face, he felt keenly alive and awake to everything about him.

They had not gone far when she spoke very softly:

"I had hoped to find Lucile in a tent at the side of the road where she was camping last night with Jack Daws. But the wagon was gone. Then I expected to find her in the cellar under the trapdoor; but they must have learned by now that Keeneyes has discovered that hiding-place. It must have been a terrible disappointment to them, because the retreat had been prepared with infinite labor and caution."

"But you knew of the place," Lindenwait reminded her.

"Yes, but Jack Daws knew very well I would never betray my sister."

"Where are we to look for her now?" he asked.

"I have a slight hope that she is hiding in my room at the hotel."

He stopped short. "We mustn't go there. Don't you know that Ormsby has been murdered and you are suspected of the crime?" And he related the incidents preceding his hiding in the barn.

The news was evidently altogether a surprise to Margaret. When she heard that one of her slippers had been found, she exclaimed: "But I cannot understand that! It is true I was in the yard tonight, as I told you; but I didn't lose a slipper there. Indeed, I did not wear my slippers. Can you describe the one they pretended was mine?"

He did so, and she responded, "That sounds exactly like one of my slippers. But I left the pair locked up in my trunk in my room at the hotel."

"And have you the key?"

"Yes—here in my bag."

Lindenwait said no more. It was altogether beyond his comprehension. Why should any one have broken open her trunk to take one of her slippers to fasten in the stone walk on the Old Johnson place?

They came out of the woods upon the main country road.

"Where shall we go?" he inquired, "since we know that if we go back to X——, the sheriff is ready to arrest you?"

"I think," she said hesitatingly, "that if Lucile really went to X—— with the intention of seeking me in my hotel room, the rumor of the suspicions against me would have frightened her away. In that case, if she and Jack Daws have parted company——"

"But what leads you to suppose that she has not gone away with him in his covered wagon?"

"You must not ask me why I suppose it; but in my opinion, we will find my sister either on this road, or at a certain cottage about two miles ahead. Let us go in that direction, and if we don't overtake her, or if she doesn't overtake us, we will either wait there at the cottage for her to arrive, or we will find her already there."

"And my notebook?"

"You will then discover all you want to know about it, I feel sure."

Perplexed, but resolute, and also, it must be confessed, still fascinated by his companion's voice and charm, he walked beside her in silence along the dark road

Presently he gave a startled exclamation: "Look ahead—a light; and it is moving—it is coming this way!"

She stopped short.

"It's an automobile," he added, "and it's speeding at a great rate."

"We must get out of the way, or they'll run us down," she murmured, retreating to the side of the road.

"If we could hide!" he exclaimed impulsively. Both sides of the road were inclosed by wire fences.

"Maybe they won't see us here," she said, unconsciously drawing him beside her against the wire fence on their right.

A stream of light now gleamed along the road at their feet and at the same time the speed of the automobile sensibly decreased. Lindenwait remained with bated breath, thinking less of the danger from the automobile than of the touch upon his arm. The automobile stopped abruptly at some distance beyond them.

"They didn't see us," she whispered.

"Then why have they stopped?" he returned in despair

That they had been seen was soon proved. Four men leaped out of the car, leaving it in the possession of their chauffeur. These men, the leader of whom carried a brilliant electric torch, rushed back and confronted Lindenwait and Margaret Barley, their weapons drawn.

"Ah, Miss Barley, you have done us a good turn," said the man who held the torch. "Now, Mr. Lindenwait, will you come without resistance, or shall we knock you down and bind your arms and legs? Quick! Decide. The choice is yours'"

"Mr. Lindenwait," cried Margaret passionately, "I knew nothing——"

"Quick!" urged the man. "Will you come with us peaceably or not—yes or no!"

Lindenwait had not been given time to draw his revolver. In truth, the situation stupefied him. Could Margaret Barley really have led him intentionally into the trap? He would not believe it.

"It would be senseless for me to try to resist," he said coldly. "Take me against my will if you are willing to assume the responsibility of opposing the United States Government, which I represent."

The leader cried angrily, "Curse the United States Government!" He snatched Lindenwait by the arm and started toward the automobile.

"Mr. Lindenwait," cried Margaret Barley, "can you forgive me?"

He answered impulsively, "I could forgive you almost anything."

He was roughly impelled to the automobile.

"Get in, or be thrown in," said the leader, whose ill temper seemed to have been augmented by the parting between Lindenwait and Margaret Barley, tho why that should be the case the Inventor did not understand.

He was directed to take the back seat, and as soon as he was in the tonneau, the other men swarmed in. The engine was started, the car throbbed, shook convulsively, glided away, and attained almost at once a terrific speed.

Thus Margaret was left standing alone by the roadside.

For a few moments, Lindenwait rode in silence, while the wind caused by the speed of the automobile beat against his face. He was seated between two of his captors, the one on the right being the leader of the abductors.

At last he asked, "Where are you taking me?"

He did not expect to receive any real information, but he felt it was necessary to have the nervous tension broken if but by the voice of his captor.

"If you say a word we'll gag you," was the response from the leader.

Lindenwait prudently remained quiet.

Without slackening their speed, they rode until the faint light of dawn was to be seen in the east. Finally this light stole over the sky, touched the high places of the landscape, and made a pale ribbon of the road.

Lindenwait thought: 'If daylight comes on, I'll be able to attract the attention of some passerby."

Suddenly the car veered from the main road and followed a grassy lane, whose rutted, seldom-used road jarred them constantly. This road in a short time brought them to the bank of a river. They had gone sixty or seventy miles from the village of X——, but the Inventor was not sufficiently acquainted with the country to know the river whose muddy tide flowed near at hand.

All the men except the chauffeur got out of the car.

"Come," said the leader to the Inventor.

"What do you want me to do?" Lindenwait temporized.

The fierce expressions now plainly to be read upon the faces of his abductors filled him with foreboding. The leader drew his weapon with an oath.

"Get out!" he ordered peremptorily.

Lindenwait dared not hesitate. They were in a desolate spot with the woods on two sides, the lonely lane behind them, the sullen river in front. He climbed out upon the ground.

In the meantime the other men had not been idle. One of them had been securing a short rope from under the seat. Another had drawn forth a curious round object with a hole thru the middle of it which seemed quite heavy. It was a mass of iron or lead and when it was rolled out upon the ground, it fell with a dull thud. The first man passed one end of his rope thru this metal ball and tied it fast. He looked up at Lindenwait with a wicked grin and said with a foreign accent, "The other end of the rope is for your neck."

Lindenwait looked from one to the other of the four men.

The second man corroborated the first "Yes," he growled, "it's into the river with you, before the first rays of the sun!"

"Before you murder me," Lindenwait said calmly, "you will at least explain the object of your dastardly crime'

The leader now intervened "Lindenwait, we've got to decide everything in two or three minutes, so think fast. We don't purpose having the daylight catch us, as you may suppose. We haven't decided to murder you. You must decide that. We'll spare your life—more than that, we'll turn you loose, if you give us the contents of your notebook—that is, the principal formulae covering your progress so far, in your inventions directed toward the destruction of the U-boats."

Lindenwait smiled.

"Then you assume," he answered carelessly, "that my activities have been directed against the submarines?"

The leader returned harshly: "Never mind what I assume. You will satisfy us or be sent to the bottom of that river."

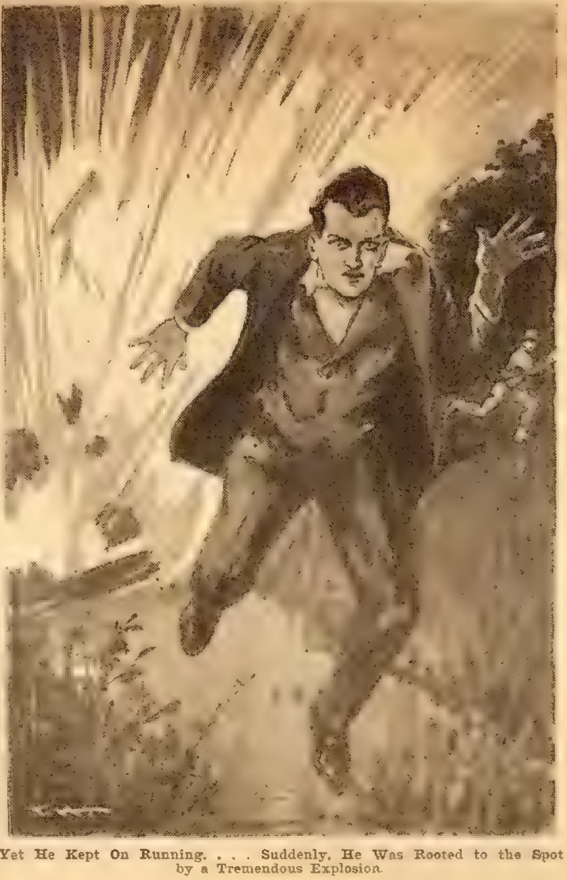
'But has not my notebook already passed into the hand of your associates?" asked Lindenwait

"We want another copy—but that is no business of yours Be quick. Will you satisfy us or——

"I am afraid you are too difficult to satisfy," returned Lindenwait.

The leader turned to his men, and briefly directed—"Tie the rope to his neck."

They rushed upon him. Lindenwait resisted so valiantly that two of the men were thrown to the ground, one of them



Yet He Kept On Running. . . . Suddenly, He Was Rooted to the Spot by a Tremendous Explosion

PAINT
WRITE FOR OFFER
Save Big Money

Only one small profit between raw materials and you. No dealers, jobbers or agents. You get all these profits yourself. Only paint factory in the world selling direct to consumer. Cheaper even than mail-order houses because they do not manufacture.

Paint for Economy

Paint preserves as well as improves appearance. It is real economy to paint everything. Crosby Everwear Paint is best quality made. 13 years' test has proved this to thousands of satisfied users. Absolute guarantee on every can. No time limit. You must be satisfied. Send NOW for color card and illustrated paint book. Tells all about paint and how to use it. Shows how you can do work yourself and save this way. All sent you free. Write today.

We Pay the Freight

Crosby-Frank & Co.
310 Peoria St., Chicago, Ill.

$1.95 Made to Your Order

Special Offer — to prove our fine quality: These fine Pants for Dress or Business, choice of many handsome styles, guaranteed for 18 months solid wear and satisfaction or MONEY BACK, absolute $5.00 value—while they last, one pair to a customer. Express prepaid for only - - - $1.95 PANTS

No Extra Charges

No charge for big Extreme Peg Tops or Cuff Bottoms, nothing extra for fancy Belt Loops or Pocket Flaps, no charge for Open Welt Seams or Large sizes—all novelty features Free — no extra charges of any kind.

Cash Profits to you for taking measures of relatives and neighbors. Young George Gekovich made $66.16 in one day. Write for FREE samples today.

Chicago Tailors Association
Dept. 1128, 515 S. Franklin St., Chicago
Send No Money

NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Get this wonderful Ranger Motorbike or any other bicycle—size, style and equipment to suit you—without advance payment. Write Quick. We'll send you Big Bicycle book from which to choose the bicycle and equipment you want. We'll also send you $5.00 Premium Outfit Free with bicycle. No strings to this proposition. We ship bicycle on request—freight prepaid. If you consider it the classiest, speediest bike you ever saw keep it, or return it within 30 days after arrival at our expense. No obligation or charge for riding. Write today sure.

FREE El. Light and Auto Horn

MEAD CYCLE COMPANY
Dept. T-53 Chicago, Illinois

BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE

combination of big catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, catcher's mask (extra strong and durable) and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector or complete suit, including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, extra well sewed. Send name and we will send you 12 sets of our pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25 cents each. Send us the $3 you collect and for your trouble will send you outfit as described. Write today for pictures. Get in the game at once.

M. O. SEITZ, 4 M 51, Chicago

MUSIC LESSONS FREE

You can read Music like this quickly

At Your Home. Write today for our booklet. It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced pupils.
AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 31 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago

ECZEMA IS CURABLE Let Us Prove It Free

Send your name and address and return mail will bring you a regular Dollar Package of Krano-Zema—all in plain wrapper—TO TRY FREE. Then after using it fifteen days and it has proven itself to be that long-looked for means of healing your eczema, you may send the price of it, $1.00. But if it should fail the 15 day test has been entirely at our expense and your report cancels the charge. Send today. Address
Krano-Zema Co., 1303 Phillips Bldg, Girard, Kan.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING SYSTEM

Invaluable for lovers and for keeping recipes, addresses, secret memorandum or other information safe and private. No stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. Great fun for lovers or friends. Don't miss it. Send 10c and we will send the Weto Graph by mail, with full instructions. Address
PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

PILES DON'T BE CUT Until You Try This Wonderful Treatment

If you have piles in any form write for a FREE sample of Page's Pile Tablets and you will bless the day that you read this. Write today.
E. R. PAGE, 382B Main Street, Marshall, Mich.

FORD JOKE BOOK This book contains all the latest funny jokes on the Ford auto. Hundreds of them and all good ones. Laugh 'till you cry. Colored cover, 10c. P. Richards Nov. Co., 21 Richards Bldg., Dalton, Mass.

TOBACCO HABIT Conquer it happily in 3 days, improve your health, prolong life, avoid stomach trouble, nervousness, foul breath, heart disease. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew; or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars. Get interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed free.
E. J. WOODS, WE 178, Station F, New York, N. Y.

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for How To Obtain a Patent. List of Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes [illegible] for inventions. Our four books and List of Patent Buyers [illegible]
Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

with a severe blow between his eyes. The others, however, succeeded in fastening his arms to his side. Then they tied to his neck the rope, one end of which was attached to the heavy ball of metal.

One of the men who had been knocked down staggered to his feet, but the other did not move. The leader gave him no attention.

"Throw him into the river," the leader commanded.

They dragged Lindenwait to the margin of the river bluff, some fifteen feet above the swollen tide. The fourth man, who had been severely stunned, now slowly gained his feet, his eyes threatening vengeance on the helpless prisoner.

"Let me be the one to throw him off the bluff!" he stipulated.

"Wait," the leader persisted. "Give him a chance for his life."

"What you have said sounds reasonable," Lindenwait said, finding it difficult to articulate distinctly because of the rope which burned his neck. "But if the notebook had been taken by one of your friends, you would know you could get it from him, therefore would not commit this murder. And since it was not taken by your friend, it is not in the hands of the Germans. Since it is not stolen by the Germans, I trust it may not be made public property. It is true a thief stole it; but I am hoping he will offer it to the United States Government for a reward. Therefore, I conclude that your only means of learning my secret is from my own lips. And as my lips will never betray it, and as the sun is now rising, I suggest that you go ahead with your detestable crime without more higgling and haggling. If you expect to see me play the part of a coward it is because you do not understand a real American."

The man whom Lindenwait had struck insensible shouted, "Let me get my hands on the scoundrel!" He rushed forward. At the same time the leader nodded his assent.

The first rays of the sun to touch the surface of the river sent spangled lights down its swift current.

At the nodded consent of the leader of the men, the infuriated ruffian rushed upon Lindenwait and would have dealt him a savage blow. But at that moment Lindenwait snatched himself free of detaining hands, flung himself upon the ground, and, in spite of the fact that his arms were tied to his side, seized the iron ball that was fastened to his neck. Then with a quick lunge he left the earth and shot down into the turbid waters, carrying the metal load with him.

When Lindenwait made the painful effort to grasp the iron weight in his bound hands, he did not do this in the hope of thereby saving his life. Painful as was the severe wrench to his wrists when he brought his hands close together, he endured the burning of the rope with equanimity. He knew that if he did not carry the weight in his bosom, it would fall first from the bluff, thereby horribly straining, if not dislocating, his neck. He was a brave man. Before the four ruffians and the chauffeur he had showed not the slightest tremor of fear. He was ready to die, and he was sustained by the conviction that he was dying for his country. But he felt a loathing for the manner of his death.

Scarcely, or so it seemed to him, had he hurled himself over the brink, than he splashed into the river, and shot downward to the bottom, the iron weight still between his arms. The water at the spot where he had entered was about fifteen feet deep. Even as he touched the bottom, he realized that in wrenching his hands from his sides in the effort to grasp the metal ball, he had loosened the rope that bound them. With the strength of desperation, still holding his breath, and feeling that he could hold it several moments longer, he tore at the fastenings without mercy to his lacerated wrists, and succeeded in freeing them. His heart bounded with the sudden throb of inextinguishable hope.

He was still fastened by the neck to the metal globe which kept him at the bottom of the river. A swift feeling of the metal told him that the knot which held one end of the rope thru the hole in its middle could not be unfastened by his agitated fingers, particularly as he was obliged to give almost all his willpower to the effort not to breathe. It was this necessity to hold his breath, which now seemed to crush his breast, that for the instant prevented him from thinking of a very simple expedient.

His knife!

With frenzied hand he felt in his pocket and the next moment he had severed the rope close to his neck. He shot upwards, the end still fastened under his throat.

Altho it came to him with the thrill of deadly peril that if he were seen by the enemy his fate would be quick and sure, he could not forbear the blessed opportunity to breathe.

His head appeared above the surface in all the clearness of the early morning sunshine. Fortunately he was near the wooded shore. After a quick breath, he dived again.

Had he been seen? Would a bullet greet his next appearance? He remained under as long as possible, then came to the surface for a deeper breath. As he breathed spasmodically, he looked all about. The scene appeared utterly deserted. Nevertheless, he did not come out of the water until he had dived once more. Then, drawing himself up among the roots of some trees, he crouched in the undergrowth of the bank for some time. Finally he ventured to creep up the side of the bluff, till at last he could look over it at the spot where he had been ordered out of the automobile.

The road was deserted. Marks of wheels showed where the machine had been turned about to retrace its way from the river. The five men in that car must be absolutely convinced that he was a dead man. They would not return. It would be safe enough, now, for him to make an effort to go back to civilization.

With his heart swelling with thanksgiving, his whole being tingling with the renewal of life and hope, the young Inventor walked along the solitary lane, giving no thought to his dripping garments.

When the lane branched off into the main road he hesitated as to which direction to pursue, for he was in an absolutely unknown land. Deciding by caprice to take the direction to the right, he pursued it for about a quarter of an hour before coming in sight of any habitation. At the end of fifteen minutes he saw a small farmhouse ahead of him and he made his way toward the pasture that separated the yard from the road.

He had traversed the pasture about half of its width when two enormous dogs issued from under the porch of the house and came dashing toward him with furious barking. Doubtless roused by the barking a small man of about fifty-five stepped out upon the front porch. He looked after the dogs without making any attempt to pacify them. Lindenwait advanced without pause, and without seeming to know that the dogs were threatening him. On they came, and on went Lindenwait, till they met near the yard fence. Paying no heed to their gleaming teeth and fiery eyes, Lindenwait calmly entered the yard and walked up to the porch with the dogs close at his heels.

The small, gray-haired man looked at him in silence.

Lindenwait said, "I'd advise you to call off the dogs." At the same time he drew his revolver. And altho it was as wet as his clothes, the appearance of it seemed to affect the elderly man as by magic.

He commanded the brutes to go under the porch, and he asked Lindenwait, but without the slightest accent of hospitality, what he wanted.

"You see how wet I am," the Inventor responded. "I fell into the river, and I'd like to dry my clothes. Also, if you will give me something to eat, I shall be glad to pay for it."

"There's nothing to eat, and I don't keep up a fire in hot summer weather."

"I will pay you for the fire and for the food," Lindenwait insisted.

The man reflected. Then he said, politely enough, "Walk right in."

Lindenwait was surprised by the sudden change in his manner, but he hastened to accept the invitation.

"I am batching here all alone," the man explained, still in a friendly tone. "I have a family of tenants who work for me. They cook my meals and I go to their house to eat. So you see I am not provided to care for you here. But I dare say you'll have no objections to going with me down to the tenant's cabin. My name is Small."

"And mine is Lindenwait. I shall be very glad to go anywhere with you where there is a fire and something to eat."

"Of course there isn't a fire there," Mr. Small corrected him, "but I will have my hand's wife build one in the kitchen for you. None of my clothes would fit you, so I can't offer you a change while these are drying. Come then, Mr. Lindenwait. I assure you it delights me to be able to add to the comfort of any human being in distress."

And he smiled broadly. Lindenwait did not fancy the smile, yet it failed to make him uneasy. They went out of the house, leaving the growling dogs behind them. Mr. Small pointed out the tenant's cabin, which was perhaps half a mile distant, situated on a hill. Between the farmer's home and the hill there was a grove of plum and crab apple trees. Toward this ran a footpath, and it was this footpath they now followed.

As they neared the grove, the master of the farm said casually, "And so you are Mr. Lindenwait, the great Inventor."

Lindenwait stopped as if turned to stone. How could the other possibly have known this? He stared at the other as at a specter. Mr. Small enjoyed his astonishment.

"Oh, I am not a witch," he smiled. "I have the information from a charming [illegible] friend [illegible] mine, Miss Margaret [illegible] of X—. I should say that just at [illegible] of X— her real home [illegible] she lives here when

Bunion Sufferers—For Free Relief See Back Page of This Paper.

Send No Money FREE
Send No Money. 1918 Thin Model Guaranteed American Movement Watch, for Gents, open face, silver plate finish, best time keeper, sent at Our Risk C.O.D. Parcel Post. Pay postman Special Price $1.99 when watch comes and it is yours. Send for yours today as these Watches are very scarce. Liberty Fob Free if cash comes with order.
C.O.D. $1.99
FORD WATCH CO WINONA MINN

Talking Machines at Cut Prices
New, $15.00 Calola Talking Machine, our Cut Price $7.50. 10 Records Free, with each Carola. 4 Minute Records, U. S., Columbia and Edison Phonographs 25c each. Bargains in used Talking Machines. Send for catalogue. DENINGER PRICE CUTTER, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

KIDNEY
BLADDER TROUBLES
Rheumatism
TRY THIS
FREE
For Backache, Stiff Joints, Rheumatic Pains, and Unbearable Bladder Troubles.

SEND NO MONEY, just your name and address—A Full Complete Treatment—SENT ON TRIAL.

My treatment has helped thousands to regain their health. Those with tired, lame, aching backs, with unbearable bladder and urinary troubles, others stiff and bent with rheumatism—and it has made them well, the most chronic, severe, long-standing obstinate cases, after all the other remedies they tried had failed. They were suffering, and it eased their pains, soothed their aches, brightened their lives and made them happy, and now I want you to try it, to test it, and see for yourself just what it will do for you.

"I SAY TRY LEXOID"

STOPS BACKACHE

If you have backache, **kidney, bladder trouble or rheumatism,** nervousness, tired and worn-out feeling, if you make water often, getting up during the night, if it smarts and burns in passing, if there is sediment or brick dust when it stands, **write for my treatment without a minute's delay.**

I know you want to be well and strong again, so you can work, and walk, without pain; so you can sleep without disturbance, and wake up refreshed and rested, able to use every muscle, nerve, cord and joint of your body, without suffering misery all the time.

I want you to try my treatment. My soothing, healing, penetrating remedies—especially intended to **drive away uric acid, cleanse, purify, strengthen, invigorate and encourage the kidneys to properly filter the blood.**

Now here is my offer—I will send you a **regular, full, complete, three-fold Lexoid Course of treatment, without a penny in advance—charges paid—ready to use—so you can try it without a penny's expense,** just as I promise.

Take it when it comes. **Use half of it, and see just what it does.** Then when you know **it is helping you, when you know you are getting better,** just send me a small amount, an amount within your easy reach—an amount you can easily afford to spare—that is all I ask. I know you'll be willing to do your part **when it helps you—and your word is good enough for me.** Try it first, pay afterwards when you know, **not before. When you have used half of it,** if you are not satisfied, **return what's left and pay nothing.** Don't send a penny in your letter, not even a postage stamp; just your name and address and where to send the treatment. Address your letter to me personally, like this:

DR. H. Michell DeWerth,
394 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Send No Money;
Just This Coupon

DR. H. MICHELL DeWERTH
394 Lexoid Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me your regular, full, complete three-fold Lexoid Course of Treatment on Trial as you promised above, all charges paid. Also your FREE BOOK about Uric Acid, Kidney, Bladder Trouble and Rheumatism.

My name is . . . .
Post [illegible] . . . .
St. [illegible] D . . . State . . . .
Please write name and address plainly

LOWEST PRICES
ON EARTH—FOR FINE MADE-TO-MEASURE CLOTHES
All extras free, delivery charges prepaid, satisfaction guaranteed. Elegant style and quality, the finest most stylish and beautiful clothes at lowest prices.
BE FIRST to get the grandest samples and styles, our wonderful offers, bigger and better, and different from all others, big cash rewards for advertising us; big profits for your spare time; liberal rewards for appointing agents; a wonderful chance to wear a beautiful Lincoln suit, a steady job and up to $50 a week for hustlers. All Free and Postpaid
Write a letter or card. Just say—Send me all your wonderful offers, everything free and postpaid.
LINCOLN WOOLEN MILLS CO.
Dept. 406
202-210 S. Green St., Chicago

Jumbo Pumpkin
300 Lbs.

Jumbo Watermelon 50 to 80 lbs.
Jumbo Muskmelon 15 to 20 lbs.
Jumbo Pumpkin 100 to 300 lbs.
Jumbo Cabbage 20 to 30 lbs.
Jumbo Radish 10 to 15 lbs.
Jumbo Sweet Corn Ears 1 foot or more in length, and often 18 rows of kernels to the ear.
What do you think of pumpkins so large that it takes two men to carry one, and other vegetables as large as mentioned? These Jumbo varieties often grow to the sizes mentioned, and we can see no reason why you cannot grow them just as large, and perhaps larger, if you give them good care. Be the first in your neighborhood to grow these mammoth varieties, and take some prizes at your county fair.
FREE OFFER Sufficient seed of each of the above 6 varieties for you to try them will be sent free if you will send 25c to pay for one years subscription to our monthly publication Everyday Life—spring and summer issues full of hints and helps to the amateur gardener. This offer to introduce EVERYDAY LIFE, Dept. J P 51, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

FREE FORD AUTO TO AGENTS
Here's an opportunity to earn big money—$6 to $12 a day, with easy work, all your time or spare time and obtain a Ford Automobile free besides. A straightout from the shoulder business proposition. No voting or guessing contest. We want wide-awake men and women to introduce into every home our famous ZANOL Pure Food Products, Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors in tubes, Toilet Preparations, Perfumes and Soaps; 250 other light weight household necessities.
MAKE $50 A WEEK EASY.
No experience necessary—we teach you how, give you the right start and help you make a success. Absolutely no limit to your earning power. We can use only a certain number of General Agents so get in touch with us at once. We furnish our representatives with a free automobile. Just send postal for particulars and money making offer.
AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
2954 Third St. Cincinnati, O

Agents: $50 a Week
New Water-Proof Apron
Five sizes and styles. For housewives, children, men and women in factories, laundries, restaurants, butchers, mechanics in shops, etc. Saves laundry and protects clothes. Acid-proof, grease-proof. Practical, durable, guaranteed.
Easy Seller—Big Profits
Work spare time or full time. This new apron sells like wildfire. Easy to demonstrate. A prospect in every home. Often sell 5 to one family. Miles sold $26.25 in 14 hours. Haas sold $41.55 in 3 days. Any man or woman, young or old, can make big money. Write quick for terms and samples.
THOMAS APRON CO.
6917 Gay St. Dayton, Ohio

Sales Agent $1200 a Year Sure
We want one exclusive representative in every county. The position is worth $100 a month to one selected. If inexperienced we train you. Write us, the largest mfr's of transparent handled Knives and Razors, for proposition. Novelty Cutlery Co 23 Bar St., Canton, O.

BIG MAIL FREE!

POST OFFICE

Would you like to get a lot of letters, circulars and packages? You probably know that manufacturers, supply houses, wholesalers and publishers buy names and addresses for the purpose of sending samples, advertising matter, papers and circulars to. Good names and addresses are hard to get and are quite expensive. We publish an AGENT'S DIRECTORY LIST containing names and addresses carefully arranged in alphabetical order. We send these Directory Lists to concerns we know are anxious for good names to send advertising matter to. Write your name very plainly so the printer will not make a mistake; be sure to give your street number and town also plainly written so that any mail addressed to you will reach you without fail. We have been publishing the Agent's Directory List for several years and refer you to the editor of this paper who will tell you we are reliable. All we ask is that you send 10 cents in silver and we will enter your name in our Agent's Directory List as above stated. Write today. Address
Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

her business permits her to enjoy a few weeks of domestic life. You would hardly suppose from the disparity of our ages that Maggie is my beloved wife." He smiled again. "However, I am not yet over sixty."

Lindenwait was stupefied. He would not allow himself to believe that Margaret Barley was married to any one, least of all to this curious creature.

"Pardon me a moment," said the elderly man, falling upon his knees and striking a match before a pile of leaves. "I ordered the farm-hand to burn this trash last week, but you see how poorly I am obeyed. I can see by your expression that you are astonished to know that Margaret Barley is my wife. The fact is—" he carefully applied the match, then rose—"we find it more suitable for our purposes for her to travel under her maiden name."

"May I know why?" Lindenwait asked.

"Certainly. We will walk on, now, as you must be in a hurry to get rid of those sopping clothes. Well, it is pretty well known that I am a sympathizer with Germany. Of course before America declared war, I was more open in my expressions. You may say that Small is not a German name. But I am not a German. It is simply that I believe Germany was forced into this war. Therefore I am against our country taking any part in the conflict; I am conscientiously opposed; and I even go to the limit of trying to prevent it. My wife believes as I believe. If she traveled as Mrs. Small, she couldn't find out as many facts as she is able to pick up."

"But, great heavens!" Lindenwait exclaimed, stopping short. "Do you mean to tell me that Margaret Barley is a German spy?"

"No more than I am. But just as much so. In fact she knew there would be an attempt to drown you in the river, and I must confess that when I first saw you had escaped, I felt something like mild regret."

"You antiquated old villain!" exclaimed the other, stopping short, "if you think you can escape punishment after this horrible confession ——"

"And will you also punish poor Margaret?" the other quavered. "Will you break her heart by throwing the only man she ever loved into prison?"

"I hadn't thought of throwing you into prison, but over the bluff," was the cold retort. "Put your hands behind your back. After all, I'll have some use for the bit of rope I've brought with me as a souvenir."

The old man grinned maliciously as he obeyed, remarking, "Upon my word, I think you still doubt that Margaret Barley Small is my loving wife!"

"Still doubt it? I have never for a moment believed it."

Lindenwait, as he spoke, persuaded himself that this was a fact. Nevertheless, there had been dreadful moments when the doubt of Margaret had chilled his heart, teaching him how dear she had become to him. In truth he had never until now admitted the possibility of falling in love with a young woman of whom he knew absolutely nothing and whom he had scarcely seen. Yet it was so.

The old man cut short his distressed reflections:

"After all, I believe I will make a confession to you. I think it ought to soften your heart against me. To be frank, I dislike horribly the idea of being made a prisoner. Therefore I am going to try to purchase my liberty by making this confession."

"Well?" the young man demanded impatiently.

"You observe yonder bonfire I kindled of dead leaves and little twigs? Under that pile of burning refuse are the proofs of Margaret's guilt as a German spy, and the indisputable evidence that she is my wife. I can see, despite your assertions, that you are laboring under cruel uncertainty as to Margaret. I cannot reassure you concerning her; but I should think any positive certainty must be more desirable than your present state. Go put out the fire, or rather snatch out from under it the proofs before they are utterly destroyed—and you haven't a moment to lose!"

His voice had become impelling. However, Lindenwait did not need urging to obey. He ran toward the grove. Half way there, he stopped to glance back.

The old man had wheeled about and was running away as fast as his legs would carry him. But Lindenwait had caught sight of his face before it was wholly averted. The expression on that face, cruel, malicious, triumphant, had chilled his blood. He knew some trickery was being consummated. An instant's flash of thought told him that danger lurked in the grove. Without hesitation, he turned, and plunged headlong in the direction the old man had taken.

He asked himself, "Why am I running? What am I running away from, and where am I going?"

Yet he kept on running, and soon his purpose resolved itself to this, alone—that he would overtake the old man and make him a prisoner, and later would return to the grove for the proofs against Margaret. For he could not believe her to be a German spy unless before his eyes were placed the tangible evidences of her guilt.

But he did not overtake the elderly man who claimed to be the husband of Margaret Barley. Suddenly he was rooted to the spot by a tremendous explosion.

In igniting the bonfire, the man who called himself "Mr. Small" had also ignited the end of a fuse connected with a bomb. He had done this intending the dynamite to explode at the moment Lindenwait should be hunting in the leaves for the proofs against Margaret. If Lindenwait had not happily caught a glimpse of the villain's face, which had acted as a subtle warning, all would now be over with him. As it was, the explosion threw earth, leaves, and stones high in the air, which fell back as rain, some of it reaching as far as the path in which the Inventor stood. For a moment or so he stared blankly at the hole that had been blown out of the earth. Then, wheeling about, he found that "Mr. Small" was gone. Of course the explosion, being no surprise to "Mr. Small," had not for a second delayed his flight.

Now fully recovered, Lindenwait hurried in pursuit, and very soon came to the cottage of the farmer's tenant. It was deserted. There were evidences to show that it had but recently been occupied, thus showing that "Mr. Small" had at least one accomplice on the farm.

Lindenwait realized to the full the danger of lingering on the place. Since "Mr. Small" had known of the purpose to drown him, he must be a friend of the four men in the automobile, and, more than that, he must keep himself in close touch with them. The four men who had fastened the iron weight to his neck, with "Mr. Small" and the tenant, made six men at least who were bent upon his death, and all six might be hiding just out of sight. He disliked exceedingly to permit the old fellow to escape, but prudence warned him away, and he sought as obscure a course as possible in finding his way back to the main road.

As he went along he told himself that Margaret Barley could not be a spy. He recalled her face, her voice, and assured himself that she was innocent. He told himself that there were no proofs against her, that if there had been proofs, the old man would have allowed him to find them.

But this assurance did not last very long. The answer came back—Why should the old man have allowed him to find them? No, if she were a spy, he would not want the proofs found; he would, on the contrary, want Lindenwait blown to atoms.

"But she is not a spy," he told himself grimly. "I don't know why, but I am absolutely sure that she could not be."

However, he had not gone very far along the country road—always keeping a sharp outlook all about him—before the question rose in his mind as clear-cut as insistent, as unanswerable as it had ever been—"Is she a spy?"

In spite of the danger that he knew must await him, he had turned his course back toward X——. Yes, he would return; no matter at what risk, for in this direction Margaret Barley was to be found.

Was she a spy?

That, he meant to find out.

Lindenwait now turns spy on his own account. His adventures in a rendezvous with his kidnapers, in next week's Ledger, will keep you breathing fast.

* * *

Naive Mendacity.

JACOB H. SCHIFF, the millionaire banker and philanthropist, said at a luncheon in New York:

"The German press lies with a naive shamelessness that is almost amusing. Look at the German promise to the Bolsheviki about no annexations by force. The German press explains to the German people that this just means that their annexations in Belgium and France and Russia will be made round the council table in peace parleys. There will be annexation, of course—not by force, but by treaty.

"Those naive liars remind me of an actress who said to a reporter:

"'And in reporting this jewel robbery please say that I suspect a discharged butler.'

"'When was he discharged?' the reporter asked.

"'Oh,' said the actress, 'I never really kept a butler, but it sounds well, don't you think, to say so?'"

* * *

Plenty of Titles.

MAJ. GEN. JOHN BIDDLE said to a friend at a holiday entertainment in Washington:

"There will be so many generals and colonels after the world war is over that our title lovers won't be put to such straits as they used to be.

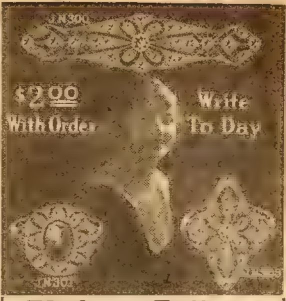
"No, we don't have any more such colonels as Colonel Hardwick, who got his colonelcy by inheritance, having married the widow of Colonel Sutherland.

"Nor General Gunter, who explained proudly to an inquirer:

"'For twenty-seven years, sir, I was general storekeeper at Croydon Four Corners.'

"Nor Judge Hough, either, who, on being asked if he was a United States judge or a Circuit Court judge, answered:

"'Neither, sir. I'm a judge of hoss racin'.'"



Platinum Patterns
On Approval Charge Account
All fashionable jewelry is platinum set. Gold is out of date. Expensive pieces are seldom, if ever, worked in gold nowadays and platinum costs seven times more than gold.
These three exquisite examples would cost from $90 to $200 in the real. We duplicated them in a platinum finish, sterling silver. An expert must test scientifically to tell the difference.
One-Tenth the Cost—$10 Instead of $100
Simply can't be detected from the genuine on the wearer. The most fashionable women wear platinum finished masterpieces. No one dreams they are not real. In such a setting the stones have all the fire, life and brilliancy of genuine first water diamonds.
Guaranteed Jewelry—Expert Workmanship
Not to be classed as imitations. Have the delicate sharp tracery and masterful design of platinum pieces. Side by side, you'll know no difference. Cannot tarnish or discolor.
Furnished on Approval for Any Test
Bar Pin JN300—diamond cut white stones.
Ring JN303—diamond cut white stone.
Ring JN301—has a carbochon blue sapphire with diamond cut white stone.
Your choice for $10.00 each, delivered.
Send $2.00 with order and $2.50 month if accepted. Give number. Money back if desired. Ask for our latest Book of Platinum Patterns, showing hundreds of latest designs.
Martha Lane Adams Co., 3359 Mosprat St., Chicago

ANY WATCH YOU WANT on CREDIT
FREE Examination
Smashing terms on watches, diamonds and jewelry. I demand no references, no notes, no red tape. This new kind of credit brings any watch—
WALTHAM—ELGIN—HAMILTON—
HOWARD—HAMPDEN—SOUTH BEND
Pay No Money until you see the watch: then if satisfied, only small first payment of liberal terms.
30 Days Trial to finally decide. Send name today for FREE BOOK—a gem showing watches, diamonds and jewelry in vast assortments at lowest prices and most liberal terms.
S. D. MILLER, Pres. Miller-Hoefer Co.
33 State St. Dept. 1025
DETROIT, MICH.

1,000 Shot Steel Air Rifle! GIVEN
Hamilton 22 Cal. Hunting RIFLE Without Cost
BOYS! We give choice of Six Guns (on four easy Plans) for selling our Magic Healing WAV-O-LENA at 25c Box. WE TRUST YOU. Order six boxes today—we send promptly—prepaid. Easy to sell—the healing ointment needed in every home. Sell at once, return money, choosing your Gun according to some one of the plans shown in new premium list. 200 Other Gifts. Big Cash Commission if preferred. Extra Gift—just for promptness, if you order today.
WAVERLY SUPPLY CO., Box 284, Monongahela, Pa.

WITTE Kero-Oil Engines
Twice the Power at Half the Cost
Sizes 2 to 22 H-P.—Select Your Own Terms—Direct-from-Factory prices. Write your own order—Save $15 to $200. Prompt Shipment. Big new catalog, "How to Judge Engines" FREE—by return mail, Postpaid.
Write Today
WITTE ENGINE WORKS
2520 Oakland Ave., Kansas City, Mo.
2520 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Save $15 to $200

$1.00 PANTS
Biggest Value You Ever Saw
Agents Wanted
FREE SAMPLE
Parcel Post Paid
Write NOW
PRODUCERS & CONSUMERS ALLIANCE
Dept. 518, Wholesale Tailors, Chicago

Pain Paint
Send 60c in stamps and we will mail you a Dollar of Wolcott's Pain Paint powders, with full directions to make sixty 25-cent bottles. Pain Paint relieves pain; Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia; cools the parts where applied. Superficial burns will not blister. Sold 40 years by agents.
R.L. WOLCOTT & SON, 30 Wolcott Bldg New York

FISH WILL BITE
Any time in any water if you use guaranteed DAN'S FISH LURE Most successful bait, 25c box lasts season. Dan's Traps catch fish where all others fail
AGENTS WANTED. Trial Box or Trap Free
DAN V. GILL NEW ALBANY, IND.

New Feather Beds Only $6.50
New Feather Pillows $1.25 per pair. Full size and full weight guaranteed. All new, clean, sanitary feathers. Best 8 ounce feather proof ticking. Write for new catalogue
SOUTHERN FEATHER & PILLOW CO., Dept. 102, Greensboro, N. C.

Love Keeps a Man Straight

By Clarissa Mackie

WHEN Esther Trent's Aunt Judith died and left her the little white house on the corner, Esther gladly left the home of her father where a stepmother ruled supreme and went to live all alone in the little white house.

Esther carried with her all the belongings of her own mother as well as her girlish trinkets and keepsakes. In time the little old-fashioned parlor came to look exactly as had the parlor of her own home, even to the ancient square piano that filled one corner.

"For land's sake, Esther, are you going to settle down here and be a regular old maid?" demanded Loretta Campbell, who was prematurely gray and sewed for a living.

[illegible]ther laughed.

"I always wanted a home of my own and if I waited till I got married, maybe I'd never have one. I can be just [illegible] young living here as if I stayed at home."

"I don't know, seems awful old-maidy to me," insisted Loretta; "just like my having white hair when I'm only 35—seems as if I had to stop expecting to [illegible]

"[illegible] 39," said Esther gently; "I don't [illegible] any too young to set up housekeeping."

Loretta Campbell was 39, too, and she knew that Esther was aware of it, but she had a cheery boldness that carried her thru very embarrassing situations.

"I'm never going to be any older than 35," she said significantly. "Now, F[illegible]ther, how are you going to have this neck fixed? High or low?"

After this important item had been discussed and Loretta had returned to the sewing machine, the little dressmaker paused in her furious pedalling and turned her sharp face over her shoulder.

"Did you know Emmy Slocum was going to be marrie[illegible]

"Yes—some time this month, isn't it?"

"The 19th." Then after a perceptible pause Loretta added: "I wonder if Ed Slocum will come home to the wedding."

"I'm sure I don't know."

"I heard they didn't know what part of the world he was in," pursued Loretta now that the delicate topic was opened.

"Indeed?"

"Yes. I heard his father told him he needn't never come home until he'd made enough money to pay back some of that he'd ill-spent. I call that pretty hard of Old Jim Slocum—pa says he was a limb when he was a boy and made no end of trouble for his folks—yet old Jim is hard as nails on poor Ed. Why, Ed can't be a boy any longer—he must have stopped cutting up tricks long ago."

Esther was silent.

"Ed wasn't what you'd call bad—he was just full of cutting up, but it seemed to cost his father a lot of money. Well, they drove him from home and I guess his ma broke her heart over it. I blame it all on old Jim Slocum—mean as all get-out!"

"I wonder what Mr. Slocum will do after Emmy's married, said Esther.

"Nobody knows—Dexter won't have him live with them—he's as much said so. Keep house for himself, I [illegible]

"Why, he can't do much. He's real feeble—he must be 70 years old, protested Esther.

"Don't seem to make any difference how old one is—they get trouble just the same," remarked Loretta.

After Loretta had gone home that night Esther washed up the supper dishes and then brought her little parlor where she lighted the lamp with the dangling prisms and sat down by the marble top table.

For a long time she sat lost in reverie. She was thinking of old Mr. Slocum so soon to be left alone. She was thinking of the prodigal, Ed, who had run away from home twenty years before. She looked back on her own girlish grief over that event as one reads the story of a stranger.

Once she had sat in the parlor at home, when Ed Slocum used to call on her three times a week, just as she was sitting now. Then she was waiting for him with fluttering heart and eyes that were telltale.

How handsome Ed had been—black-haired, black-eyed, light-hearted—the best fellow in the world, and it was this very easy-going nature of Ed's that had led him astray.

She still treasured the hasty note in which he had taken leave of her. It seemed to be the delicate, rosy thread that held her to her youth and hope.

Some day he might come back. Some day he would return. He had loved her.

Esther's brown head drooped a little wearily at these sad memories, but she was a brave soldier and she lifted her chin and took up the photograph album and turned to Ed's picture placed there opposite that of her mother

Her eyes were dim when she laid it aside. "He's my poor prodigal just the same," she murmured to herself as she blew out the light and went upstairs to bed.

* * * * * * *

Two weeks after that Emmy Slocum was married and all Leavenmill was interested in the masculine housekeeping of James Slocum.

Of outside help he would have none. Emmy and her husband had gone West, and the prosperous Dexter had offered to pay the wages of a housekeeper for his father-in-law, but Slocum had curtly refused.

Then the gray autumn days set in and the village turned to its indoor amusements of church sociables, grange meetings and the moving picture show which flourished in the Town Hall Building.

One December day Esther met old James Slocum hobbling toward home carrying a heavy bundle of groceries.

"Can't I help you, Mr. Slocum?" she asked timidly

"No, thank you, Esther—when I can't carry my own bundles it'll be time for me to lay down and die," he said not unkindly.

"I'm sorry you are all alone," ventured Esther, feeling very sorry for the old man, who had driven his son from his door, and whose daughter had left him to make a home for herself.

"'Tain't any matter!" muttered Jim; then, with a sudden change of tone he added in a broken voice: "'Tis some matter—Esther, I'd like to see my Ed before I die!"

Tears came into Esther's brown eyes. "Of course you would," she said gentl[illegible] "Have you any idea where he is now?"

"No—I reckon he's dead," said the old man drearily.

"What makes you think that?"

"I ain't heard from him for a long while. Last time there came a letter, it was for my wife—he didn't know she was dead, and I just cut out the newspaper notice of her death and wrapped it around the letter and sent 'em to the address on the outside of the envelope. Some place in Kansas—and I've never heard a word since, and that was seven years ago—but I think he's been here—I think he keeps track of us."

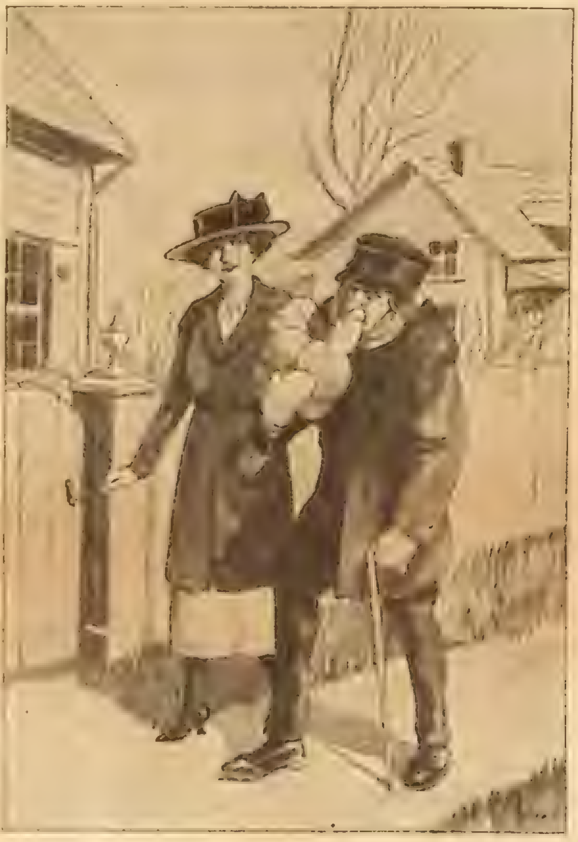
"What makes you think so?"

"One Sunday Emmy and I went to the cemetery to my wife's grave and it was covered with beautiful white flowers—like nothing that grows hereabouts—and ever since then on her birthday there's always white flowers on the grave. Emmy and I don't know, but we guess Eddie did it. It hurts me, Esther, that he's afraid to meet me face to face." He sighed heavily.

"If he only knew, Mr. Slocum, I am sure he would come."

"We can't find him, Esther. I can't remember the name of that Kansas town and there came a wedding present for Emmy—a beautiful set of knives and forks. There was no name attached and the postmark on the box was blurred. We could only guess it was from Eddie."

It was after that that Esther Trent took upon herself a mighty task. She bought postal cards by the dozen and on each one wrote an appeal to Edward Slocum to return to his aged father who needed him.



" 'Tis Some Matter, Esther. I'd Like to See My Ed Before I Die."

These she sent to many towns and cities in the State of Kansas, in the hope that she might by chance strike upon the place where Ed Slocum made his home. These postal cards she carried to the postoffice in the next village.

Weeks passed and there came no response to Esther's anonymous appeal. There had been one town which bore her own name, "Esther," and she had cherished a fluttering hope that Fate might decree that there was magic in the name of his old sweetheart and that Ed Slocum might have settled there. At any rate, she addressed the card to "Esther, Kansas," with confidence in the magic of the name.

No news came from her prodigal, and at last Esther gave up hope and turned her attention to making James Slocum as comfortable as he would permit he[illegible]

There was not much to do, for the old man was proud; he had enough money to keep him in comfort, but he did need a woman's tender care. In spite of his ungracious acceptance of Esther's ministrations, the little woman persisted in doing what she could for Ed Slocum's father.

One bitter night when James Slocum, almost helpless from an attack of rheumatism, had been compelled to accept Esther's aid the Slocum kitchen was aglow with warm light from the stove. Esther was moving around bent on household tasks, and Mr. Slocum, his helpless foot propped on a chair, was reading by the light of a green shaded lamp.

The supper dishes were washed, and Esther had prepared the old man's bed in the little room off the kitchen. She untied her apron and reached up to the hook for her knitted shawl when there came a knock at the door.

Esther answered it to admit a slender, erect man, whose sparkling black eyes searched her face eagerly and then darted to the wrinkled face of the old man.

"Father!" cried the man, and he went past his old sweetheart and knelt beside James Slocum.

It was several moments before the old man could command his voice to s[illegible]

"Son," he said, "it was Esther Trent who brought you back."

"I know it, father," said Ed, humbly.

But when they looked around Esther had disappeared.

"[illegible]ever mind, I'll go around after her in a little while," said Ed. "There are a few things that must be discussed first—and I want your blessing, father."

* * * * * * *

Esther was putting out the light when there came a ring at her doorbell. Trembling in every limb, she turned up the wick of the parlor lamp and went to the front door.

Ed Slocum stood there, his keen, eager face upturned to hers. "May I come in, Esther?" he asked.

Esther smiled tremulously. What could she say to him after all these years of waiting?

Within the little parlor, familiar because it held many well-remembered things, Ed Slocum's face worked strange-[illegible] At last he held out his hands to [illegible]

"[illegible]sther, I've meant to come back all [illegible]e years; I've kept myself straight for you and mother. I—I went to a place in Kansas—I picked it out because its name was the same as yours, and your postal card reached me at last. I thought they didn't want me here, and I stayed away, but when the card came, I knew. Are you going to welcome the prodigal son?" He smiled down wistfully at her.

"I knew you would come back some day," whispered Esther.

⁂

The Annual Hunt.

"I'M LEARNING a lot about decoration art these days," said the janitor's wife with a smile. "After I steer about 400 more lookers thru our vacant apartments and listen to them rave I'll start maybe a decorating shop and get high prices like a paperhanger for telling people how they should have their flat insides colored.

"Ain't it surprising what ideas some people have on what they'd like in wall paper and everything? Where they get those notions I don't know—they're all new to me. And I'm the one that has to stand the jam. Oswald don't have nothing to do with it. He says he'd have to laugh out loud and the people would walk out and not rent the place at all. I feel like laughing, but I don't when I remember I get $2 for every flat leased.

"Yesterday I showed an apartment to a woman and I almost had the lease signed up with her when she noticed the ceiling in the living room. At first I thought she was going to faint. She looked at me and her eyes got glassy. I asked her what the trouble was. 'Oh! she said, 'did you see that ceiling?'

" 'What's the matter with it?' I asked.

" 'Look again,' she came back. 'It's out of harmony with the woodwork. Would you want me to bring my husband and children into a place like this

"That got me right. 'Missus,' I spoke up, 'I don't know what the trouble is, but I can tell you this place would be perfectly all right for your husband and children, even your aunt and your grandmother. You can't find no nicer people in the city than what there is in this building.'

"I took her into the dining-room and she made another outburst. It seem[illegible] according to her idea, that the panels in the sidewalls was the kind of a tint that makes her husband angry. If he's in a greenish room he flies off the ha[illegible]dle over the least little thing. She wished the room did over in soft red, like a house afire, because red is soothing on the nerves.

"Isn't that a fine way to be kidding a husband along? If Oswald, my man, was full of them kind of notions he'd soon be cured. But he ain't. White, pink, blue or lemon let the decorations be. If I'm there, he says, the place could be no beautifuller. It's the same way with me. When we're sitting by the parlor or dining-room we don't be looking to see what color the ceiling is—we're admiring each other."

"Now that you mentioned decorations," said the woman addressed, as if she had just thought of it.. "I not[illegible] border in our living-roon[illegible]

"Gee!" exclaimed the [illegible],

"I never expected that of [illegible]

Along the Old Beaten Paths

"IT'S no use, Nan; we have been here two years and not a soul has called, or looked at us at church, even. I have smiled my sweetest at the postman and the store boy, but they are the only-ones I ever see to waste my smiles on. Now there is going to be a change; they will come to me, see if they don't!"

Nan opened her brown eyes wide "How?"

"Oh, you will see, but first you are going away. Mind, I mean it. You shall go to college, and——"

"But Molly, how can I? There isn't a nickel to spare. What are you thinking of? We have just got to live here and dry up till we die," wailed pretty Nan.

"There, there, don't turn on the showers. Dry your eyes and remember you are to have your chance. How? Never you mind; do as I say; put on your bonnet, go to the city, and look up our two best friends."

"Best friends," cried Nan; "now I know this lonely life has gone to your head; we have no friends."

"Yes, we have. Miss Bankbook and Madam Life Insurance. Go first to the bank and see how much we have on account. Then go to the insurance company and see what we can hire on that. Leave it to me, dear. You are to have your chance."

Pretty Nan gayly started for the city, firm in faith that big sister Molly would find a way to carry out the wish of her heart and take her away from this life which she so hated.

Our girls were all alone in the world. Molly was 12 years old when Nan opened her blue eyes just as the dainty mother closed hers. Molly, after a little, began the mothering of baby Nan, and this had continued thru all the years.

At the time our story opens their father also had passed away just after coming to this strange town. He had left them with many debts and this little farm heavily mortgaged and poorly stocked. Molly had tried to wrest a living for them from this and keep Nan at high school. She had done this, but now the graduation was over and it was time to enter college. What could be done?

Poor Molly had worked and planned to get the custom of the few wealthy families that she knew bought much of what most people in that little town called luxuries, but it was of no use; they would not even try her lovely thick cream or her fancy cooking, in which Molly was an expert. For she was a wonderful cook.

Still she would not give up. It was now only ten weeks to opening of college, where she had promised to send Nan.

"If I can only go," moaned Nan, "then in four short years, dear old Molly, we can leave this hateful old place, and you can come where I am teaching and keep house for me."

Molly smiled. She could in fancy see herself waiting for gay, thoughtless Nan to support her. All the same, Nan should have her chance.

When the train whistle sounded, Molly was waiting for her at the station. "How much, Nan?"

"Only one hundred in the bank and a measly little three hundred and sixty on insurance. Only think," she stormed, "of all you have paid in, and only this back."

"I know; but it will come back," Molly tried to comfort the girl.

"Yes, when you are old and gray. And I want it now."

"You shall have it, girlie," Molly said. "That will start you all right for the half year and buy the pretty clothes you have set your heart on; so don't cry, dear. The hundred must stay in the bank, for we might be sick."

"Yes; but what will you do?"

"Never mind, I will plan that. But now, Nan, we must work, work, work, to get you ready. Then I will settle down and get something that will give us the money for the next half year."

"Oh, you dear," Nan cried, "how I love you!"

The days flew by, and the time came to say good-by all too soon for poor Molly, facing a long winter alone.

But her plans had been well laid, and with no word to mar the rosy joy of her sister, she said good-by.

She started her work the moment the door closed, after seeing her sister off. In all the world Molly could boast of only one accomplishment—her cooking. So this advertisement was sent to the evening papers:

"Now is the time to prepare for the holidays. Have you ordered your cake? The best fruit and wedding cake ever made, absolutely home made, under sanitary conditions. Samples and prices sent free for two-cent stamp. Limited orders filled before Christmas. Your custom is solicited."

Ten of the large dailies printed this for a week; also five of the magazines. While waiting for the answers, Molly made the cake and got tiny boxes for the samples. The letters were to come to a nearby town, where she had hired a box. Soon the answers came piling in. They came from far away Western ranches, and from her own town. What pleased her most, from most of the famous women's colleges, Nan's among them.

She had to go to the bank for some of that precious savings to buy materials to fill the orders that she was sure would follow the samples. Gayly she sent the samples, and then came a long, dreadful wait for orders.

The first came the following Monday, saying: "Send me 10 pounds of fruit cake. Inclosed find check for same. If satisfactory, shall want thirty pounds of wedding cake for January 12. How early will you need order? Reply."

Molly gasped. The order came from her own town, from the very family that had refused to try her cake in that dreadful time when she was seeking to find a way for Nan to go to college.

The order was filled, and a check followed for the wedding cake. After that the orders came thick and fast.

Oh, how she worked early and late, week in, week out! But the money had all been returned to the bank, and added to, little by little.

Nan's letters were full of eager questions as to what she was doing, and where the needed money was coming from, but Molly forgot (?) to answer them.

Finally the day came when the school asked for the next half year expenses.

Poor Nan wrote a tear-stained letter: "Shall I come home? Write, please, what you have done. Am so worried. Have asked them to wait two weeks so as to give a little time."

For answer, Molly sent a check, generous enough to cover all bills "and a little for fun, dear," the letter said, but never a word as to where the money came from. To all questions the only answer was, "don't worry."

After a time Nan wrote: "I know you have borrowed the money; but never mind, I will pay it when I get to work."

Molly smiled. She knew Nan would have to work years to make what she was earning. Just at the close of the school year Nan wrote: "Molly, darling, won't you please send me some of your lovely fruit cake? I want a spread before I come home, and no one ever makes cake like yours."

This came one day when the calls had been so many that there was only ten pounds of fruit cake left; and in the same mail came a letter inclosing a check from a girl in the freshman classes at Nan's own college asking for that amount. Molly sent the order and wrote Nan thus: "I can't, dear; not time to make; will send light cake."

This was duly sent. Then Molly waited, wondering if Nan would find out why she couldn't send fruit cake. She didn't have long to wait.

"A telegram," called a small boy.

"You old fraud," it read, "that fruit cake sent to M. B. I knew the minute I saw it, then M. showed me your adv. Oh, you splendid."

Molly cried happy tears. Her "baby sister" wasn't spoiled. When the sisters were together once more two days later it was all talked over, and the way out had been found.

In September there would not only be a chance for college again, but during August both girls could rest and visit and still have something left over.

"Molly, dear old Molly! How did you ever get acquainted with all these people?" Nan asked one day when the girls came in from a long auto ride with a lady at the other side of the town

"Oh," laughed Molly, "it isn't [illegible] simply made something the world wanted, 'so the world made a beaten path to my door.'"

* * *

Lost in the Maze.

THE conversation in the lobby of a Washington hotel turned to the great drouth of some legal arguments, when the following story was recalled by Senator John W. Smith of Maryland:

Some time since a rather youthful lawyer had a case in which he wished to make a hit, and to that end he looked up authorities that took him back to the days of Julius Caesar.

At the end of an hour and a half he was pained to observe what looked like inattention on the part of the court. Apparently the judge was not appreciating the fine points of his arguments.

"Your Honor," said he, pausing in his plea and turning to the bench, "I beg your pardon, but are you following me?"

"I have so far," answered the judge wearily shifting about in his chair, "but if I thought that I could find my way back I would quit right here."

SUDDEN DEATH

Before an insurance company will take a risk on your life the examining physician will test your water and report whether you are a good risk. When your kidneys get sluggish and clog, you suffer from backache, sick-headache, dizzy spells, or twinges and pains of lumbago, rheumatism and gout, or sleep is disturbed two or three times a night.

You can readily overcome such conditions, prolong life and drive the uric acid out of the system by taking Anuric in tablet form. It was the discovery of Dr. Pierce of the Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. Send him ten cents for trial package Anuric. Many times more potent than lithia. Try it now! ***

Bunion Sufferers—For Free Relief See Back Page of This Paper

The New Oliver Nine

Was $100 Now $49

A $2,000,000 GUARANTEE
THAT THIS $49 TYPEWRITER WAS $100

The Sales Policy Alone Is Changed, Not the Machine

The Oliver Nine—the latest and best model—will be sent direct from the factory to you upon approval. Five days free trial. No money down. No salesmen to influence you. Be your own salesman and save $51. Over a year to pay. Mail the coupon now.

On March 1st we announced the Oliver Typewriter Company's revolutionary plans. On that date we discontinued an expensive sales force of 15,000 salesmen and agents. We gave up costly offices in 50 cities.

Prices Cut in Two

By eliminating these terrific and mounting expenses, we reduced the price of the Oliver Nine from the standard level of $100 to $49. This means that you save $51 per machine. This is not philanthropy on our part. While our plan saves *you* much, it also saves for *us*.

The entire facilities of the company are devoted exclusively to the production and distribution of Oliver Typewriters.

The Identical Model

The Oliver Typewriter Company gives this guarantee: The Oliver Nine we now sell direct is the exact machine—our latest and best model—which until March 1st was $100

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

More than that, it is the best typewriter, in fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine.

Over 600,000 have been sold. This is the same commercial machine used by the U. S. Steel Corporation, the National City Bank of N. Y., Montgomery Ward & Co., Morris & Co., Packers; The Pennsylvania Railroad and a host of others.

This Coupon Is Worth $51

Simplified Selling

Our new plan is extremely simple. It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer.

You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon below. We don't ask a penny down on deposit.

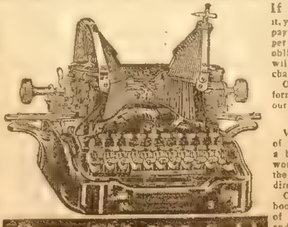
When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are $3 per month. You are under no obligation to keep it. We will even refund transportation charges if you return it.

Or, if you wish additional information, mail coupon for our proposition in detail.

Don't Pay $100

Why now pay the extra tax of $51 when you may obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—a world favorite—for $49? Cut out the wasteful methods and order direct from this advertisement.

Or send for our remarkable book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.



Over 600,000 Sold

Canadian Price $62.65

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY,
1223 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Illinois

NOTE CAREFULLY—This coupon will bring you either the Oliver Nine for free trial or further information. Check carefully which you wish.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
1223 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $49 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for. My shipping point is ....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalogs and further information.

Name.......

Street Address

City.... State

WANTED—30,000 BOYS

WE HAVE 30,000 boys who sell our great papers, The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout. Thousands of them earn from $1.00 to $5.00 a week. People in every town and R. F. D. know our great papers and we have received thousands of letters from people asking the name of the local agent so they could buy the papers from them. We want 30,000 more agents, so that there will be an agent in every town and R. F. D. route, and to get them we have a wonderful new plan which gives our agents cash profits on every paper they sell and

VALUABLE PREMIUMS AND FREE APPOINTMENT TO THE LONE SCOUTS OF AMERICA

No experience is necessary, the less experience you have the better. We show you when you start just where to get the customers, how to sell the papers and just what to do. No town or R. F. D. route is too small to sell our papers in. Thousands of our agents in the smallest towns and R. F. D. routes are making the biggest money every week and are getting the valuable premiums. Remember, you can't lose anything. We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all at one time on Friday. You have a paper to sell to every man, woman and boy. We show you just how to build up a route of regular customers that means steady profits every week.

IT IS EASY TO GET STARTED TODAY

but you must hurry, for the agencies are being grabbed up quickly by boys. It takes no money to start. There is no expense or risk to you at any time. All we ask is that you do as we say. Will you? Just fill out the blank below and we will send you a complete agent's outfit absolutely free and your first week's supply of papers.

W. D. BOYCE CO., DEPT. 4, 512 N. DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I accept the agency for your 3 papers. Send me as many copies of each as you think I can sell the first week. I will be pleased to receive my Certificate of Membership in the Lone Scouts and badge and booklet of instructions from Chief Totem FREE. Also tell me how to get the valuable premiums.

Name..............................

Street or R. F. D. No ....

Town..............................State..........

Many Women Would Like to Propose, but Few, Like Eleanor, Are Blessed With a Sufficient Excuse

How Eleanor Proposed

By Mason Ray

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

IT WAS a tremendous theft. No one can be burglarized of a half-million without being bowled over, so to speak, and Eleanor was frantic. I could tell that by her voice as it trembled over the wire.

It was exactly 3:45 when the wall 'phone that connects with the bank where I work, and is also a party line, buzzed me awake, and I heard Eleanor excitedly calling, in agitated tones, asking me to come immediately. I guessed the reason. Hastily dressing, I seized my flashlight and hurried down the front stairs of Dunn's boarding-house into the murk of the darkest November night I have ever seen. It was smut black, and it had been smut black when I returned to my rooms from Eleanor's [illegible] celebration, two hours before. This time I half ran the intervening distance to the old Harden place.

Eleanor herself opened the door and almost dragged me into the lighted library, where she pointed a shaking finger at an open safe.

"Donald, my money's gone!" she gasped. "Every dollar of it."

Usually Eleanor's pretty face is smiling. Now it was ghastly white—and tired. Her guests had kept her up until 2 o'clock. I know, because I outstayed the others. I was worried about her half-million being in the house with just her and the servants. I offered to act as guard the rest of the night, but she objected. She was sure nothing could happen after that late hour. Yet the dreaded something had happened. The huge sum we had known to be in the safe at 2 o'clock that morning was removed. The compartment was vacant. Her money was gone.

And it was every dollar of her inheritance. Her father, a wealthy lumberman, had trusted a friend. He had named Aaron Kirkland, a banker, sole guardian of his daughter and custodian of her fortune. I knew all about the affair, since I'm cashier and a sort of manager in Kirkland's Ashdale bank, one of a chain he had established in small towns. At that time the business seemed solvent. Everything looked right as a trivet. Then, by chance, I discovered that Kirkland was speculating and stripping the banks to pay ruinous losses. It set me thinking. I urged Eleanor to demand an accounting and take possession of her money. She acted on my advice. Kirkland was furious, but he agreed to close the Harden account the day she was of age.

For months before the date of Eleanor's majority, packets of currency continually arrived by express. Soper, my assistant, or I carried it up from the office in a small brown satchel. Once more Kirkland was stripping his State-inspected banks. On the day Eleanor came of age the amount in our vault exceeded a half-million.

"Make up five hundred thousand for me in the largest bills," Kirkland demanded of me late that afternoon.

I was mystified at the order. Usually express shipments of cash were managed before noon. Suddenly I understood. He and Eleanor's lawyer had settled up the Harden account and this sum was due the heiress. Could Kirkland spare it? As I verified the count, my indelible pencil jabbed a mark on each bill. The act was subconscious, for half of me was listening to the banker talking to men beyond the wicket. He was telling them that he was about to pay Eleanor Harden half a million dollars. Then he came back of the desk and thrust the bills I shoved toward him into a brown hand bag. This he personally delivered to his ward after every bank in the State had closed its doors.

"I wrote my guardian a receipt and locked up the money just eleven hours ago," said Eleanor, in a voice that shook. She was terribly upset. But my heart was lead. I blamed myself for the whole trouble.

"I was a fool to leave you," I told her. "My place was here with a loaded gun. Have you any idea who did the job?"

"An expert," declared Eleanor. "I've read they can work a combination by sound. Whoever took the money not only unlocked the safe but locked it. I found it closed. Anyway, it's the work of a burglar, for only you and I and Kirkland knew about the payment."

"Except Soper and every one else in Ashdale," I corrected. "If they didn't it wasn't Kirkland's fault. He blabbed it to men in the bank. I heard him."

"As if he wanted me to be robbed," breathed Eleanor.

Absently she answered questions about her discovery. In her gray eyes was a gleam of something like horror. She seemed intent on some minor current of thought while she told of worrying about the half-million.

She hadn't been able to sleep. Her excited fancy, she said, conjured up burglars by the score. There had been no disturbing sound, but she finally dressed and descended to the room that held her fortune. She snapped on lights and unlocked the old safe. It seemed a foolish act—the cowardice of overwrought nerves. Then she saw that the pile of bills had disappeared. After all, there had been a burglar. She rushed to the 'phone and called me up.

It was not the first time Eleanor had turned to me when in trouble. Ever since we occupied adjacent homes in a less pretentious part of Ashdale I had mended her broken toys or solved her own school sums or had decided questions for her like the matter of her inheritance. This time I had erred in judgment. The thought of it tortured me to distraction, as I made a barren search of the premises. Back in the library I found Eleanor huddled in a [illegible] chair. Her clear eyes questioned.

"Not a track or trace," I reported. "Are you sure the thief wasn't among your guests?"

"Positively," she assured me. "Not one of them could manipulate the lock."

"Except your late guardian," I thought, but refrained from expressing something that was beating at my brain, something too absurd for words. I wanted to think it out. I asked Eleanor to delay summoning the sheriff. I asked her to wait an hour.

"Talk with him yourself when you like," she told me. Her eyes lighted with relief. Once more I was to solve her problem and she believed me capable. "I'm shaky with excitement," she said. "While you're busy I'll try to have a nap."

It never occurred to her that I, her [illegible], had more than any one in Ashdale, the opportunity and motive for this crime. She forgot that I was acquainted with the rifled safe's combination. And she should have known that her stolen fortune had prevented our marriage. It had divided us like a wall of steel.

"I won't be gone long," I promised. "You're all in. Try and rest."

Without a word of my design I left her and hurried to the gate. In the thick murk my steps sounded muffled. I didn't know till afterward that Eleanor suspected my destination and ran after me to dissuade me from the risk. Her slippered feet made no sound. She called, but I didn't hear. I was running, flash in hand.

It had dawned on me that Kirkland never meant to part with the half-million. His carrying it to Eleanor after banking hours was a trick. He was desperate, and he knew it would be child's play to steal it back. It was not a new idea. Doubtless he was prepared with skeleton keys for the doors. If detected, he could claim he was guarding Eleanor's fortune. I visualized his movements. If my reasoning was correct, he had not been in possession of the cash over an hour. He would go directly home and place the money in his modern built-in depository. It would be too near morning to bother with hunting a hiding-place; besides, no one in Ashdale would be likely to hunt down Kirkland, the banker, as a common thief. So the half-million would be in his mammoth safe, the safe I had twice opened at Kirkland's direction to take out papers he had forgotten.

Presently I was on the porch of the Kirkland mansion and was fumbling for entrance. The windows of the room I wished to enter were fastened. So were all the others except a small window of what proved to be a pantry. I crept in and listened. Evidently the servants were enjoying the sleep that comes before dawn. I removed my shoes and carried them in my hand while I crossed room after room until I entered the one I sought and stood before the built-in safe with its complicated lock. My fingers trembled as I applied the numbers which, without thought, I had memorized. As the bits of steel tumbled into place, the sound seemed like the bark of guns. Then, as I swung back the door, some one back of dividing portieres snored. I almost dropped my light, but I had dared too much to back down now. My searching gaze saw compartments filled with many documents and also a startling object. Back in the vault sat the familiar brown satchel. I snapped it wide and saw the missing bills. They were identical, even to the dot made by my pencil.

The muzzle of a revolver iced a spot on my neck and the portly form of Kirkland towered above me.

"Hunting trouble, eh?" he wheezed in his asthmatic voice. "What's the idea?"

"You robbed Eleanor Harden," I charged.

"You're an impertinent lunatic," he stormed. "An insane fool!"

"But I can identify the cash that you stole from the Harden library about 3 o'clock. Since then you haven't been to bed. You've been guarding money you need to protect your banks. You've been gambling until you're ruined. I can prove it."

"It's your word against mine," he taunted. But he didn't shoot.

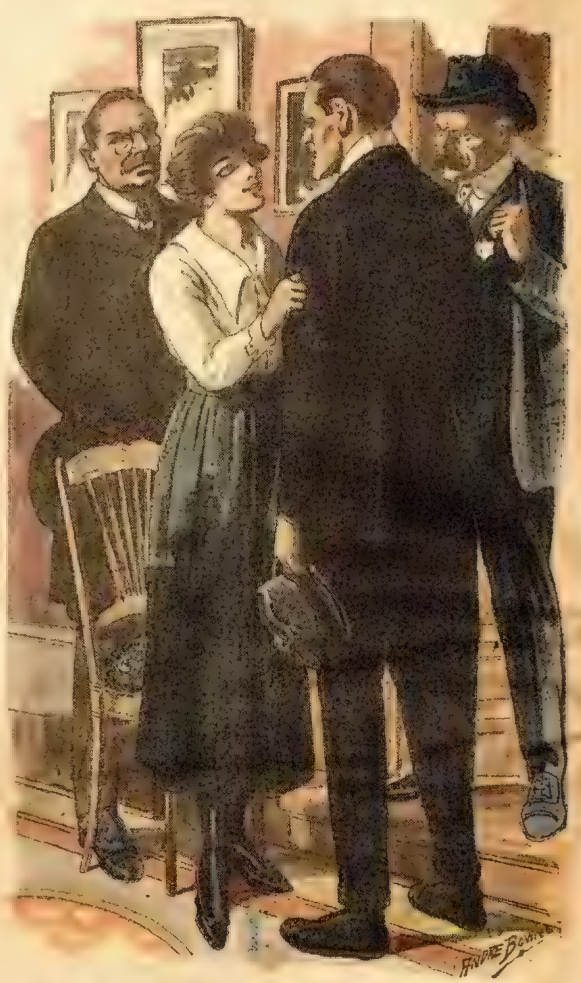
He dared not. If witnesses came running he couldn't explain away that half-million. His safety depended upon getting me out of the way and hiding the cash. After that, as he said, it would be his word against mine, and the greatest of Ashdale's big men would win.

Instantly we were battling in pitch-darkness for possession of the brown bag. It was a struggle where youth was pitted against age and asthma. And as I blindly struck and clinched and parried the older man's onslaught, another thought came to mind. Suppose I escaped with the treasure. Kirkland might accuse me of the theft and prove it by what I carried. It would again be his word against mine. No one would credit my wild yarn of the night's experience. It might not benefit the banker, but it would be punishment for my audacity. I determined to deliver the money to Eleanor within the next ten minutes. My left hand never relaxed my hold on the brown bag. As I fought back my antagonist I worked toward the door. The center table and a revolving bookcase were both my undoing and my guide. As I crashed against each in turn, Kirkland, who dared not turn on lights, caught up with me and smashed me to the floor with a heavy chair.

I was half stunned. My head was bleeding. Kirkland tore at the satchel, but I sprang to my feet and jerked it free. A determination that was instinct sent me into the hall and back to the open window. Faint and staggering I reached the road and loped down its center. My mind refused to function. I held like grim death to something precious and ran toward town. I was dimly conscious of sharp objects that cut my shoeless feet. I must get shoes. The idea obsessed me. That and habit lured me along Front street to Dunn's boarding-house and up the stairs to my room. Then I forgot about shoes and tumbled on the bed in a swoon. I forgot all about the bag, too, but it was still clinched in my left hand.

Eleanor told me all about it. She had waited at the gate in a frenzy of fear for my life. Ten, twenty, twenty-five minutes must have joined eternity when she saw me pass like a gray ghost. A belated moon had thinned the soot-black night and she could see I was swaying as I ran. Something was wrong. She secured a cloak and her electric torch and followed me. Of course, I arrived at my rooms ahead of her, but she guessed my destination. Without a moment's hesitation she mounted the stairs and entered my wide-open doorway. Her flashlight showed me in a faint; and the brown bag in my hand told the story. Her first act was to remove the bag from my tensed grasp. It was not easy. She had barely succeeded when she heard a step on the stairs. Something impelled her to flee from the room and conceal herself in an alcove of the hall. Two men directly appeared at the stair head and one carried a light. They went into my room and Eleanor, with the bag of cash in her arms, sped down the stairs and back thru the forsaken streets to her home.

I didn't know this. And when Jim Bland revived me with the sopping towels he had dipped in my ewer, my first thought was for the brown satchel. I couldn't see it. But the up-pouring dawn showed me Kirkland bunched in



"Because," Said the Wonderful Girl, "We Are Soon to Be Married."

27 Years the Enemy of Pain

AK
HEADACHE
TABLETS

10¢ AK FAC-SIMILE 25¢

For Headaches,
Neuralgias,
La Grippe and Colds
Women's Aches and Ills,
Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains
Pain! No Matter Where

Ask Your Druggist For A-K Tablets
See Monogram AK on the Genuine
The Antikamnia Chemical Co., St. Louis

YOUR HEART

Does it Flutter, Palpitate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Tenderness, Numbness, or Pain in left side, Dizziness, Fainting Spells, Spots before eyes, Sudden Starting in sleep, Nervousness, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation in throat, Painful to lie on left side, Sinking or Smothering Sensation, Difficult Breathing, Heart Dropsy or Swelling of feet or ankles? If you have one or more of the above symptoms, don't fail to use Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets. Not a secret medicine. It is said that one person out of every four has a weak heart. Probably three-fourths of these do not know it, and hundreds wrongfully treat themselves for the Stomach, Lungs, Kidneys or Nerves. Don't take any chances when Dr. Kinsman's Heart Tablets are within your reach. More than 1000 endorsements furnished.

FREE TREATMENT COUPON
Any sufferer mailing this coupon, with their name and P. O. Address, to Dr. F. G. Kinsman, Box 951, Augusta, Maine, will receive a box of Heart Tablets for trial by return mail, postpaid, free of charge. Delays are dangerous. Write at once—to-day.

ECZEMA

Also Called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus Milk Crust, Water Poison, Weeping Skin, etc.

I believe eczema can be cured to stay. I mean just what I say C-U-R-E-D and NOT merely patched up to return again. Remember, I make this statement after handling nearly a half million cases of eczema and devoting 12 years of my life to its treatment. I don't care what all you have used nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured, all I ask is just a chance to prove my claims. If you write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of mild, soothing, guaranteed treatment that will surely convince you as it has me. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me to-day I believe you will enjoy more real comfort than you really thought this world held for you. Just try it, and I feel sure you will agree with me.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY, 1417 Court Blk., Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Send this notice to some eczema sufferer.

Vacant Government Land
HOW TO GET A FARM FREE
A Billion Acres Open to Homestead Entry and Purchase :: ::
FULL INFORMATION to LAND SEEKERS
About the United States Vacant Lands and How to Secure Them

Also, the number of acres and the kind of land described that is open to settlement in each county of every public land state and territory. The Location of Each Land Office to which Applications are made, with blank form of application. It tells about Irrigation and Irrigated Lands, Oil and Saline Lands, how to acquire Townsites and Millsites, with Diagrams and Tables Revised to Date. 112 pages.

PRICE, PAPER COVERS, 25c, POSTPAID.
W. C. WATKINS. Box 1505. Parnassus, Pa.

Squab Book FREE
FREE BOOK tells how to profitably raise, care for and sell them. Demand unlimited. Start profitable business of your own. No large investment. Book free. Write today.
INDIANA SQUAB CO., Dept. 5014 Terre Haute, Ind.

TAPE-WORM Expelled alive in 60 minutes with head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp.
DR. M. NEYSMITH, Specialist, 525 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

my one rocking chair and the observing eyes of the sheriff.

"Well," said he grimly, "where's the boodle?"

"What do you mean?" I demanded

"I mean," said he, "where's the brown bag of cash you stole between 3 and 4 o'clock this morning from Miss Harden?"

My aching head was confused. How was it? "Why, I didn't steal the money from Eleanor," I explained "I took it from Kirkland. It was in his safe."

"You're delirious," said Bland. "Now see here. Mr. Kirkland got to worrying about all that money being in the Harden house with no one but the servants and Miss Eleanor to guard it. So he came over to look after it. Jonas, the all-round handy man, let him in. Right away he and Jonas discovered the robbery. And, son, they discovered something else. They found your shoes and flashlight."

"That's a lie," I told him. "My shoes are at Kirkland's. I left them in his private office."

"Tut, tut," said Bland. "That's nonsense." He stared at my unshod feet and muddied socks "Anyway, you've been walking in socks," he commented, "You've been walking in socks and need shoes. Suppose we go over to Harden's and get them."

He wanted to confront me with my crime and collect evidence. I was willing. It meant seeing Eleanor. So I was helped into some extra boots and a warm coat. Bland's arm supported me down the stairs and along the way while Kirkland walked ahead and finally opened the Harden gate.

It almost seemed as if the Harden heiress expected us. She met us at the front door and, without a word, conducted us to the library

"Well, gentlemen," she questioned, "what's wanted?"

"For one thing," said Bland, "Donald Kline wants his shoes."

"Which prove that he stole your half-million," cut in Kirkland. "We found his shoes and searchlight near your burglarized safe. Now we're going to make him confess. And we're going to make him tell what he's done with the money."

"He—he didn't do anything with the money," was Eleanor's amazing retort. "He didn't need to."

"Didn't need to!" repeated Bland. "Just why?"

"Because," said this wonderful girl, "we are soon to be married."

Drooping lashes covered the gray eyes, her pretty face flamed from dainty chin to her nut-brown hair. At that moment I'd have given a full half-million if Kirkland and the sheriff had left us alone. For my bewildered wits told me Eleanor was both shielding and proposing marriage to me, a nobody. But my heart leaped and my burning eyes must have expressed my gratitude if she had looked up to see.

"And when we're married," added my angel, "what I own will belong to us both."

"Right now," Bland observed dryly, "it don't look like you owned much. It seems you've been robbed, and if Donald didn't take it, who did?"

"Nobody took it; it isn't gone," was Eleanor's astounding statement.

She swiftly flung wide the door of the safe and each of us stared at a brown hand bag. I gasped with untold relief. Bland looked mystified. Kirkland appeared to see a ghost. His device of smuggling my shoes into the library for evidence against me had come to naught. At the sheriff's command I opened the bag and counted the bills. Every one was there. The half-million was intact.

"That explodes your case," the sheriff told Kirkland. But he seemed puzzled. There was a whole lot he didn't understand and the air of the room was electrical. It was so charged with animosity toward the thieving banker that he moved toward the door at Bland's heels, and I heard the sheriff address to him a cryptic remark.

"When I'm asked to go hunting," said he, "I like to get a shot."

❧ ❧ ❧

Strange Proceeding.

FARMER TURNIPSON had brought his young son David to London to see the sights, and toward the end of a long day was dragging his fourteen stone up the steps of the great monument, says Tit-Bits. Long before they reached the top, the father was regretting that he had allowed his son to persuade him to undertake such a tiring journey.

"Look, father!" exclaimed the boy, when they had at last reached the top. "Isn't it a grand sight down there?"

"Well," puffed the elder Turnipson, "if it's so grand down there, what in the name of all that's wonderful did you bring me up here for?"

❧ ❧ ❧

Figure It Out.

PATIENCE—"I saw Peggy with a lorgnette."

Patrice—"Oh, I didn't know you had one."

Patience—"I haven't."

Patrice—"How did you see her with one, then?"

Patience—"I mean I saw she had one."

Patrice—"Oh, you mean she saw you with one."

Past History.

ELSIE'S mother held the opinion that instruction should be given to children incidentally whenever possible. Therefore on different occasions at the table Elsie learned that veal is cut from a little calf, that slices of bacon once helped to make a pig, and so on. One morning at breakfast she looked up from her plate with a puzzled expression.

"Mamma," she inquired, "what was hash when it was alive?"

In Retaliation.

AN IRISHMAN paid a visit to China. He was quick-tempered and it was not long before he had high words with a native who spoke very broken English. Seizing a dish from a stall close at hand, Pat let fly with it, and the Chinaman's head was cut. On being brought before the English consul, he was asked why he had insulted the native.

"Sure," replied Pat, "he spoke broken English, and I just gave him broken China in return."

Hair Trouble Successfully Treated
CALVACURA STOPS HAIR FALLING
THE CALVACURA METHOD is a scientific, natural method, invariably producing gratifying results

From Photograph—Not Retouched

Successful Scientific Treatment

Mrs. Lina Belperio, whose photograph appears here, sent us a very interesting sworn statement of the remarkable results she and her children obtained from the Calvacura Method. We would like to send you a copy of this statement.

Mrs. John Malouin writes: "The sample box started a growth of new hair and I am so pleased I am sending for a full treatment."

Mr. Frank H. Wright says: "Your Calvacura No. 1 cured me, also my brother-in-law, and I can recommend it to anyone."

Do You Suffer from Dandruff, Falling Hair, Prematurely Gray Hair, Stringy, Sticky or Matted Hair, Itching or Eczema of the Scalp? Are you bald headed or nearly so?

Delays Are Dangerous—If you suffer from any of the hair troubles mentioned above, do not neglect it, try to relieve the trouble at once. Let us send you our illustrated book, "The Triumph of Science Over Baldness," and a liberal sample of Calvacura.

Simple Test—If you find hairs adhere to your comb, examine them closely. If the root is pale, dry, dead looking, take warning; correct the trouble if you want to save your hair and make it grow.

Let Us Prove to you by sending you a Sample Treatment that the Calvacura Natural Method of Hair Culture stops the falling of hair driving away dandruff and eczema of the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair. We will send a liberal sample of Calvacura No. 1 and our illustrated book on the care of the hair and scalp, if you will write your name and address plainly on a piece of paper and enclose it with ten cts. silver or stamps as evidence of your good faith, in an envelope addressed Union Laboratory, 28 104th St., Binghamton, N. Y.

DO IT NOW, BEFORE YOU FORGET.

A WAR GARDEN FREE!

We have made arrangements with a reliable seed house for a large quantity of guaranteed seeds put up in packets, which we will give to our subscribers. You can now get the seeds for the War Garden you have planned, FREE. The packets contain nothing but the best seeds, and the assortment is about all that is needed to plant a model War Garden. This is our answer to the President's request that every one raise his own vegetables in order to solve the food problem and win the war. The assortment consists of fourteen packets of seeds, some of which are very scarce this season, and for that reason the collection is of double value to you.

1 Pkt. BEET, Early Eclipse.
1 Pkt. CABBAGE, All Season.
1 Pkt. CARROT, Oxheart.
1 Pkt. CUCUMBER, Everbearing.
1 Pkt. LETTUCE, Black Seeded Simpson.
1 Pkt. TOMATO, Stone.
1 Pkt. ONION, Yellow Globe Danvers.
1 Pkt. SQUASH, Genuine Hubbard.
1 Pkt. TURNIP, Early Purple Top.
1 Pkt. MUSKMELON, Rocky Ford.
1 Pkt. WATERMELON, Kleckley's Sweet.
1 Pkt. PARSLEY, Champion Moss Curled.
1 Pkt. PARSNIP, Improved Hollow Crown.
1 Pkt. RADISH, Burgess Prize Mixture.

A Beautiful Flower Garden

Beautify your home by planting a pretty garden of choice flowers. If you will glance over the names of the seeds and recollect that they are furnished by a reliable company and fully guaranteed, you will realize the big offer we are making you.

1 Pkt. SWEET PEAS, Choice Mixture.
1 Pkt. CANDYTUFT, All Colors, Mixed.
1 Pkt. CALENDULA, Double Mixed.
1 Pkt. CALLIOPSIS, Finest Mixed.
1 Pkt. COSMOS, Fine Mixture.
1 Pkt. LARKSPUR, Mixed.
1 Pkt. MARIGOLD, Giant African.
1 Pkt. MIGNONETTE, Sweet.
1 Pkt. MORNING GLORY, Choice Mixture.
1 Pkt. NASTURTIUM, Tall Sorts, Choice.
1 Pkt. POPPY, Double and Single, all colors.
1 Pkt. SCABIOSA, Extra Select.
1 Pkt. SWEET ALYSSUM.
1 Pkt. ZINNIA, Giant Dahlia-Flowered.

How to Get Them Free

We will send you, absolutely free, either one of the above assortments of fourteen packets of **guaranteed seeds,** by parcel post, if you send us a subscription to The Saturday Blade or the Chicago Ledger for one year (52 issues) at $1.50. If you prefer to do so you may order the Blade and Ledger together for six months (26 issues) at $1.50 and receive your choice of either of the seed assortments.

If you will send us $2.25 worth of subscriptions to the Blade and Ledger for one year, thereby saving 75 cents real money, we will send you **BOTH** of the assortments postpaid, so you can have a War Garden and a beautiful home garden too for nothing but a little time.

REMEMBER These seeds are guaranteed. You may choose one of the assortments for $1.50 worth of subscriptions to the Blade or Ledger, or you may have them both by sending us $2.25 worth of subscriptions to the papers

This is the **BEST** offer of the season

W. D. Boyce Company, 5 North Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Story of Hop-o-my-thumb

A POOR wood cutter and his wife, who lived on the borders of a huge forest, had seven children, all of whom they loved dearly. They were all boys, and the youngest of them was such a tiny little fellow his parents called him Hop-o'-My-Thumb.

The wood cutter had once been well off, but there came a time when things went so bad with him that he began to wonder if he could find enough to eat for these sturdy little boys who grew so fast and were always so hungry.

Now, Hop-o'-My-Thumb was a very shrewd and wide-awake little fellow, and he knew that something was worrying his kind mother and father. He noticed that they ate scarcely anything as they sat at their meals, but would look at each other across the table and smile sadly, and frequently his mother would pour some of the porridge from her own bowl into his own. And it all set Hop-o'-My-Thumb to thinking.

And then one evening, as he lay in his little bed, he heard his parents talking in the room below, and he heard his father say sadly:

"I cannot bear to see the children starve, so tomorrow I shall take them into the forest and leave them, and pray that some one rich and generous will find them."

Then the mother burst into tears, and Hop-o'-My-Thumb heard her say between her sobs, "Oh, how can you be so cruel? If they have to die I would rather see them die here, where no greater harm can befall them."

But the father would not listen to her. He, too, loved the little boys dearly, but he could not bear to see them die, and the next morning after their scant breakfast he told them they were to spend the day in the forest with him, and they followed along gleefully.

But Hop-o'-My-Thumb had been making plans, too, and early that morning, before even the little birds were awake, he stole from the house and filled his pockets with small white pebbles from the brook, which he dropped carefully behind him as they went thru the woods.

The father stopped them when they came to the dense part of the forest and set them to tying fagots together, and then when they were busily working he slipped away. When dark came and he had not returned they grew afraid. All except Hop-o'-My-Thumb, and he smiled to himself, and said boldly:

"Have no fear. Come along. I'll lead you home."

And so he started off, making his way by the little white pebbles that glistened in the moonlight. And finally, sure enough, they burst in the door of the cabin where their mother sat sorrowful, thinking she'd never see her little boys again.

"Here we are, mother," they cried joyfully as they danced around her. "We were lost way off in the forest, but Hop-o'-My-Thumb brought us home without a single wrong turn."

The mother gathered them all in her arms and kissed them each many times and cried a little, too. And then she took them into the kitchen and showed them the venison a kind forester, who had heard of their need, had brought them, and she put the meat to cooking in a hurry for their suppers.

But the venison did not last long, and one night that very week, as Hop-o'-My-Thumb lay thinking how glad he was that he was not out in the forest where he heard the trees moaning sadly to each other, he heard his father planning to leave them in the forest again the next day.

At daybreak, when he crept downstairs, he found the door locked and barred, and he went sorrowfully back to bed. He would not eat his slice of bread at breakfast, but slipped it into his pocket, and breaking it into crumbs dropped them along the way as they followed their father into the forest again.

He left them as before, and when the day had nearly gone Hop-o'-My-Thumb began to look for his crumbs, but they were gone. The little birds had eaten them.

"Well, this is a pretty pickle," he said to himself. But they trudged along bravely on the first path they came to. Soon they saw a light shining in the distance, and they ran eagerly ahead and knocked loudly on the door of the house from which it shone.

A kind-faced woman opened the door, but when they begged for shelter she shook her head sadly.

"Alas," she said, "my husband is an ogre, and if he found you here he'd eat you."

That made the boys tremble, but they wept so when they thought of the dark forest and the wolves that the kind woman bade them come in and hide in the garret for the night.

The old ogre soon came home, and just chanced to see one of the little brothers peeping from the window. Up the garret steps he ran and, lighting a lamp, looked all the boys over carefully.

"They'll make a nice dinner when they are fattened up a little," he said to his wife. "Give them a good supper and put them to bed and feed them well for a week."

So after a splendid supper they were put to bed in a room where seven little ogresses with seven gold crowns on their heads were asleep in a bed exactly like their own.

In the middle of the night Hop-o'-My-Thumb, who did not sleep a wink, heard the ogre asking for his dagger, and telling his wife that he was going to make sure of those boys, and quick as lightning he was out of bed, too. He put the crowns of the little ogresses on his little brothers' heads, and put their nightcaps on the little ogresses, and scrambled back to bed just as the old ogre came creeping in.

And sure enough when the ogre felt the little crowns he passed by to the other bed and slew the little ogresses with one sweep of his dagger. And immediately he had gone, Hop-o'-My-Thumb roused the little brothers, and they slipped away into the forest as quickly as they could, just as the dawn was breaking. But before they got very far the ogre discovered what had been done and he put on his seven-league boots and took after them at terrific speed.

The boys gave up when they saw him coming, and indeed the ogre had nearly reached them, when his foot slipped, and he plunged forward on his dagger, which pierced his heart.

Then Hop-o'-My-Thumb told his brothers to stay with some woodcutters near by, and he put on the ogre's seven-league boots, and went swiftly to a palace he saw gleaming thru the trees. And there in the palace gardens Hop-o'-My-Thumb was lucky enough to find the king talking to a group of courtiers and he hid behind a tree to await his opportunity. They were talking seriously, and the king was very sad because he could not get a message to his generals who were fighting a great battle miles away, in time to be of service, and his army was about to be defeated.

Then, suddenly, to every one's amazement, Hop-o'-My-Thumb stepped up, and showed the king his boots, and told him he could take it faster than the swiftest horse.

The courtiers wanted to thrust the little stranger from the garden, but the king liked him, and intrusted the message to him and very soon Hop-o'-My-Thumb returned in triumph, having saved the army from defeat.

The king was so grateful he gave him not only money and beautiful gifts, but sent for his mother and father, and all the little brothers, and had them live at his palace. And thus Hop-o'-My-Thumb's fortune was made.

* * *

Greedy Mr. Bluejay.

ENGLISH SPARROW found a splendid place to build his nest. It was in a hollow iron tube about three inches across that jutted out from the side of a tall hotel building. English Sparrow did not know what the tube was for, and neither do I, but he and Mrs. Sparrow found it most convenient, and so they took possession of it.

All went well, and after a while there were some beautiful eggs in the nest. Perhaps the Sparrows talked too much about it, and told the other birds what a fine steam-heated flat they were getting for a mere song, because some one heard about it. Some one very fond of fresh eggs, and especially Sparrows' eggs, who knew that there were sure to be some in the Sparrows' nest. Because this is what happened: One day Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow went out in the street for their daily dust bath. While they were away along came Bluejay and sat on the top of the building, just as tho he had just happened along.

He looked around just as tho he wasn't thinking of anything in particular, and then he flew right over to the Sparrows' house, and sat on the top of the tube and peeked in. Then he flew back to the roof just to get a good flying start, and flew back straight for the door of the Sparrows' nest. Just as straight as an arrow he went, and just as swiftly, too, and spang, went his head and shoulders right in Mrs. Sparrow's front door. And then there was a surprised and grieved Mr. Bluejay.

For do you know, his body was so big that he could not get himself in and the part of him that was in was so very hard to get out again.

And to make matters worse for him Mr. and Mrs. Sparrow came back just then to see how everything was getting along.

Mrs. Sparrow screamed so loudly that all the other Sparrows from the street came rushing up to see what the excitement was about. And when they saw, they all turned in and helped Mr. Sparrow give Bluejay a whipping. My, how the blue and white feathers did fly! But finally Bluejay wiggled his head out of the door of the Sparrows' nest, and flew away. But not before he had been soundly punished.

Really it is hard to say which was the most to blame—the silly Sparrows for chattering so much about their lovely steam-heated apartment or the greedy Bluejay who did not care how much he harmed other birds.

Tells Why Chicks Die.

[illegible] J. Reefer, poultry expert of 501 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., is giving away free a new book which tells of a simple home solution that raises 98 per cent of all chicks hatched and cures white diarrhoea over night. All poultry raisers should write for this valuable free book.

Asthma Remedy Free.

Remarkable cures effected from one bottle. Write D. J. Lane, Box 115, St. Marys, Kan., and tell him that you will try a bottle of his newly perfected remedy on his guarantee to charge you nothing if he doesn't cure, but that you will gladly pay him $1 for this bottle when you are completely cured.—Advertisement.

LEG SORES

The Bayles Distributing Co., 1858 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo., will mail Free Sample of ANTI-FLAMMA, a Soothing Anti-septic Poultice that draws out the poisons, stops the itching around sores and Heals While You Work. Write today describing case.

LADIES, PRESERVE YOUR YOUTHFUL APPEARANCE.

Madame Mignette's Beauty Cream and Skin Food removes every defect, spot, freckle, pimple, blemish or wrinkle, leaving the skin soft, clear and smooth. It is perfectly harmless and will not injure the most delicate skin. It preserves and brings back the youthful glow to the face and ruddiness to the cheeks, preserving it in this condition until extreme old age. This preparation has been used for years, and hundreds are now using it and are more than delighted with the results. Send us ten (10) cents for formula which you can have filled at any drug store at a very small cost. Do not delay, but write at once. Box 491, Blairsville, Pa.

Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away—the burial certificates being marked "Rupture." Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss, appliance, or whatever name you choose to call it? At best, the truss is only a makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.

But science has found a way, and every truss sufferer in the land is invited to make a FREE test right in the privacy of their own home. The PLAPAO method is unquestionably the most scientific, logical and successful self-treatment for rupture the world has ever known.

The PLAPAO PAD when adhering closely to the body cannot possibly slip or shift out of place, therefore, cannot chafe or pinch. Soft as velvet—easy to apply—inexpensive. To be used whilst you work and whilst you sleep. No straps, buckles or springs attached.

Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture CAN'T come down. Send your name today to PLAPAO CO., Block 264, St. Louis, Mo., for FREE trial Plapao and the instructive information necessary.

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee my great Successful "Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. Mail $1.50; Double Strength $2.00. BOOKLET FREE. Write today.
DR. B. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

PILES FREE TREATMENT
We pay postage and send free Red Cross Pile and Fistula Cure
REA CO. Dept. 75, Minneapolis Minn.

SCIATICA SUFFERERS SOON RELIEVED

Peculiar, darting, piercing pain of neuralgia in sciatic nerve relieved by Sloan's Liniment

Don't think there's no help for your Sciatica because you've tried other remedies. Sloan's Liniment is so penetrating and effective, it gets right down and stops the pain by relieving the pressure on the irritated nerve. Probably some inflammation or congestion is causing this irritation. The counter-irritant effect of Sloan's Liniment soon quiets the nerve and stops its paroxysms of protesting pain.

Simply bathe the aching part with a little Sloan's Liniment. This clear, clean liquid will not stain the skin. It gives you immediate relief without rubbing. The wear and tear of suffering from Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises or other external aches not only makes you less able to endure the pain, but may have a weakening effect on your strength. You can always get Sloan's Liniment. Generous size bottles at druggists everywhere. No increase in price. 25c, 50c, $1.00.

Sloan's Liniment
KILLS PAIN

YOUR Free Suit

Take this fine Made-to-Measure Suit and don't pay us one cent for it.
We want you to get one of our high-class suits, absolutely **Free**, so you can show it to your friends. It will be a big advertisement for us. If you have a little spare time, you can easily make from

$35 to $50 EXTRA EVERY WEEK

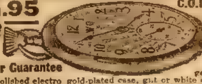
and **besides** that be the best-dressed man in your town. It's an opportunity you cannot afford to overlook. Don't delay a minute.

Write for this Big Offer at Once

Drop us a line or send us your name on a postal card and we will send you absolutely **Free**, our wonderful style book, containing dozens of samples and fashion plates to choose from. **Write Now.** Everything sent **Free** and **postage prepaid.**

Quality and Fit Guaranteed

THE PROGRESS TAILORING CO.
Dept. 351 CHICAGO



Elegant Thin Model Guaranteed Watch

$3.95

C.O.D. Parcel Post

We will send this elegant extra thin model, boy's or gent's size,

5-Year Guarantee

plain polished electro gold-plated case, gilt or white dial, fitted with a finely tested movement, regulated and fully guaranteed a reliable timekeeper for 5 years. **Or a Gentleman's, Boy's or Lady's double hunting case,** beautifully engraved, stem-wind and stem-set, with long chain for ladies, vest chain or fob for men. When you receive it pay your postman **$3.95 only** and it is yours. Order at once. On account of advance in manufacturer's prices this offer may not appear again. Mention if you want a Man's, Boy's or Lady's watch. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give your C. O. D. P. O. address. **Boston Jewelry Co., 39 W. Adams St., 535 Chicago, Ill.**

X-RAY KATHODOSCOPE. Latest pocket curiosity. Everybody wants it. See your best girl, and all she's doing. No one knows you see everything. Operates in all climates; lasts a lifetime. Always ready for use. 35c postpaid for this wonderful instrument.
KATHOS CO., 424 Park Row Bldg., N.Y. City

A Woman's Message to Women:

(TRADE-MARK)

R. F. D. 2, Box 58, JOELTON, TENN.

"Last Spring I was in a critical condition from female troubles, inflammation, displacement, irregularity and flooding, so that I would have to stay in bed sometimes for two weeks, and the doctor thought I would have to go through an operation. I wrote for your ten days' Opaline treatment, which helped me wonderfully, so I sent for a box, and at the last two times, I staid up and did my work. I think Mrs. Summers' medicine is the greatest thing on earth for women's ailments, and I will recommend it every chance I have." Mrs. Ellen Anderson.

COLLINSTON, LA.

"I am writing to let you know what your Opaline treatment has done for myself and daughter. She had suffered ever since entering womanhood until she tried your remedy; but she is getting along fine now and all of her pains and cramps have left her. As for myself, it has cured me of untold suffering and weakening drains. Doctors did not help, but after using your remedy one month, I am up and able to do all my work for ten in the family. I can't find words to thank you enough." Mrs. H. N. Osborn.

Only A Woman Knows A Woman's Trials and Understands Her Need of Sympathy and Help.

That is why hundreds of women gladly testify to the value of **Mrs. Summers'** popular **Opaline Home Treatment** in relieving so much of the misery and suffering known only to womankind.

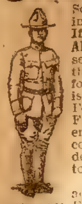
READER, if you are troubled with some of those special ailments of women—

SEND FOR A FREE TEN DAYS' TREATMENT

with illustrated, descriptive copy of "*Woman's Own Medical Adviser*," and test **Mrs. Summers' Opaline Remedy for yourself,** in your own home, without the knowledge or aid of anyone. You can afterward continue if you wish, at about 12c. a week. For twenty-five years women have reported it satisfactory, and often superior to vegetable tonics and compounds. It is used by old and young and does not interfere with daily work. Write in confidence, as your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman. For the **Free Trial,** address,

THE SUMMERS MEDICAL CO., Women's Dept. 105 **South Bend, Ind.**

Mrs. Summers' Remedies are sold by many Druggists.



HAVE YOU A SWEETHEART,

Son or Brother in training camps in the American Army or Navy? If so, mail him a package of **ALLEN'S FOOT=EASE,** the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot=Ease, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. It is the greatest comforter for tired, aching, tender, swollen feet, and gives relief to corns and bunions.

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot=Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask your dealer today for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot=Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. What remembrance could be so acceptable?

Soldiers use Foot=Ease

FREE TO ASTHMA SUFFERERS

A New Home Cure That Anyone Can Use Without Discomfort or Loss of Time.

We have a New Method that cures Asthma, and we want you to try it at our expense. No matter whether your case is of long-standing or recent development, whether it is present as occasional or chronic Asthma, you should send for a free trial of our method. No matter in what climate you live, no matter what your age or occupation, if you are troubled with asthma, our method should relieve you promptly.

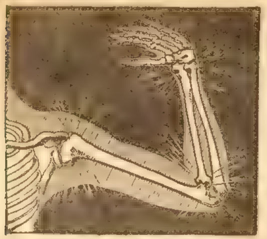
We especially want to send it to those apparently hopeless cases, where all forms of inhalers, douches, opium preparations, fumes, "patent smokes," etc., have failed. We want to show everyone at our own expense, that this new method is designed to end all difficult breathing, all wheezing and all those terrible paroxysms at once and for all time.

This free offer is too important to neglect a single day. Write now and then begin the method at once. Send no money. Simply mail coupon below. Do It Today.

FREE ASTHMA COUPON

FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., Room 604-T,
Niagara and Hudson Sts., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send free trial of your method to:



Rheumatism

Remarkable Home Cure Given by One Who Had It—He Wants Every Sufferer to Benefit.

Send No Money—Just Your Address.

Years of awful suffering and misery have taught this man, Mark H. Jackson, of Syracuse, New York, how terrible an enemy to human happiness rheumatism is, and have given him sympathy with all unfortunates who are within its grasp. He wants every rheumatic victim to know how he was cured. Read what he says:

"I Had Sharp Pains Like Lightning Flashes Shooting Through My Joints."

In the spring of 1893 I was attacked by Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I suffered as only those who have it know, for over three years. I tried remedy after remedy, and doctor after doctor, but such relief as I received was only temporary. Finally, I found a remedy that cured me completely, and it has never returned. I have given it to a number who were terribly afflicted and even bedridden with Rheumatism, and it effected a cure in every case.

I want every sufferer from any form of rheumatic trouble to try this marvelous healing power. Don't send a cent; simply fill out the coupon below and I will send it free to try. After you have used it and it has proven itself to be that long-looked-for means of curing your Rheumatism, you may send the price of it, one dollar, but, understand, I do not want your money unless you are perfectly satisfied to send it. Isn't that fair? Why suffer any longer when positive relief is thus offered you free? Don't delay. Write today.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Mark H. Jackson, 640 D, Gurney Bldg.,
Syracuse, N. Y.
I accept your offer. Send to:

....

....

....

A Leap for Their Lives

A BRITISH writer, visiting the front line trenches, saw the marvelous escape of the two observers about which he tells in the accompanying story. The balloon, sent up to watch the movements of the enemy, was cut from its cable by gunfire and the observers went thru in a few minutes enough thrills to last the average man a lifetime. The writer's name is unknown.

FROM right overhead came a curious, dull, tearing noise. It sounded as tho some giant hand were ripping huge rents in the blue envelope of the sky stopping suddenly to gather strength then rending furiously again

"See! See there!" An excited finger shot out, and looking in the direction it pointed, I saw a number of aeroplanes come tumbling out of the sky. From what altitude they descended I could not judge. They seemed just to drop from blue ether into visibility, wheeling, dipping, rising, circling, all the time over each other much like a flock of crows fighting on the wing

"R-r-rp!" and a plane darted angrily toward another, spitting out white smoke and whistling bullets as it shot forward "R-r-rp-rp-rp!" spluttered the 'plane attacked as it spun nimbly out of the way

Sometimes they fought in pairs, sometimes in what seemed a confused mass, but always darting about so quickly that the eye could hardly follow their movements. The angry whirr of propellers the tearing bursts of fire, and the faint white smoke amid which bullets sang noisily aided one in keeping this rapidly moving fight located

While the 'planes thus went for each other, the "Archies" went for them. Up from the ground sprang the shrieking challenges, delivered in feathery puffs and flying sprays of shrapnel right among the contestants—or so it seemed to us. But the planes went vigorously on with their "packing" and "scrumming," paying not the slightest heed to the guns

What was it all about? A glance along the sky-line answered the question, for there hung one of our observation balloons, swaying and tugging at its cable The Huns were trying to strafe the balloon and our 'planes were strafing the Huns.

All at once the balloon ceased swaying and began to soar. One of the myriad projectiles flying in the gnat-like swarm around it had cut the cable and the balloon was adrift. Away it went sailing off in light-hearted freedom, carrying on its gay journey upward a couple of unlucky souls to whom the "break away" meant facing one of the hardest ordeals a man can run up against—they would have to jump clear.

"Keep a good lookout and you'll see them come down," I was warned. Quickly the balloon disappeared into the clouds, thousands of feet up. From the point where it vanished we presently saw first one small speck, then another come dropping from the clouds. For some couple of hundred feet they fell like dead weights; then parachutes opened and the specks, now revealed as men, were steadied in their earthward course, floating rapidly, but safely to the ground.

After the balloon got free they had destroyed their papers and instruments, then clambered over the side of the basket and leaped for life into the great void beneath them, trusting to the gods who protect airmen to insure that their parachutes, strapped around their waists, would open when they should.

Visualize, if you have imagination enough to do so, that desperate spring into the vast gray vapory nothingness beneath the balloon, the feelings of the men as they made it, uncertain of what would happen; the awful sensation of casting oneself blindly from such an appalling height with the knowledge that only a flimsy piece of material which might act rightly or might act wrongly [illegible]ed between oneself and a crash upon the earth many thousands of feet below. The tense strain of the stone-like drop thru 200 feet before the parachute opened, and then the anxious mental query right thru the later stages of the descent, "What shall I alight upon?"

A matter of supreme consequence this, which chance governs absolutely. The man himself can do little or nothing in deciding it. He may come down in a good spot or he may strike a house, a tree, water—or enemy territory. In this instance the men made a safe landing. They came down, cat-like, on all fours and appeared little the worse for their hazardous experience. But one can quite understand after seeing the feat performed why it is that observers when they have to jump from a balloon are considered to need a short period of rest.

Tommy to the Rescue.

HOW Tommy—by no other name known to fame—came to the rescue of a hungry infant and a distressed mother in a metropolitan subway car is the theme of an incident which runs as follows:

The mother opened a small wicker bag and drew forth a bottle, the slightly gray color of which indicated that it had formerly contained milk. She gave it to the infant, who, after two lusty intakes, discovered the deception that had been practiced upon him and went up two octaves in his roaring. On all sides looks of distress began to appear in the eyes of the passengers.

About this time a young man of 11 years came into the limelight. All that is known of him is that his first name was Thomas. He broke the side of a large paper bag that rested between him and an 8-year-old companion and drew forth a pint bottle of milk. He looked bashfully at the troubled mother opposite, and when she glanced at him he held the bottle up and nodded the question:

"Want it?"

Two minutes later the only unusual noise in the car was a gurgle

No sooner had the older boy regained his seat, after doing his good turn, than his little companion whispered in awe:

"Say, Tommy, you'll git kilt!"

The answer to that was immediate. An elderly man at Tommy's right turned the boy's hand flat and put a quarter into it, and the smiling mother tossed 10 cents at his feet. The boy immediately returned the 10 cents to the infant's mother, but, for some strange psychological reason, he kept the elderly man's quarter.

* * *

Nothing Left.

"YES, we used to sit out in the old summer-house in the beautiful moonlight. Strange to say, Jack never believed he kissed me as often as I accused him of doing."

"Ah, and how did you convince him?"

"Why, the next night I told him to cut a notch in the summer-house each time he took a kiss."

"How did the scheme work?"

"Very well for a while, but—er—by the end of the week there was no summer-house left."

HARGO WALNUT COMPOUND

$500 Gold Bond Guarantee
Nature's Own Remedy

Darkens Gray Hair

FOR gray, streaked, bleached and faded hair or beard, use Hargo Walnut Compound. Absolutely harmless. Defies detection and makes hair soft and fluffy. No waiting, no bother, darkens at once to any desired shade of brown or black without reddish tints or other embarrassing changes. Sold under the positive guarantee of entire satisfaction or your money back.

$500.00 Bond Protects You

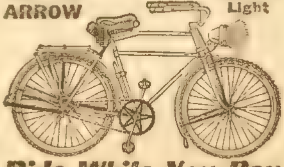
A $500.00 Gold Bond in each package of Hargo Walnut Compound guarantees that it does not contain silver, lead, sulphur, mercury, zinc, arsenic or aniline. Made only from pure Walnut Oil and the basic principle of the Walnut hull with other harmless ingredients.

Free Sample Write for It Today!

We are giving away **Free Samples This Month**—enough to darken your hair or beard—enough to make you look 20 years younger.

No matter what other preparations you may have used, just try Hargo Walnut Compound once—you'll be delighted with results and will never use any other. You assume no risk. Hargo Walnut Compound is sold under positive guarantee of entire satisfaction or your money back. Free sample by return mail or full size upon receipt of 75 cents.

Hargo Walnut Compound Co.
Dept. 116 Kansas City, Mo.



The 1918 ARROW Electric Light

Ride While You Pay

Write for catalog. Wonderful 1918 Arrow—new motorcycle type—shipped on trial. Pay small amount each month while you ride. Write for our special rock-bottom offer. **Write Today** Fisk Thorn Proof Non-Skid Tires, motorcycle stand; many new features. Send for catalog
ARROW CYCLE CO., Dept. 8014 California Ave. & 19th St., Chicago

This Beautiful Pure Silk Taffeta Frock

Order Direct From This Ad

Order by No. S-22

Order Before Prices Go Up

TRULY, an amazing value. This frock illustrated here is only one of the many exceptional bargains shown in our style book especially suited for those women who are particular about their dress and clothes.

Open a Charge Account With Us We do not ask you to pay spot cash for your clothes, but to pay only a small amount down and the balance in small monthly payments which you will hardly miss. Don't wait, but take advantage of this offer now.

Only $1.00 Down!

Yes, send us only $1.00 and we will ship you this beautiful pure silk taffeta dress for your inspection. If you are not perfectly satisfied after seeing the dress, return it to us, and we will refund your money and any express charges which you may have paid.

This beautiful pure silk taffeta smart frock is made of the finest grade silk taffeta. The waist part is made with fancy shaped lapels of self material, having an overlaid white collar of silk crepe de chine. The waist part is made with circular Eton effect, having points elaborately embroidered with silk and gold colored threads. Skirt is made with fullness in both front and back, while back is enlivened with wide girdle effect finished with bow and small self-covered buttons. The sleeves are the very newest effects. This is a copy of a regular $56.00 dress, but produced to sell at this special price. Sizes 34 to 44, and misses' sizes 16 to 20. Colors, navy blue, plum, Copenhagen, black or silver gray. Give bust, belt, hip and length measurement, also color.

Use This Coupon

Thousands will be sending in for this bargain. It will be first come first served. Mail coupon with $1.00 P. O. order. Order before prices go up! Prices on everything is going up! up! up! and we may be forced to advance the price on this wonderful bargain before long. So order NOW! Also get our remarkable free bulletin of men's, women's and children's clothing on credit.

Elmer Richards Co., Dept. 5014
West 35th Street Chicago

Gentlemen: I enclose.............................as first payment.

Please send the Ladies' Frock No. S-22. Color..................

Size Bust..............Belt..........Hip..........Length..............

If I am not satisfied with the Ladies' Frock, I can return it and get my payment back. Otherwise, I will pay advertised terms.

Name ....

Address ....

Post Office .... State ....

If you want the Bargain Bulletin, which is Free, put X here ☐

When Knitters Fall Out

By J. O. Whittemore

"HOW are the good people of Hadlocks Mills, much excited over the big doings, these days?" inquired the drummer briskly of Grindle, the store keeper.

"Wa-a-a-a-a-l, excited ain't no name for it: the wimmin have 'bout all gone clean crazy over it," replied Grindle.

"It sure is an awful battle—that big gun, too,——" the drummer went on.

"'Tain't the war, nothin' of such small importance as that—th' esteemed residents of th' town that had more or less to do with th' stirrin' events of '61 to '65 who gather here daily have settled all o' that an' it is goin' about as they planned it.

"But what's agitatin' sassiety to its depths, as th' editor of the [illegible] Valley Clarion says—is this new [illegible]aroo, two-fisted, right and left style o' knittin' socks for sogers—knittin' two to a time, by gosh—two to a time. Ever hear of anything like that, mister? I s'pose you travel all 'round."

The drummer admitted that it was new to him, and his wife was some knitter, at that; but he was interested and would have to be shown.

"Wa-a-a-a-a-l, this new [illegible] broke out here 'bout a week ago when Susie Staples—she teaches th' primary school—came back from a vacation trip up t' th' 'Roostick. Susie is a [illegible] little girl but she ain't been considered in th' class with th' [illegible] knitters o' th' town.

"She ain't got th' speed an' endurance, but Susie sets in to th' game down th' Red Cross rooms, Sat'day afternoons, an' trails along smilin' an' droppin' a stitch now an' then without swearin th' way wimmin swear—just tee-hees a little.

"An' she listens to th' rest of 'em braggin' how much work they have done an' how Miss So-and-So turned in some socks that was that slazey knit that ruther than send them up t' Seabury t' go with th' reg'lar shipment some one took 'em home an' knit 'em over ag'in t' save the rep'tation o' the village, an' all that.

"I've picked up in'fmation from various sources; my wife Abby won't say much about it, only once in a while she'll let out somethin' accidentally.

"As near as I can find out sweet little Susie, she started somethin' by jest sayin' in th' way o' conversation that th' wimmin' up t' Presque Isle was knittin' two socks at a time, an' on one set o' needles.

"Wa-a-a-a-a-l, sir, they lit on pore little Susie like a hired man on a riz bis'kit. They said it couldn't be did, that it was the foolishest thing they ever heard tell of, that somebody had been makin' a fool of her.

"Some o' them ol' hens even went so far as to hint that any one with such a notion in their head wan't fit to teach children—course, behind her back. They had th' little girl 'most cryin'.

"She didn't say much, but jest kept on knittin' an' let 'em jaw it out. Some of 'em allowed that just possibly there might be somethin' new in knittin' that they hadn't heard about, an' then some of the others lit on them an' let Susie alone for a while, only by proxy.

"Wa-a-a-a-a-l, th' next time the Red Crossers got into action Susie come in an' set down an' got out her knittin' an' knit away without sayin' nothin' specially to nobody.

"Pretty soon Amandy Strout, who is th' gineral boss an' supervisor o' the knittin', an' about everything else when she's round, she rubbered over Susie's shoulder t' see if she was knittin' tight enough an' even.

"All of a suddin they say Amandy turned pale as a ghost an' she sez 'What on airth are you doin,' Susie Staples—what what——'

"'Oh, jest knittin',' sez Susie, smilin'.

"'What be you knittin'?'

"'Oh,' she sez, 'I'm knittin' a pair o' socks.'

"Then they say Amandy grabbed the knittin' out o' Susie's hand, an' set her teeth an' clenched her fists an' 'most hissed, 'Have I lived t' see th' day when I was mistook in anything about knittin'—can I b'lieve my eyes!' Then she hollers to th' rest, 'Who was it said that you couldn't knit a pair o' socks on one set o' needles—who was it?'

"'You did,' sez Susie, sweetly. 'You said it couldn't be did—done, I mean.'

"By that time it was almost a disgraceful riot an' the wimmin' all dropped their work and grabbed for Susie's knittin'.

"There it was, starin' 'em in the face, a pair o' socks half knit on one set o' needles, one sock inside o' tother. But they had pulled and hauled so much that they had pulled out two of the needles an' couldn't figger it out just how it was did. But it was did, all right.

"Then Susie had her innin's. She said that she had to go home an' couldn't really stop to explain how it was did—that it was easy enough—any 'sperienced knitter could do it, an' she got a little sarkastical.

"She got her little dander up when they tried to make her stay and show some of them—but others was so [illegible] up that they wouldn't say a word.

"Wa-a-a-a-l, my wife Abby, she had kind o' stuck up for Susie an' had 'vited her to supper when she first come an' it was bread upon th' waters, as you might say, for Susie come up that night an' showed Abby just how it was done. Abby set up 'most th' rest o' th' night an' didn't speak t' me for most two days, a figgerin' an' practicin' cause she was the first to git it here.

"Susie is a good little thing an' havin' had her little revenge she's been showin' some very friendly an' confidin wimmin how to knit two socks t' once. Jest now they ain't a more pop'lar young lady in Hadlocks Mills than Susie Staples everybody alluz said they liked her.

"'Course, there's some with their hammers out an' say that th' new way don't 'mount t' nothin'.

"[illegible] th' great idea is that it's [illegible]—an' so, as I was sayin', they's been considerable 'citement. An' Ernie Butters, the only he-knitter hereabouts, he's learnin' it, too."

"What is the general idea?" asked the drummer. "I know just a little about knittin', as my favorite indoor sport at home is watching my wife knit—that's all she does, 'most all."

"Wa-a-a-a-l, Susie told Abby that th' idee come from Australia, where th' wimmin all knit with both fingers, usin' two balls o' yarn—learn th' little children t' use both hands an' knit two socks to once. Th' knittin' part ain't so hard as l'arnin' to use both forefingers. You jest wait a minit an' p'aps I can get the recipe."

Grindle went upstairs to consult Abby, and soon returned with a slip of paper, which read:

HOW TO KNIT THE SIAMESE SOCK.

Use two balls of yarn, one set of ordinary needles. Cast on a double number of stitches. Knit one stitch, purl one; one stitch of one thread, one of the other, thus making a sock within a sock. One thread is carried over the right forefinger, the other over the left. The outside sock shows the wrong side and the inside sock is as any ordinary sock, the right sides being together.

"There, take that home to your wife and then start off on a long trip, for she won't be much com'pany for a while. Abby sez she can learn it quicker by practicin' with diff'rent colored yarn until she gits th' hang of it."

"I don't know," replied the drummer doubtfully, "whether I had better take this home or not."

* * *

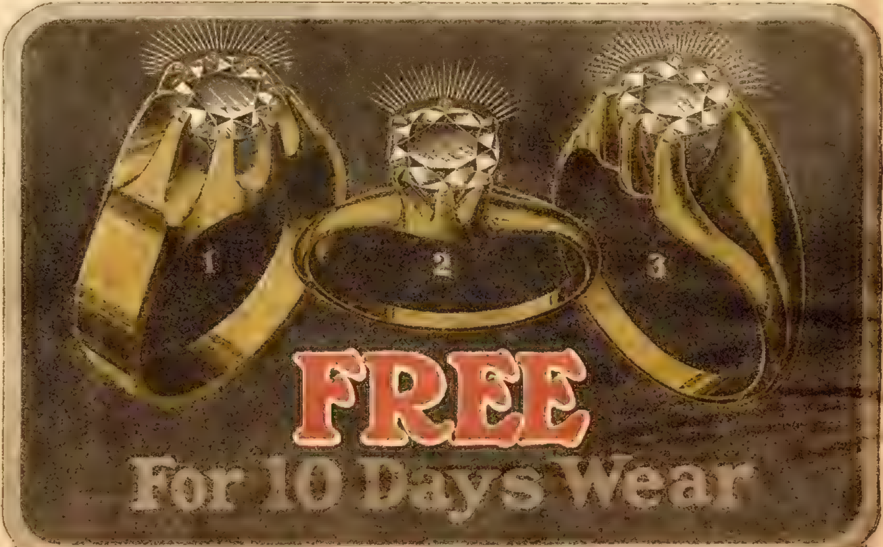
Knew His Place.

SISTER SMITH was called upon for testimony in a revival meeting. She humbly declined in these words:

"I have been a transgressor and a black sheep for a good many years and have only recently seen the light. I believe that my place is in a dark corner behind the door."

Brother Jones was next called upon. Following Sister Smith's meek example, he said:

"I, too, have been a sinner for more than forty years, and I do not think I ought to stand before you as a model. I think my place is behind the door, in a dark corner, with Sister Smith."



Compare It With a Diamond

Solid Gold Mountings

Flat Belcher Ring

No. 1. Solid gold mounting. Eight claw design with flat wide band. Almost a carat, guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival, balance $3 per month. Can be returned at our expense within 10 days.

Ladies' Ring

No. 2. Solid gold mounting. Has a guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3.00 per month. Can be returned at our expense within 10 days.

Tooth Belcher Ring

No. 3. Solid gold, 6-prong tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, almost a carat in size. Price $12.50; only $3.50 upon arrival. Balance $3.00 per month. Can be returned at our expense within 10 days.

To quickly introduce into every locality our beautiful TIFNITE GEMS, we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for 10 days' wear. In appearance and by every test, these wonderful gems are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which ring you prefer. We'll send it at once. After you see the beautiful, dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you can pay for it in such small easy payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if, for any reason at all, you do not wish to keep it, return it at our expense.

Remarkable New Discovery

The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance, a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, acid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

Send No Money

Just send coupon. Send no reference, no money, no obligation to you in any way! You run no risk. The coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here for 10 days' wear free. Be sure to enclose strip of paper showing exact finger measurement as explained.

Mail This Coupon

Send now and get a TIFNITE GEM on this liberal offer. Wear it for 10 days on trial. Every one set in latest style solid gold mountings. Decide then whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money.

The Tifnite Gem Company
Rand McNally Building Dept. 334 Chicago, Ill.

How to Order Rings To get the right size ring, cut a strip of heavy paper so that the ends exactly meet when drawn tightly around the second joint of finger on which you want to wear the ring. Be careful that the measuring paper fits snugly without overlapping, and measure at the second joint. Send the strip of paper to us with order coupon.

Mail This Coupon

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
Rand McNally Bldg., Dept. 334 Chicago, Ill.

Send me Ring No.................on 10 days' approval.
(In ordering ring, be sure to enclose size as described above.)

If satisfactory, I agree to pay $3.50 upon arrival; and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days at your expense.

Name ....

Address ....

The Teacher Becomes Pupil

By John Charleton

ON THE way down to Leamington on the morning train, Mrs. Hibberd Hector refreshed her overtaxed memory by reference to a notebook.

As a prominent official of the State Union of Mothers' Clubs she was booked to address the Mothers' Club of Leamington at 3 o'clock and a brief talk with her secretary on the eve of departure had left her with a very hazy idea of the day's program.

The notebook bore pencil marks that primarily must have held some coherent meaning to the scribbler—Mrs. Hibberd Hector, herself—but now that excellent lady could not make head or tail of the frantic scrawls.

Occasionally she jerked out a head merely to discover that it bore no relation to any other head or tail on the page and finally in despair she turned the book upside down and found that her hieroglyphics really had some meaning after all.

"Fahncy!" she beamed thru her lorgnette at the page. "Now, let me see—it is arranged that I shall take luncheon with Mrs. Armstrong—good old name, too. I wonder if she's related to the Chesley Armstrongs? Then I am to address the club members at 3 o'clock, hold a reception from 4 to 5 and take the 6:10 train home. A busy day! Now, for the names of the committees so that I shall have no difficulty in remembering them when I am introduced, it makes better feeling."

"Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Conrad Stoddard, Mrs. Daniel Boucher, Mrs. Case Wayland," she repeated over and over again until the brakeman jarred the door open and announced "Leamington!"

It was a sleepy, sunshiny June day and down the crooked length of Leamington's main street the merchants sat before their shops and talked about the weather and the fishing and the tides. The summer boarder season had not yet opened and business was dull.

There was one stuffy looking stage at the railroad station and Mrs. Hibberd Hector had glanced once within its musty depths and with a shrug of her shoulders decided to walk down the long hill into the village.

Her dignity was offended that the Mothers' Club had not sent some sort of an equipage to meet her train and then it suddenly and unpleasantly occurred to her that she had neglected to send word naming her train.

She picked up the skirt of her summer silk, opened her parasol and after inquiring the way walked down to the bay, blue and shimmering under a cloudless sky, and so reached a large, white house set in the midst of green lawns, very cool and pleasant and comfortable looking.

She rang the bell and waited with growing impatience while the minutes passed. No one answered her summons.

As she sank exhausted into a porch chair a double-seated carriage drove into the yard and the sole occupant, evidently a farmhand, looked curiously at her. He drew up before the door. "You looking for Mrs. Armstrong?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Hibberd Hector shortly.

"Well, she ain't to home. She's gone down to the Point with the children—the Mothers' Club's having a picnic down there."

Mrs. Hibberd Hector thought rapidly; it was possible that the club had changed its plan and was to entertain her at the Point—that would be very pleasant, indeed, on this ideal day. With a sudden return of enthusiasm in the day's project she beamed upon the man.

"I wonder if you couldn't drive me down to the Point?" she said sweetly. "Mrs. Armstrong expects me, but I didn't send word what train I would take, so there was no one to receive me. I have to return to town on the 6:10 train."

"Yes, ma'am," he said willingly, and helped her into the vehicle.

As they drove thru shady woods, fragrant with sassafras and a hundred other elusive odors, Mrs. Hibberd Hector settled back in her seat and once more referred to her notebook.

She had chosen for the subject of her address a topic that was near her enthusiastic heart. Mrs. Hibberd Hector had never been a mother, but she knew just how children should be trained to get the best out of them and to insure their getting the best out of life.

"How to Hold Your Child's Love" was to be her subject, and Mrs. Hector had carefully and conscientiously studied over the matter of preventing the country children from flocking to the cities, and she was quite ready to tell the Mothers' Club of Leamington all about it.

Suddenly the road emerged from the wood and dipped down into a hollow between the bluffs where there was a white sandy beach and the bay.

"It's hard to turn around down there, ma'am, if you don't mind getting out," suggested the driver apologetically, and Mrs. Hector alighted and pressed a crackling greenback into his reluctant hand and followed his direction down the road to the beach, where he said she would find the Mothers' Club in session.

There were voices and much laughter and the tinkle of crockery mingled with the rush of the incoming tide as Mrs. Hibberd Hector in all the glory of her summer apparel went down the road to the beach. All at once she paused and drew into the shadow of a beach-plum tree and stared amazedly.

If this was a meeting of the Mothers' Club—it was informal indeed!

Scattered over the sands or playing in the water were a score of children in bathing suits, happy-looking, sun-burned, healthy-looking boys and girls. Farther up the beach in the shade of several wind-blown cedars, a dozen women were engaged in spreading a picnic meal. They, too, were garbed most informally in bathing dresses of every description and they were gay and laughing and thinking of everything else except Mrs. Hibberd Hector when she walked into their midst, charmingly gowned, smiling tolerantly, yet with an air of offended dignity pervading her whole bearing.

Never before had this high official of the State Union of Mothers' Clubs been so received when she honored an organization with her presence.

"Mrs. Armstrong?" she asked sweetly.

From the group of startled women there came a tall, well-proportioned young woman, with a calm self-possessed manner and steady gray eyes that searched Mrs. Hibberd Hector's handsome countenance with puzzled inquiry in their depths. She wore her bathing dress with unconscious grace and she held out a slender, sun-tanned hand to the visitor.

"How do you do?" she asked courteously.

"I am Mrs. Hibberd Hector," explained that lady. "I rather expected—a—different sort of reception, you know, dear Mrs. Armstrong. More formal, you know!"

"Of course you would have received it, Mrs. Hector," said Mrs. Armstrong quietly, "if we had expected you today. I assure you we have made every preparation for tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" repeated Mrs. Hibberd Hector, feeling for her notebook and adjusting her lorgnette. "I'm sure the date was for today—the 28th—dear me, I can't tell whether this is an eight or a nine—so provoking!" She peered nearsightedly at her own hieroglyphics.

"Your date was for the 29th—I am so sorry you have been inconvenienced, Mrs. Hector; but it is not too late for us to arrange the meeting for this afternoon. There are some details of the entertainment that will be lacking, but our welcome will be just as cordial and we shall enjoy your talk. Let me present the members of our Mothers' Club."

Mrs. Hibberd Hector graciously shook hands with the members of the Mothers' Club and remembered the names, too. They were a hearty, healthy, handsome looking lot of women, too, she admitted to herself, and they looked as if they had already solved some of the problems over which she still knitted her brows.

When it was suggested that they all return to Leamington and hold the meeting as planned, and as worthy of their honored guest, Mrs. Hibberd Hector vetoed the idea and offered to talk to them there on the beach after the luncheon was served.

It was an unusual occasion for Mrs. Hibberd Hector and she gradually unbent to meet these simple-hearted, well-mannered women on their own ground. She was persuaded to don an extra bathing dress that had been brought along and she, too, sported in the rising tide and became intimately acquainted with more children in an hour than she had ever done in her life before.

Mrs. Hibberd Hector submitted to being ducked under the water; Mrs. Hector played duck-on-a-rock and learned to skip flat stones on the water.

All this happened after the toothsome picnic meal where there were clams and green corn roasted then and there and all sorts of good things prepared by these women who knew how to be mothers in so many different ways that Mrs. Hibberd Hector's theories were all knocked askew.

After the meal had been disposed of and all of them, mothers and children and honored guests, had disported in the water, they emerged a dripping company and seated themselves on the beach.

"Now, Mrs. Hector," said the president, with an arm around each of her two children, "if you will pardon the extreme informality of the meeting, we would be honored to have you address us."

There was gentle handclapping and they all looked at the honored guest, who had quite forgotten to remove her bathing cap. From under its rim there peered a small brown curl, escaped from its confinement.

Mrs. Hibberd Hector looked around at the audience assembled to hear her, at their quiet, well-behaved children, all watching her expectantly, gravely, and suddenly her subject, "How to Hold Your Child's Love," appeared unavailing before these women, who had already discovered the secret.

All at once a little 2-year-old girl who had been watching the honored guest with silent admiration, toddled over to Mrs. Hector and bent a round and rosy face to hers. "I'd like to kiss dat 'ittle turl," she announced and forthwith did kiss it to find herself wrapped close in the embrace of Mrs. Hibberd Hector.

"Ladies," she said in a muffled voice, "pray excuse me from addressing you—my subject was chosen in ignorance and I have learned more in this brief hour than I could teach you in a lifetime!"

* * *

Enough Ced!

ALFRED FRANCIS, composer of "The Love Mill," was examining girl applicants for places in the chorus. When he asked one her name she replied: "Minnie Sota."

"I took the name of my native State," she said.

"Why?"

"Well, my real name is Skoopey and——"

"Sufficient!" said Mr. Francis. "Your apology is ample."

* * *

An Anecdote of Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S first experinece in drilling was with his company in the Black Hawk War. "I could not for the life of me," said he, "remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise so that it could get thru the gate, so I shouted: 'This company is dismissed for two minutes, when it will fall in again on the other side of the gate!'"

Play Piano
In One Hour
for Two Cents!

Would you give two pennies to learn to play the piano or organ in one evening? Impossible! No, not at all. Thousands of others who never played before played their first piece in just a few minutes. **Then why can't you?**

John H. Ferguson, Acme, Alta., Canada, says: "I was not a little amazed when I found I could play in a few minutes." V. R. Perkins, Romney, Ind., says: "I studied 'Easy Form' music fifteen minutes and then started to play." Thousands of similar reports are in our files. Doesn't this convince you that you can play by this wonderful new method?

LEARN The NEW WAY
Lessons Free

This wonderful new EASY FORM Music is written without notes. Anyone can read and play it. You do not need to know anything about music to be able to play in one hour or less. No teacher. No correspondence lessons by mail.

Pay not one cent for five days' instruction free. simply send us two cent postal stating: "I do not read or play music and am interested in the new EASY FORM Way to play." Also be sure to tell us the number of white keys on your piano or organ.

If you find you can play AT ONCE and wish to keep the 100 beautiful selections—songs and instrumental pieces—you can pay for them at our Special Half price, only 6½c per copy, in monthly payments so small that you will never miss them. Otherwise, you can return them and owe us absolutely nothing for music or your instruction for five days. Send a postal today—now—before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.
Easy Method Music Co., 307 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago.

Pants
Made to Order
$2 95

Amazing offer! Quality pants, made to your individual measure. Fast colors and latest style. Perfect fit absolutely guaranteed.

MAKE $50 A WEEK
during your spare time taking orders for famous "Golden Rule Clothes". No capital or experience necessary. Agents outfit complete, cloth samples, fashions, tape measure, stationery and order blanks, all prepaid. Send postal for special offer to

AGENTS WANTED

Old Woolen Mills Co., Dept. 15, Chicago

RHEUMATISM RECIPE
I will gladly send Free to any sufferer a Simple Herb Recipe that has cured the worst cases of Rheumatism.
W. S. SUTTON, 2650 Magnolia Ave., Los Angeles, California

Bunion Sufferers—For Free Relief See Back Page of This Paper.

FREE!

FREE

1 Tube White's Tooth Paste	$0.25
1 Can White's Shampoo Powder	.50
1 Box White's Face Powder	.50
1 Tube White's Cold Cream	.25
	$1.50

In Art Cover Box—A beautiful set—absolutely free.

To Introduce This Famous Coffee
$1.50 Worth Toilet Goods
Absolutely FREE

YES, given absolutely free with your first order of Grenco coffee. Most remarkable offer ever made. We want every family in America to know immediately by actual test in their own home of the superior excellence of this new brand of coffee—hence this offer so attractive, so unusual that no one can possibly resist it.

Grenco BRAND COFFEE

is a special blend—perfected after long experiment. Never a coffee so richly flavored, so satisfying, so fragrant—it has been pronounced by experts the perfect coffee. High grade coffees, not so good as Grenco, sell for 40c, yes 50c a pound. You can buy Grenco coffee for **3 lbs.** for 93c and get the special E. J. White $1.50 Toilet Goods Set Free.

When you serve Grenco coffee your guests, your family will marvel. They will wonder where you obtained such wonderful coffee. That's why we can afford to make this offer—once anybody tries Grenco coffee they become regular users. That's why we can afford to make such an ironclad guarantee. **We take all the risk,** you none, for if you are not more than satisfied, if you don't say it is the best bargain you ever got, **we will return your money.**

SEND THE COUPON—Get our big grocery catalogue, **full of such startling offers as this! Greatest money-saving book ever issued.** Write today. Get the

BIG CATALOGUE FREE

Mail the coupon—learn how this great grocery house is cutting grocery bills in two—is actually giving away merchandise such as in this offer in order to introduce its line of products. Write today.

HAFT-GREEN & CO.,
Dept. C, 219 N. Desplaines Street, Chicago, Ill.

MAIL THIS COUPON
HAFT-GREEN & CO.,
Dept. C, 219 North Desplaines St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your big grocery catalogue, with full details of your offer of $1.50 worth of toilet goods FREE.

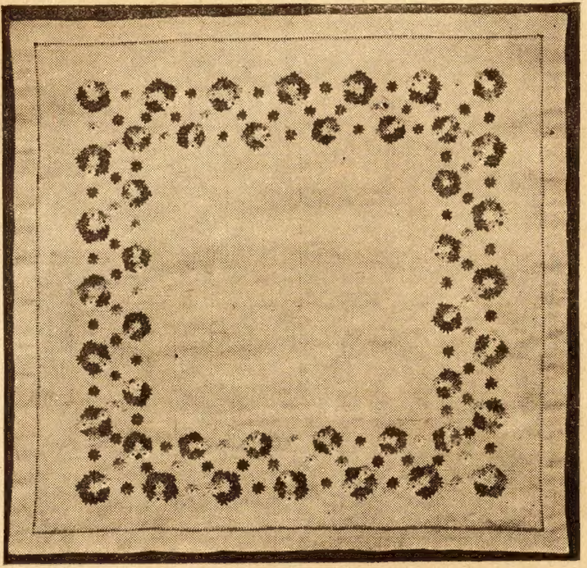
NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

....

Cover for Your Summer Luncheon Table

By Elizabeth Berne



THIS is one of those rare pieces of embroidery work which appears far more elaborate than it really is. Most of our table covers and luncheon cloths have much hidden work which only a fellow worker can judge and appreciate. Not so with this piece, for every stitch shows to advantage and has its particular function. These circles of asters are composed of five flowers each and the dropped single flowers alongside help form a massive border of pleasing arrangement.

The flowers are made of heavy cotton in lazy daisy stitch. This is most satisfactory, for it fills in quickly and yet shows up well. For the lazy daisy stitch bring the needle up at the center of flower, loop the thread, and bring the needle down again at almost the same spot, then turn the point of the needle and come up on the stamping at the opposite end of the petal, having the loop of thread outside the needle, draw the thread down even, needle over loop and down near it, up at start of next petal. One French knot forms the center of each flower. The few leaves which finish the circles are composed of one stitch of green over each stamped line.

For the colors, this is a matter of taste; one can use many shades, and when artistically arranged they form the beautiful effects so attractive in the natural flowers. Two or three shades each of old rose, Copenhagen blue, brown, magenta, lavender, heliotrope, yellow, white and black were used on this piece. Most of the French knots are worked in deep yellow, but for a few flowers I varied this; for yellow flowers I used brown and for red and some blue flowers I used black.

The kind of cotton used is also a matter of taste; some workers prefer 6-strand cotton, others use the No. 5 hard-twisted mercerized cotton; both are correct for this work.

* * *

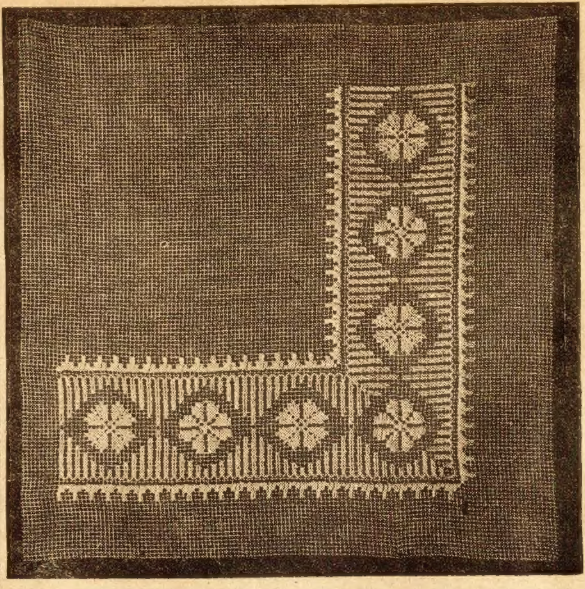
To Paint on Linen.

TO PAINT on linen make a smooth, thin paste with white paint and water, "lay in" the design with this, then paint as usual. By doing the work in this way the paint will not run.

Grandmother's Old-fashioned Net

FOR the needleworker who delights in well-made, dainty work, there is no more fascinating occupation than the old-fashioned darned net our grandmothers used to make. Now we do not have to spend long days in knotting the foundation before we begin the actual work; this foundation we buy by the yard at a nominal price. The border here shown is suitable for dresser scarf, sash curtain, stand cover or centerpiece.

First, shrink the net, then space it for the hem or other finish; allow about the same space before starting the pattern. Use a soft, twisted, mercerized thread for the darning. The size of the thread will depend on the size of the mesh of the net.



The instructions here are given for 10 meshes to the inch; if coarser or finer net is used, take the counts in proportion. For this work never knot the thread, start by weaving in and out of meshes, which later will be worked over. Use a thread of which 2 sts fill a mesh, make * 2 sts over 1 mesh, 2 sts over next 2 meshes, 2 sts over 4 meshes, 2 sts over 2 meshes; repeat * for this border.

For the next row, skip 1 mesh, starting on the next mesh, darn or weave in and out over 13 meshes, turn, weave in the opposite direction into the same meshes, skip 1 mesh, weave on the next row over 11 meshes in the same manner, skip 1 mesh, weave over 9, then 7, 5, 4 and 3 meshes, skipping 1 mesh between each line, increase again until you reach 13 meshes, continue to the corner, here weave over 3, 4, 5, 7, 5 and 3 meshes, then weave once thru 2 meshes to the corner, turn; thru 2 meshes, then upward over 3 meshes, joining to corresponding line of side just completed, then meet the next 2 lines of 5 and 7 meshes each, then continue the pattern.

Skip 1 mesh thru the center and reverse the lines to correspond with those just completed; this leaves the spaces for weaving the center flowers.

Leave the center line of meshes free, weave on the line above and 1 mesh over, weave on 5 meshes; on the next line go 1 mesh higher, but skip 1 mesh at the base, next line 1 mesh less on each end, then diagonally across 1 center mesh, forms half the petal; turn and repeat, having the opposite half face this, skip 1 line of meshes and repeat for the 4 petals.

These woven flowers are made alternately with a solid flower, for the center of which make 2 sts over 1 mesh, 2 sts over 3 meshes, 2 sts over 1 mesh, then the next mesh upward on a diagonal line, make 2 sts over 1 mesh, 2 sts over 2 meshes, 2 sts over 3 meshes, twice, 2 sts over 2 meshes, forming half the petal; skip 1 mesh, make opposite half facing this, forming 1 petal; repeat for 4 petals. Repeat lower border on the inner edge.

This is rapid work and extremely fascinating; as the pattern grows on the net one will work all the harder to complete the next portion.

* * *

A Secret of Value.

HARRY LACHMAN, the young American painter, whose work has captivated both London and Paris, said in a Piccadilly restaurant:

"We American art students are so accustomed to privations while pursuing our studies that the privations of the trenches should be nothing to us.

"I know an art student who claims that he can always have a clean shirt without ever getting any washing done. As such a secret would be valuable to our young soldiers at the front, I looked the student up and asked him about it.

"'Yes,' he said, with no little pride, 'it's quite true. I only own two shirts, yet I can always change to a clean one, and my laundry bill in zero. The scheme, you see, is this. You put on a shirt and wear it a week or two. Then you put on the other one and wear it three weeks, or till it's so dirty that the first one seems clean by comparison. You then go back to the first shirt, and so on indefinitely.'"

* * *

Lacking in Gallantry.

THE conversation at a social gathering turned to gallantry when an incident along that line was related by Congressman Frank L. Greene of Vermont.

One afternoon the lesson in a public school related to the American Indian, when the teacher paused and asked if any boy or girl could tell her what the leaders of the various tribes were called.

"They are called chiefs," was the ready response of a bright little girl at the head of the class.

"That's right," smiled the teacher, approvingly. "Now can anybody tell me what the women of the tribes are called?"

For a moment there was an impressive silence. Every little mind was thinking hard. Finally Jimmy Brown's hand went up.

"Well, Jimmy," said the teacher, "what are the women of the tribes called?"

"Miss Chiefs," answered Jimmy proudly, if not gallantly.

This Pillow Free!

Be It Ever So Humble
There's No Place Like Home

IS YOUR home or porch equipped with attractive, comfortable sofa pillows? The Ledger's sofa pillows will beautify your home. They are a prize for any one with an eye for beauty, for one will do more to brighten up the parlor than an armful of pictures. This design is especially appropriate now, when so many sons and husbands are leaving their homes to defend their loved ones. They will always be thinking of their homes, no matter how humble or palatial they may be.

The illustration does not begin to give you an adequate idea of the beautiful design of these pillow tops, for they are of the most gorgeous colors imaginable.

Everything but the Feathers

This pillow outfit includes a pillow top of the very highest grade of ten colors, and measures 20"x20". The design is in five colors, and enough mercerized floss is furnished to work out the design to the best effect. A pillow-back of the same material is supplied, and to make the outfit complete we are giving a package of needles.

How to Get It Free!

The complete outfit, including pillow top and back, 6 skeins of mercerized floss and a package of embroidery needles, will be given FREE to any one sending $1.50 to the address below, for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger, either new or renewal.

Fill out the coupon and send it in with your money order, and your complete outfit will be sent. We guarantee that you will be more than delighted.

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

— — —COUPON— — —

(Fill out and inclose with $1.50 for year's subscription to Chicago Ledger and get the pillow outfit FREE.)

W. D. BOYCE CO.,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Gentlemen: Inclosed please find $1.50 for a year's subscription to the Chicago Ledger (52 issues). This is a ____________ subscription.
(new or renewal)
Please send me free of all charges a pillow top, back and outfit.

Name ....

St. No., P. O.
or R. F. D. ....

Town ....

Box No. .... State ....

Classified Want Ads

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMEN—CITY OR TRAVELING. EXperienced or inexperienced. Send for our valuable free book, "A Knight of the Grip," list of openings and full particulars. Fit yourself to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Prepare in spare time to make a success like thousands of our members have done. Our course combines careful training with practical experience. Immediate and unlimited employment service rendered members. Address nearest office. Dept. 103, Natl. Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n, Chicago—San Francisco—New York.

SALES MANAGER — FOR EXCLUSIVE sale and distribution in restricted territory; high-caliber men, with some finances to start; good proposition to right man. Write for particulars. Gastine Co., Bridgeton, N. J.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and take orders for Kantleak raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B121, Dayton, Ohio.

SELLING AGENT IN EVERY TOWN TO take orders for made to measure clothes for next fall. Our equipment is a large line of about 300 styles. Make good money taking orders for us. Equipment sent free and prepaid, but you must show us that you can do business. Write today for exclusive selling agency. Harry Sawyer, Merchant Tailor, Market & Quincy Streets, Chicago.

$65.00 A WEEK AND YOUR SUIT FREE. You can earn this and even more if you take advantage of our startling offer. Write us at once, and we will send you a full line of samples and everything necessary to start at once, absolutely free, postage prepaid. Spencer Mead Company, Dept. 1178, Chicago.

$60 WEEKLY AND AUTOMOBILE FURnished men everywhere placing samples wonderful new automobile fuel product with car owners. 3c worth equals gallon of gasoline. Outfit furnished free. L. Ballwey, 7, Sta. F., Louisville, Ky.

AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere. Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J.

AGENTS—GALLIVER MADE $6.60 IN TWO hours selling our transfer initials and patriotic emblems. Applied to automobiles in ten minutes. $1.35 profit on $1.50 order. Write quick for samples. Auto Accessories Co., Dept. C-11, Dayton, Ohio.

ACT QUICKLY; 100 REMARKABLE RESULT producing business letters, complete; no two letters alike. Written by America's leading ad-writer. Businessmen snap 'em up. Retails $1. Write to-day. Mochi, 2335 Beaumont Avenue, New York City.

AGENTS — 200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. E. M. Feltman, Mgr., 5254 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

AGENTS WANTED. TO TAKE ORDERS for high grade household goods. We do all delivering and send you check every Saturday. Cascade Merchandise Corporation, 850 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

AGENTS—WATER-PROOF KITCHEN APron. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical, acid-proof, grease-proof. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2111 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

GET DAVIS' 1918, PROSPERITY OFFER—best in 21 years—our food, soap and toilet goods cut store prices 1-3 to 1-2. Everybody buys to lower living cost. E. M. Davis, Dept. 609, 910 Lake St., Chicago.

AGENTS—A NEW ONE! HARPER'S FIBRE Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dep't. B, Fairfield, Ia.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods. experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

AGENTS—$30 TO $100 A WEEK. FREE samples gold sign letters for stores and office windows. Liberal offer to general agents. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—AGENTS TO TAKE ORDERS for Raincoats. Money making proposition. Greenside, 803 Madison St., Chicago.

HELP WANTED

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT WAR POSItions open. Men—women. 18 or over wanted. $100 month. Quick increase. Easy, clerical work. Common education sufficient. List positions free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. O 28, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MALE HELP WANTED

BECOME CHAUFFEURS $35.00 WEEK. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. O814, Rochester, N. Y.

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

MALE HELP—(Continued)

I WILL PAY ANY HONEST MAN UP TO $50 monthly for part of spare time. No canvassing. No capital. Write today. Voorhies, Desk 300, Omaha, Nebraska.

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THORough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ill.

BE A DETECTIVE, GOOD PAY. TRAVEL everywhere or locate in home town. Robert Wark, 87 Plymouth avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

SMOKE AND CHEW KENTUCKY HOMEspun Tobacco. 5 lb., $2; 10 lb., $3.75, prepaid. E. Craft, Grower, Bowling Green, Ky.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PREpaid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN—BECOME DRESS DESIGNERS. Earn $18 to $50 week. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. O 854, Rochester, N. Y.

LADY DEMONSTRATORS — EXPERIENCE unnecessary. Toilet goods; each county; good pay; no investment. Tannomore, 756, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—LADIES MAKE APRONS; $4.20 to $12 dozen; send 22c for patterns; returned if desired. Richards, 6240 South Park, Chicago.

WOMEN WANTED. THOUSANDS GOVernment war jobs open. $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. O30, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

$1 DOES IT. MILLIONS MADE MONTHLY in Texas oil fields. Wonderful, amazing profits. Behnken, clerk, invested $42, received $1144. Bartmes, clerk, $84, received $2288. Hufstettler, farmer, $700, cashed in $19,067 within ten months. $1 monthly few months gets warranty deed, may pay $200 or more monthly. Cooperative well, information, maps free. Write today, Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

$20 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; payments $2 monthly; complete information free. Address Texas-Gulf Company, 1105 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

WONDERFUL CHANCE. YOUR SHIRTS and furnishings wholesale. Also good salary as agent. Every man buys. Goodell & Co., 306 Duratex Bldg., N. Y.

LATEST WYOMING OIL MAP SENT FREE. Small investments making millionaires. Write Midwest Investment Bureau, Boston Block, Minneapolis, Minn.

DEBTS COLLECTED ANYWHERE IN world. No charges unless we collect. May's Collection Agency, Somerset, Kentucky.

SONG—POEM, ETC.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 106, Chicago.

SONG POEMS

WHO WILL WRITE THE SONG HIT OF the war? If you have an idea suitable for such a song, write for free booklet, "Songwriters' Manual and Guide." We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale. Poems submitted, examined free. Knickerbocker Studios, 112 Gaiety Bldg., N. Y. C.

OLD MONEY WANTED

$2 TO $500 EACH PAID FOR HUNDREDS of coins dated before 1895. Keep all old money. Send 10 cents for new illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x6. You may have coins worth many dollars premium. Get posted. Clarke Coin Co., Box 70, Le Roy, N. Y.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

PATENTS

PATENTS PROMPTLY PROCURED. SEND sketch or model for actual search. 1918 edition, 90 page patent book free. My patent sales service gets full value for my clients. It should never require more than 2 days to report upon the patentability of your invention; nor longer than 10 days to prepare your case for filing. Longer delay amounts to gross neglect. For prompt personal service write George P. Kimmel, 20-D3 Oriental Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. BOOKS, "HOW TO Obtain a Patent," and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report regarding patentability. Manufacturers constantly writing us for patents. Patents advertised for sale free. Established 20 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, patent attorneys, 499 7th St., Washington, D. C.

YOUR IDEA WANTED. PATENT YOUR INvention. I'll help you market it. Send for 4 free books, list of patent buyers, hundreds of ideas wanted, etc. Advice free. Highest references. Patents advertised free. Richard B. Owen, Patent Lawyer, 22 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

INVENT SOMETHING. YOUR IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book. Tells what to invent and how to obtain a patent through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 4276 Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL CALIFORNIA FARM MAKES more money with less work. Live longer, better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Low prices. Easy terms. Sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools, churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Industrial Commissioner, Santa Fe Ry., 1931 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

SOUTHERN FARM LANDS

DO YOU WANT A FARM WHERE LARGEST profits are made? The South's great variety of crops and wonderfully productive climate make it the most profitable farm section of America. It is the place for the lowest cost meat production and dairy farming. It grows the largest variety of forage crops. Good lands in good localities, as low as $15 to $25 an acre. Let us show you locations that will give the highest profits. Development Service, Room 5, Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C.

FARM LANDS FOR SALE

VIRGINIA AND NORTH CAROLINA FARMS $15 per acre and up. Easy payments. Fruit, dairy, stock, climate, schools, churches, roads, markets & neighbors of the best. Get our Farm Lists, magazine and other interesting literature, all free. Address F. H. LaBaume, Agrl. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 248 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

VIRGINIA FARMS

MY SEVENTEENTH EDITION HANDSOME, illustrated farm catalog now ready for mailing. It's free. Send for one immediately. It describes alfalfa, stock, dairy and poultry farms. Colonial homes and handsome water front property. Business established 20 years. Allison, Land Agent, Fredericksburg, Va.

MISSOURI FARM LANDS

SMALL MISSOURI FARM, $2.50 CASH AND $2.50 monthly, no interest or taxes. Also an interest in our great development project which within the next few months should pay you one hundred dollars for every dollar you invest. Highly productive land, close to three big markets; photographs and full information free. Munger, H. 186, N. Y. Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

MISSOURI LANDS

CHICKENMEN—10 ACRES, INCUBATOR, 500 Superb everbearing strawberries. Sacrifice $99, near Bismarck, Missouri. $6 cash, $3 monthly. Owner, 725A Wainwright, St. Louis.

POOR MAN'S CHANCE; $5 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land near town, healthy location. Price $200.00. Other bargains. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES

UNDERGROUND TREASURES—HOW AND where to find them. Particulars for stamp. Bee Company, Kansas City, Missouri.

ROOTS, HERBS AND EVERGREENS

$5 A DAY GATHERING EVERGREENS, roots and herbs. Ginseng, $14 lb.; belladonna seed, $64 lb. Book and war prices free. Botanical-4, New Haven, Conn.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Franklin Building, Chicago.

$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY. COMplete moving picture outfit; machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

HOW AMERICAN WOMEN MAY KEEP faces young, by the famous English export receipt. By mail, 50c silver. Any drug store. Mlle. Boland, Box 223, Colfax, Wash.

WANTED TO BUY

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH. SOME worth up to $19.50 per set (broken or not). Send immediately—we return cash same day we receive package. We pay highest prices for old gold jewelry, gold crowns, bridges, platinum, silver. (Cut out adv.) U. S. Smelter Works, 302 Goldsmith Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

SHORT STORIES WANTED

WANTED — STORIES, ARTICLES, POEMS for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Woman's National Magazine, Desk 222, Washington, D. C.

WRITERS! — STORIES, POEMS, PLAYS, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, B4, Hannibal, Mo.

PERSONAL

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should take Juven Pills. They accomplish marvelous results. This medicine has more rejuvenating, vitalizing force than has ever before been offered. Sent postpaid only on receipt of this advertisement and $1, by C. I. Hood Co., proprietors Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass. (Z.R.)

MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

MEN WHO ARE NERVOUS: RUN DOWN with impaired physical force and vigor, etc., will find permanent relief in Sextone. Ten reasons of weakness and the 48 hour treatment sent sealed for stamp. Write tod Retailers Co., Toledo, Illinois.

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAList, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MARRY AT ONCE. WE PUT YOU IN CORrespondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

ANTIES GERMAN SECRET SOLVES THE prohibition problem; the easiest, most secret and simple thing out. For full particulars, write J. A. Short, Stephensville, Texas.

YOUNG WIDOW, 24, WORTH $150,000. Anxious to marry honorable gentleman. Mrs. Warn, 2216½ Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

LONELY MAIDEN, 24, WOULD CORRESpond with gentleman matrimonially inclined. Pictures exchanged. B. L., Box 150, Syracuse, N. Y.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

FASCINATING ROSE DEW-DROP PERfume. Send only 20c for valuable outfit and make $1.00 hour. D, Union Perfume Co., Palatine, Ill.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL magazine published mailed free. Ladies send description, age. American Distributor, Blairsville, Pennsylvania.

FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

JOIN AMERICA'S GREATEST POSTCARD Club—Receive letters from everywhere. Membership 10c. Thirty postcards free. Friendship Club, Logansport, Ind.

LONELY MAIDEN WORTH $75,000 WILL marry. Write quick. Mrs. W. K. Hill, 14 E. Sixth St., Jacksonville, Fla.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

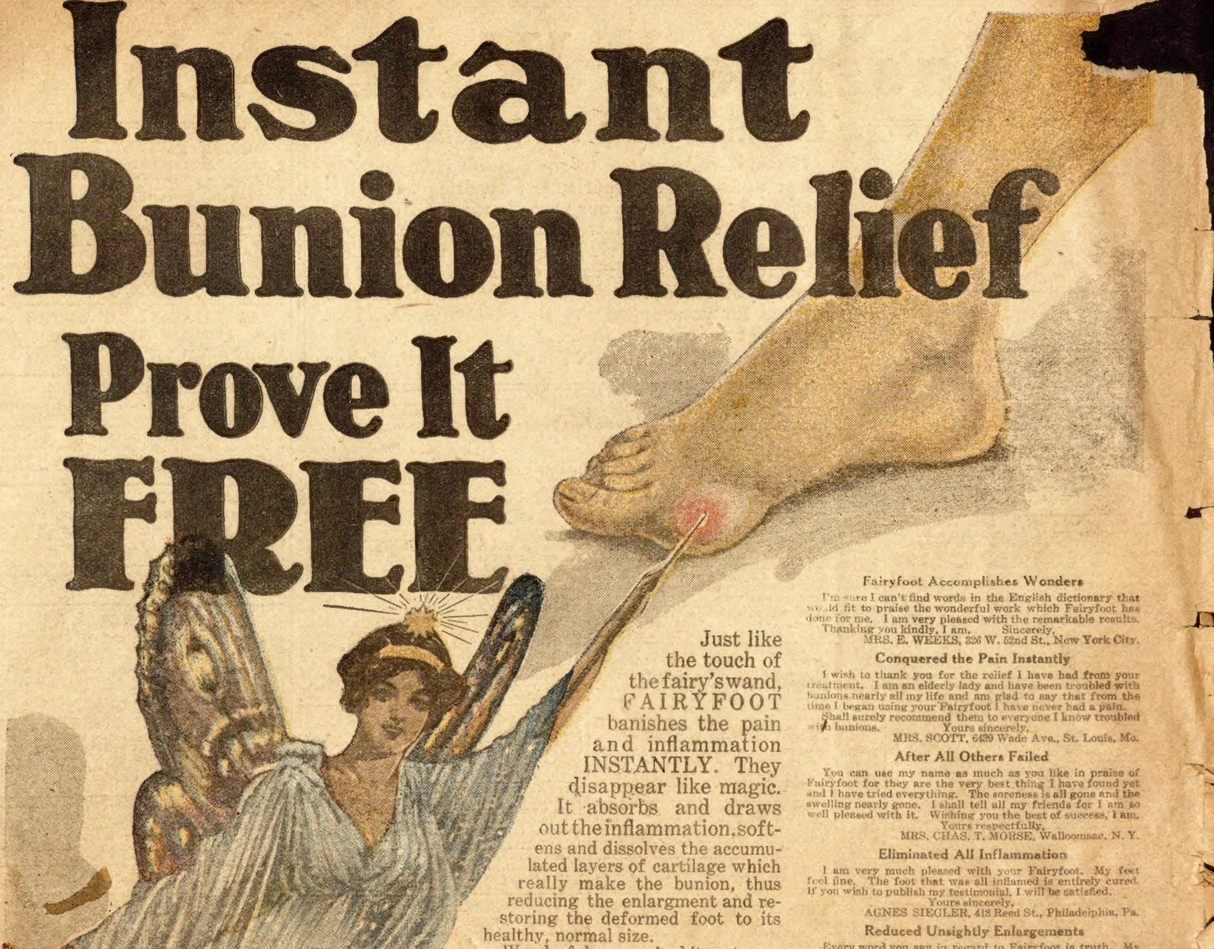
15 CARDS DIFFERENT READING, FOR men only. 10c silver. W. J. Walker Cash, Ark.

MARRY RICH. HUNDREDS ANXIOUS TO marry. Descriptions and photos free. E. Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, ADdresses, photos, descriptions, sealed 25c. Box 2265 B, Boston, Mass.

Instant Bunion Relief

Prove It FREE



Just like the touch of the fairy's wand, FAIRYFOOT banishes the pain and inflammation INSTANTLY. They disappear like magic. It absorbs and draws out the inflammation, softens and dissolves the accumulated layers of cartilage which really make the bunion, thus reducing the enlargment and restoring the deformed foot to its healthy, normal size.

Wonderful—yes. And it costs you nothing to find out. **Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you** as I have proved it to over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my FAIRYFOOT treatment FREE I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you just for the asking. Send no money—only coupon or post card.**

FAIRYFOOT

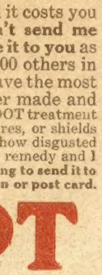
is a wonderful yet simple home remedy; it removes the cause of the bunion and therefore the unnatural enlargement of the joint disappears—your foot resumes its natural shape and the pain also is gone—all this while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever.

Surely you will not let this opportunity pass to get rid of that ugly, painful, distressing deformity. When I say "Try FAIRYFOOT at my expense", I mean it. All you are asked to send is the coupon. That will bring the free treatment. I want you to have it because I know that when you have found what FAIRYFOOT does, you will tell your friends about it. Most of our business comes in this way. People are so glad to have found such quick relief that they spread the good news everywhere. That is why I can afford to send out these free treatments.

Send the Coupon Today for Free Treatment

Read the testimonials in this ad. See what FAIRYFOOT has done for others. Thousands and thousands of grateful users praise this amazing remedy. And you will do the same once you have tried it. Sit down right now and sign the coupon. Get it into the mail. Don't suffer any longer while this free offer holds good. Remember—not a penny to send, and no obligation or promise on your part except to use it as directed. Just the coupon, or you may send us your name and address on a post card—today.

FOOT REMEDY CO., 3590 W. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.



Fairyfoot Accomplishes Wonders

I'm sure I can't find words in the English dictionary that would fit to praise the wonderful work which Fairyfoot has done for me. I am very pleased with the remarkable results.

Thanking you kindly, I am. Sincerely,
MRS. E. WEEKS, 326 W. 52nd St., New York City.

Conquered the Pain Instantly

I wish to thank you for the relief I have had from your treatment. I am an elderly lady and have been troubled with bunions nearly all my life and am glad to say that from the time I began using your Fairyfoot I have never had a pain.

Shall surely recommend them to everyone I know troubled with bunions. Yours sincerely,
MRS. SCOTT, 6439 Wade Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

After All Others Failed

You can use my name as much as you like in praise of Fairyfoot for they are the very best thing I have found yet and I have tried everything. The soreness is all gone and the swelling nearly gone. I shall tell all my friends for I am so well pleased with it. Wishing you the best of success, I am.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. CHAS. T. MORSE, Walloomsac, N. Y.

Eliminated All Inflammation

I am very much pleased with your Fairyfoot. My feet feel fine. The foot that was all inflamed is entirely cured. If you wish to publish my testimonial, I will be satisfied.

Yours sincerely,
AGNES SIEGLER, 418 Reed St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Reduced Unsightly Enlargements

Every word you say in regard to Fairyfoot is truth. My bunions were very much inflammed and enlarged, could not wear shoes with comfort, used Fairyfoot and now can walk with ease.

GERTRUDE A. KOSER,
1630½ N. 5th St., Harrisburg, Pa.

Now Walks With Ease and Comfort

I just wish to let you know in a few words, that your Fairyfoot is a wonder. My bunions were of more than fifteen years' standing and I suffered agony winter and summer until I started to use your Fairyfoot.

My foot is now once more restored and I walk around with perfect ease and comfort. You can use my name as much as you like as a testimonial, as I can certify to the good your Fairyfoot has done me.

Wishing you success, I am. Sincerely yours,
C. W. PAULK, Sellers, Ala., R. F. D. No. 1.

No Other Remedy So Effective

In regard to your Fairyfoot, I wish to state that they are the greatest things I have ever seen. I will state that my bunion was so bad I could not even wear a shoe and there was a hole in it nearly to the bone. Now I can wear my shoe as usual and do not feel the bunion. You may use my name if you wish and if anyone doubts it, I will gladly answer any letters sent to me as I cannot recommend them too highly.

Thanking you for the relief I have had, I remain,

Yours very truly,
B. T. MARSHALL, N. Y. C. R. R.
Louisiana St., Buffalo, N. Y.

So It Is Highly Appreciated

I will just drop you a few lines to tell you I have been wonderfully relieved since I used the Fairyfoot you sent me. Many, many thanks. I shall tell all my friends. I certainly do appreciate your remedy. With best regards, I remain,

Yours truly,
MRS. F. W. WILTISON, 8 S. Liberty St., Cumberland, Me.

Excruciating Agonies Relieved

Your Fairyfoot is a wonder. My bunion has troubled me for eight years. I suffered agony and was almost crippled, but thanks to Fairyfoot, the pain has entirely gone and the bunion is much reduced in size.

Faithfully yours,
NELLIE FINSON, 496—3rd Ave., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.

FREE FAIRYFOOT COUPON

FOOT REMEDY CO.
3590 W. 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

I accept your offer to send FAIRYFOOT free so that I may learn without any cost or obligation what wonderful power it has to relieve me from bunions. I promise to use it as you direct.

Name..

Address..

....